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CAMILLA:

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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THIRD VOLUME.

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CA-

CAMILLA;

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

A Purſuer.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fears ſo juſtly excited from the mixt emotions and exertions of Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold had the happineſs to ſee him fall into a tranquil ſleep, from which he awoke without any return of pain; his night was quiet; the next day was ſtill better; and the day following he was pronounced out of danger.

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The rapture which this declaration excited in the houſe, and diffuſed throughout the neighbourhood, when communicated to the worthy baronet, gave a gladneſs to his heart that recompenſed all he had ſuffered.

The delight of Camilla exceeded whatever ſhe had yet experienced: her life had loſt half its value in her eſtimation, while ſhe believed that of her uncle to be in danger.

No one ſingle quality is perhaps ſo endearing, from man to man, as good-nature. Talents excite more admiration; wiſdom, more reſpect; and virtue, more eſteem: but with admiration envy is apt to mingle, and fear with reſpect; while eſteem, though always honourable, is often cold: but good-nature gives pleaſure without any allay; eaſe, confidence, and happy careleſſneſs, without the pain of obligation, without the exertion of gratitude.

If joy was in ſome more tumultuous, content was with none ſo penetrating as with Eugenia. Appriſed now that ſhe had been

been the immediate cauſe of the ſufferings of her uncle, his loſs would have given to her peace a blow irrecoverable; and ſhe determined to bend the whole of her thoughts to his wiſhes, his comfort, his entire reſtoration.

To this end all her virtue was called in aid; a fear, next to averſion, having ſeized her of Clermont, from the apprehenſion ſhe might never inſpire in him ſuch love as ſhe had inſpired in Bellamy, nor ſee in him, as in young Melmond, ſuch merit as might raiſe ſimilar ſentiments for himſelf.

Molly Mill had not failed to paint to her the diſappointment of Bellamy in not ſeeing her; but ſhe was too much engroſſed by the dangerous ſtate of her uncle, to feel any compunction in her breach of promiſe; though touched with the account of his continual ſufferings, ſhe became very gentle in her reprimands to Molly for again meeting him; and, though Molly again diſobeyed, ſhe again was pardoned. He came daily to the lane behind

the park pales, to hear news of the health of Sir Hugh, without preſſing either for an interview or a letter; and Eugenia grew more and more moved by his reſpectful obſequiouſneſs. She had yet ſaid nothing to Camilla upon the ſubject; not only becauſe a dearer intereſt mutually occupied them, but from a ſecret ſhame of naming a lover at a period ſo ungenial.

But now that Sir Hugh was in a fair way of recovery, her ſituation became alarming to herſelf. Openly, and before the whole houſe, ſhe had ſolemnly been aſſigned to Clermont Lynmere; and, little as ſhe wiſhed the connexion, ſhe thought it, from circumſtances, her duty not to refuſe it. Yet this gentleman had attended her ſo long, had endured ſo many diſappointments, and borne them ſo much to her ſatisfaction, that, though ſhe lamented her conceſſion as an injury to Clermont, and grew aſhamed to name it even to Camilla, ſhe believed it would be cruelty unheard of to break it. She determined, therefore,

to

to ſee him, to pronounce a farewell, and then to bend all her thoughts to the partner deſtined her by her friends.

Molly Mill was alone to accompany her to give her negative, her good wiſhes, and her ſolemn declaration that ſhe could never again ſee or hear of him more. He could deem it no indelicacy that ſhe ſuffered Molly to be preſent, ſince ſhe was the negociator of his own choice.

Molly carried him, therefore, this news, with a previous condition that he was not to detain her miſtreſs one minute. He promiſed all ſubmiſſion; and the next morning, after breakfaſt, Eugenia, in extreme dejection at the ungrateful taſk ſhe had to perform, called for Molly, and walked forth.

Camilla, who was then accidentally in her own room, was, ſoon after, ſummoned by three ſmart raps to her chamber door.

There, to her great ſurpriſe, ſhe ſaw Edgar, who, after a haſty apology, begged to have a few minutes conference with her alone.

She deſcended with him into the parlour, which was vacant.

"You ſuſpect, perhaps," ſaid he, in an hurried manner, though attempting to ſmile, "that I mean to fatigue you with ſome troubleſome advice; I muſt, therefore, by an abrupt queſtion, explain myſelf. Does Mr. Bellamy ſtill continue his pretenſions to your ſiſter Eugenia?"

Startled in a moment from all thoughts of ſelf, that at firſt had been ruſhing with violence to her heart, Camilla anſwered, "No! why do you aſk?"

"I will tell you: In my regular viſits here of late, I have almoſt conſtantly met him, either on foot or on horſeback, in the vicinity of the park. I ſuſpected he watched to ſee Eugenia; but I knew ſhe now never left the houſe; and concluded he was ignorant of the late general confinement. This moment, however, upon my entrance, I ſaw him again; and, as he haſtily turned away upon meeting my eye, I diſmounted, gave my horſe to my man, and determined to ſatisfy myſelf which way he was ſtrolling.

ing. I then followed him to the little lane to the right of the park, where I perceived an empty poſt-chaiſe-and-four in waiting: he advanced, and ſpoke with the poſtillion—I came inſtantly into the houſe by the little gate. This may be accidental; yet it has alarmed me; and I ventured, therefore, thus ſuddenly to apply to you, in order to urge you to give a caution to Eugenia, not to walk out, juſt at preſent, unattended."

Camilla thanked him, and ran eagerly to ſpeak to her ſiſter; but ſhe was not in her room; nor was ſhe with her uncle; nor yet with Dr. Orkborne. She returned uneaſily to the parlour, and ſaid ſhe would ſeek her in the park.

Edgar followed; but they looked around for her in vain: he then, deeming the danger urgent, left her, to haſten to the ſpot where he had ſeen the poſt-chaiſe.

Camilla ran on alone; and, when ſhe reached the park gate, perceived her ſiſter, Molly Mill, and Bellamy, in the lane.

They heard her quick approach, and turned round.

The countenance of Bellamy exhibited the darkeſt diſappointment, and that of Eugenia the moſt exceſſive confuſion. "Now then, Sir," ſhe cried, "delay our ſeparation no longer."

"Ah, permit me," ſaid he, in a low voice, "permit me to hope you will hear my laſt ſad ſentence, my final miſery, another day! I will defer my mournful departure for that melancholy joy, which is the laſt I ſhall feel in my wretched exiſtence!"

He ſighed ſo deeply, that Eugenia, who ſeemed already in much ſorrow, could not utter an abrupt refuſal; and, as Camilla now advanced, ſhe turned from him, without attempting to ſay any thing further.

Camilla, in the delight of finding her ſiſter ſafe, after the horrible apprehenſions ſhe had juſt experienced, could not ſpeak to her for tears.

Abaſhed at once, and amazed, Eugenia faintly aſked what ſo affected her? She gave no

no explanation, but begged her to turn immediately back.

Eugenia conſented; and Bellamy, bowing to them both profoundly, with quick ſteps walked away.

Camilla aſked a thouſand queſtions; but Eugenia ſeemed unable to anſwer them.

In a few minutes they were joined by Edgar, who, walking haſtily up to them, took Camilla apart.

He told her he firmly believed a villainous ſcheme to have been laid: he had found the chaiſe ſtill in waiting, and aſked the poſtillion to whom he belonged. The man ſaid he was paid for what he did; and refuſed giving any account of himſelf. Bellamy then appeared: he ſeemed confounded at his ſight; but neither of them ſpoke; and he left him and his chaiſe, and his poſtillion, to conſole one another. He doubted not, he ſaid, but the deſign had been to carry Eugenia off, and he had probably only pretended to take leave, that the chaiſe might advance, and the poſtillion aid the elopement: though finding help at

hand, he had been forced to give up his ſcheme.

Camilla even with rapture bleſt his fortunate preſence; but was confounded with perplexity at the conduct of Eugenia. Edgar, who feared her heart was entangled by an object who ſought only her wealth, propoſed diſmiſſing Molly Mill, that he might tell her himſelf the opinion he had conceived of Bellamy.

Camilla overtook her ſiſter, who had walked on without liſtening to or regarding them; and, ſending away Molly, told her Edgar wiſhed immediately to converſe with her, upon ſomething of the utmoſt importance.

"You know my high eſteem of him," ſhe anſwered; "but my mind is now occupied upon a buſineſs of which he has no information, and I entreat that you will neither of you interrupt me."

Camilla, utterly at a loſs what to conjecture, joined Mandlebert alone, and told him her ill ſucceſs. He thought every thing was to be feared from the preſent ſtate of the

the affair, and propoſed revealing at once all he knew of it to Mr. Tyrold: but Camilla deſired him to take no ſtep till ſhe had again expoſtulated with her ſiſter, who might elſe be ſeriouſly hurt or offended. He complied, and ſaid he would continue in the houſe, park, or environs, inceſſantly upon the watch, till ſome deciſive meaſure were adopted.

Joining Eugenia then again, ſhe aſked if ſhe meant ſeriouſly to encourage the addreſſes of Bellamy.

"By no means," ſhe quietly anſwered.

"My dear Eugenia, I cannot at all underſtand you; but it ſeems clear to me that the arrival of Edgar has ſaved you from ſome dreadful violence."

"You hurt me, Camilla, by this prejudice. From whom ſhould I dread violence? from a man who—but too fatally for his peace—values me more than his life?"

"If I could be ſure of his ſincerity," ſaid Camilla, "I ſhould be the laſt to think ill of him: but reflect a little, at leaſt, upon

the risk that you have run; my dear Eugenia! there was a post-chaise in waiting, not twenty yards from where I stopt you!"

"Ah, you little know Bellamy! that chaise was only to convey him away; to convey him, Camilla, to an eternal banishment!"

"But why, then, had he prevailed with you to quit the park?"

"You will call me vain if I tell you."

"No; I shall only think you kind and confidential."

"Do me then the justice," said Eugenia, blushing, "to believe me as much surprised as yourself at his most unmerited passion: but he told me, that if I only cast my eyes upon the vehicle which was to part him from me for ever, it would not only make it less abhorrent to him, but probably prevent the loss of his senses."

"My dear Eugenia," said Camilla, half smiling, "this is a violent passion, indeed, for so short an acquaintance!"

"I knew

"I knew you would ſay that," anſwered ſhe, diſconcerted; "and it was juſt what I obſerved to him myſelf: but he ſatisfied me that the reaſon of his feelings being ſo impetuous was, that this was the firſt and only time he had ever been in love—So handſome as he is!—what a choice for him to make!"

Camilla, tenderly embracing her, declared, "the choice was all that did him honour in the affair."

"He never," ſaid ſhe, a little comforted, "makes me any compliments; I ſhould elſe diſregard, if not diſdain him: but indeed he ſeems, notwithſtanding his own extraordinary manly beauty, to be wholly ſuperior to external conſiderations."

Camilla now forbore expreſſing farther doubt, from the fear of painful miſapprehenſion; but earneſtly entreated her to ſuffer Edgar to be entruſted and conſulted: ſhe decidedly, however, refuſed her conſent. "I require no advice," cried ſhe, "for I am devoted to my uncle's will: to ſpeak then of this affair would be the moſt cruel

cruel indelicacy, in publiſhing a conqueſt which, ſince it is rejected, I ought ſilently, though gratefully, to bury in my own heart."

She then related the hiſtory of all that had paſſed to Camilla; but ſolemnly declared ſhe would never, to any other human being, but him who ſhould hereafter be entitled to her whole heart, betray the ſecret of the unhappy Bellamy.

CHAP. II.

An Adviſer.

THE wiſh of Camilla was to lay this whole affair before her father; but ſhe checked it, from an apprehenſion ſhe might ſeem diſplaying her duty and confidence at the expence of thoſe of her ſiſter; whoſe motives for concealment were intentionally the moſt pure, however, practically, they might be erroneous; and whom ſhe both pitied and revered for her propoſed ſubmiſſion to her uncle, in oppoſition to her palpable reluctance.

She ſaw not, however, any obſtacle to conſulting with Edgar, ſince he was already appriſed of the buſineſs, and ſince his ſervices might be eſſentially uſeful to her ſiſter: while, with reſpect to herſelf, there ſeemed, at this time, more of dignity in meeting than ſhunning his friendly intercourſe, ſince his regard for her ſeemed to have loſt

loſt all its peculiarity. He has preciſely, cried ſhe, the ſame ſentiments for my ſiſters as for me,—he is equally kind, diſintereſted, and indifferent to us all! anxious alike for Eugenia with Mr. Bellamy, and for me with the deteſtable Major! Be it ſo!—we can no where obtain a better friend; and I ſhould bluſh, indeed, if I could not treat as a brother one who can treat me as a ſiſter.

Tranquil, though not gay, ſhe returned to converſe with him; but when ſhe had related what had paſſed, he confeſſed that his uneaſineſs upon the ſubject was increaſed. The heart of Eugenia appeared to him poſitively entangled; and he beſought Camilla not to loſe a moment in acquainting Mr. Tyrold with her ſituation.

She pleaded againſt giving this pain to her ſiſter with energetic affection: her arguments failed to convince, but her eloquence powerfully touched him; and he contented himſelf with only entreating that ſhe would again try to aid him with an opportunity of converſing with Eugenia.

This

This ſhe could not refuſe; nor could he then reſiſt the opportunity to inquire why Mrs. Arlbery had left her and Lavinia at the play. She thanked him for remembering his character of her monitor, and acknowledged the fault to be her own, with a candour ſo unaffected, that, captivated by the ſoft ſerioufneſs of her manner, he flattered himſelf his fear of the Major was a chimæra, and hoped that, as ſoon as Sir Hugh was able to again join his family, no impediment would remain to his begging the united bleſſings of the two brothers to his views.

When Camilla told her ſiſter the requeſt of Edgar, ſhe immediately ſuſpected the attachment of Bellamy had been betrayed to him; and Camilla, incapable of any duplicity, related preciſely how the matter had paſſed. Eugenia, always juſt, no ſooner heard than ſhe forgave it, and accompanied her ſiſter immediately down ſtairs.

"I muſt reſt all my hope of pardon," cried Edgar, "for the part I am taking, to your conviction of its motive; a filial love

love and gratitude to Mr. Tyrold, a fraternal affection and intereſt for all his family."

"My own ſiſterly feelings," ſhe anſwered, "make me both comprehend and thank your kind ſolicitude: but, believe me, it is now founded in error. I am ſhocked to find you informed of this unhappy tranſaction; and I charge and beſeech that no interference may wound its ill-fated object, by ſuffering him to ſurmiſe your knowledge of his humiliating ſituation."

"I would not for the world give you pain," anſwered Edgar: "but permit me to be faithful to the brotherly character in which I conſider myſelf to ſtand with you---all."

A bluſh had overſpread his face at the word Brotherly; while at that of *all*, which recovered him, a ſtill deeper ſtained the cheeks of Camilla: but neither of them looked at the other; and Eugenia was too ſelf-abſorbed to obſerve either.

"Your

"Your utter inexperience in life," he continued, "makes me, though but juſt giving up leading-ſtrings myſelf, an adept in the compariſon. Suffer me then, as ſuch, to repreſent to you my fears, that your innocence and goodneſs may expoſe you to impoſition. You muſt not judge all characters by the ingenuouſneſs of your own; nor conclude, however rationally and worthily a mind ſuch as yours might ---may----and will inſpire a diſintereſted regard, that there is no danger of any other, and that mercenary views are out of the queſtion, becauſe mercenary principles are not declared."

"I will not ſay your inference is ſevere," replied Eugenia, "becauſe you know not the perſon of whom you ſpeak: but permit me to make this irrefragable vindication of his freedom from all ſordid motives; he has never once named the word fortune, neither to make any inquiries into mine, nor any profeſſions concerning his own. Had he any inducement to duplicity, he might have aſſerted to me what he

he pleaſed, ſince I have no means of detection."

"Your ſituation," ſaid Edgar, "is pretty generally known; and for his---pardon me if I hint it may be poſſible that ſilence is no virtue. However, ſince I am unacquainted, you ſay, with his character, will you give me leave to make myſelf better informed?"

"There needs no inveſtigation; to me it is perfectly known."

"Forgive me if I aſk how!"

"By his letters and by his converſation."

A ſmile which ſtole upon the features of Edgar obliged him to turn his head another way; but preſently recovering, "My dear Miſs Eugenia," he cried, "will it not be moſt conſonant to your high principles, and ſcrupulous delicacy, to lay the whole of what has paſſed before Mr. Tyrold?"

"Undoubtedly, if my part were not ſtrait forward. Had I the leaſt heſitation, my father ſhould be my immediate and deciſive

cifive umpire. But---I am not at liberty even for deliberation!—I am not---I know---at my own difpofal!"—

She bluſhed and looked down, confuſed; but preſently, with firmneſs, added, "It is not, indeed, fit that I ſhould be; my uncle completely merits to be in all things my director. To know his wiſhes, therefore, is not only to know, but to be ſatisfied with my doom. Such being my ſituation, you cannot miſunderſtand my defence of this unhappy young man. It is but ſimple juſtice to reſcue an amiable perſon from calumny."

"Let us allow all this," ſaid Edgar; "ſtill I ſee no reaſon why Mr. Tyrold---"

"Mr. Mandlebert," interrupted ſhe, "you muſt do what you judge right. I can deſire no one to abſtain from purſuing the dictates of their own ſenſe of honour. I leave you, therefore, unſhackled: but there is no conſideration which, in my opinion, can juſtify a female in ſpreading, even to her neareſt connexions, an unrequited partiality. If, therefore, I am forced to inflict

inflict this undue mortification, upon a perſon to whom I hold myſelf ſo much obliged, an uneaſineſs will remain upon my mind, deſtructive of my forgetfulneſs of an event which I would fain baniſh from my memory."

She then refuſed to be any longer detained.

"How I love the perfect innocence, and how I reverence the reſpectable ſingularity of that charming character!" cried Edgar; "yet how vain are all arguments againſt ſuch a combination of fearleſs credulity, and enthuſiaſtic reaſoning? What can we determine?"

"I am happy to retort upon you that queſtion," replied Camilla; "for I am every way afraid to act myſelf, leſt I ſhould hurt this dear ſiſter, or do wrong by my yet dearer father."

"What a reſponſibility you caſt upon me! I will not, however, ſhrink from it, for the path ſeems far plainer to me ſince I have had this converſation. Eugenia is at preſent ſafe; I ſee, now, diſtinctly, her heart

heart is yet untouched. The readineſs with which ſhe met the ſubject, the openneſs with which ſhe avows her eſteem, the unembarraſſed, though modeſt ſimplicity with which ſhe ſpeaks of his paſſion and his diſtreſs, all ſhew that her pity reſults from generoſity, not from love. Had it been otherwiſe, with all her ſteadineſs, all her philoſophy, ſome agitation and anxiety would have betrayed her ſecret ſoul. The internal workings of hopes and fears, the ſenſitive alarms of repreſſed conſciouſneſs---" A deep glow, which heated his face, forced him here to break off; and, abruptly leaving his ſentence unfiniſhed, he haſtily began another.

" We muſt not, nevertheleſs, regard this as ſecurity for the future, though it is ſafety for the preſent; nor truſt her unſuſpicious generoſity of mind to the dangerous aſſault of artful diſtreſs. I ſpeak without reſerve of this man; for though I know him not, as ſhe remonſtrated, I cannot, from the whole circumſtances of his clandeſtine conduct, doubt his being an adventurer.

adventurer.---You ſay nothing? tell me, I beg, your opinion."

Camilla had not heard one word of this laſt ſpeech. Struck with his diſcrimination between the actual and the poſſible ſtate of Eugenia's mind, and with the effect the definition had produced upon himſelf, her attention was irreſiſtibly ſeized by a new train of ideas, till finding he waited for an anſwer, ſhe mechanically repeated his laſt word "opinion?"

He ſaw her abſence of mind, and ſuſpected his own too palpable diſturbance had occaſioned it: but in what degree, or from what ſenſations, he could not conjecture. They were both ſome time ſilent; and then, recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid it was earneſtly her wiſh to avoid diſobliging her ſiſter, by a communication, which, made by any one but herſelf, muſt put her into a diſgraceful point of view.

Edgar, after a pauſe, ſaid, they muſt yield, then, to her preſent fervour, and hope her ſounder judgment, when leſs played upon, would ſee clearer. It ap-

peared to him, indeed, that she was so free, at this moment, from any dangerous impression, that it might, perhaps, be even safer to submit quietly to her request, than to urge the generous romance of her temper to new workings. He undertook, meantime, to keep a constant watch upon the motions of Bellamy, to make sedulous inquiries into his character and situation in life, and to find out for what ostensible purpose he was in Hampshire: entreating leave to communicate constantly to Camilla what he might gather, and to consult with her, from time to time, upon what measures should be pursued: yet ultimately confessing, that if Eugenia did not steadily persist in refusing any further rejections, he should hold himself bound in conscience to communicate the whole to Mr. Tyrold.

Camilla was pleased, and even thankful for the extreme friendliness and kind moderation of this arrangement; yet she left him mournfully, in a confirmed belief his regard for the whole family was equal.

Eugenia, much gratified, promiſed ſhe would henceforth take no ſtep with which Edgar ſhould not firſt be acquainted.

CHAP. III.

Various Confabulations.

MR. Tyrold ſaw, at firſt, the renewed viſits of Edgar at Cleves with extreme ſatisfaction; but while all his hopes were alive from an intercourſe almoſt perpetual, he perceived, with ſurpriſe and perplexity, that his daughter became more and more penſive after every interview: and as Edgar, this evening, quitted the houſe, he obſerved tears ſtart into her eyes as ſhe went up ſtairs to her own room.

Alarmed and diſappointed, he thought it now high time to inveſtigate the ſtate of the affair, and to encourage or prevent future meetings, as it appeared to him to be propitious or hopeleſs.

Penetrated with the goodneſs, while lamenting the indifference of Edgar, Camilla had juſt reached her room; when, as ſhe

turned round to ſhut her door, Mr. Tyrold appeared before her.

Haſtily, with the back of her hand, bruſhing off the tears from her eyes, ſhe ſaid, "May I go to my uncle, Sir?---can my uncle admit me?"

"He can always admit you," he anſwered; "but, juſt now, you muſt forget him a moment, and conſign yourſelf to your father."

He then entered, ſhut the door, and making her ſit down by him, ſaid, "What is this ſorrow that aſſails my Camilla? Why is the light heart of my dear and happy child thus dejected?"

Speech and truth were always one with Camilla; who, as ſhe could not in this inſtance declare what were her feelings, remained mute and confounded.

"Heſitate not, my dear girl," cried he kindly, "to unboſom your griefs or your apprehenſions, where they will be received with all the tenderneſs due to ſuch a confidence, and held ſacred from every human

inſpection; unleſs you permit me yourſelf to entruſt your beſt and wiſeſt friend."

Camilla now trembled, but could not even attempt to ſpeak.

He ſaw her diſorder, and preſently added, "I will forbear to probe your feelings, when you have ſatisfied me in one doubt;—Is the ſadneſs I have of late remarked in you the effect of ſecret perſonal diſturbance, or of diſappointed expectation?"

Camilla could neither anſwer nor look up: ſhe was convinced, by this queſtion, that the ſubject of her melancholy was underſtood, and felt wholly overcome by the deeply diſtreſſing confuſion, with which wounded pride and unaffected virgin modeſty impreſs a youthful female, in the idea of being ſuſpected of a miſplaced, or an unrequited partiality.

Her ſilence, a ſuffocating ſigh, and her earneſt endeavour to hide her face, eaſily explained to Mr. Tyrold all that paſſed within; and reſpecting rather than wiſhing to conquer a ſhame flowing from fearful delicacy, "I would ſpare you," he ſaid,

"all inveſtigation whatever, could I be certain you are not called into any action; but, in that caſe, I know not that I can juſtify to myſelf ſo implicit a confidence, in youth and inexperience ſo untried in difficulties, ſo unuſed to evil or embarraſſment as yours. Tell me then, my dear Camilla, do you ſigh under the weight of any diſingenuous conduct? or do you ſuffer from ſome ſuſpence which you have no means of terminating?"

"My deareſt father, no!" cried ſhe, ſinking upon his breaſt. "I have no ſuſpence!"

She gaſped for breath.

"And how has it been removed, my child?" ſaid Mr. Tyrold, in a mournful tone; "has any deception, any ungenerous art---"

"O no, no!---he is incapable---he is ſuperior---he---" She ſtopt abruptly; ſhocked at the avowal theſe few words at once inferred of her partiality, of its hopeleſſneſs, and of its object.

She walked, confuſed, to a corner of the room, and, leaning againſt the wainſcot, enveloped

enveloped her face in her handkerchief, with the moſt painful ſenſations of ſhame.

Mr. Tyrold remained in deep meditation. Her regard for Edgar he had already conſidered as undoubted, and her undiſguiſed acknowledgment excited his tendereſt ſympathy: but to find ſhe thought it without return, and without hope, penetrated him with grief. Not only his own fond view of the attractions of his daughter, but all he had obſerved, even from his childhood, in Edgar, had induced him to believe ſhe was irreſiſtibly formed to captivate him; and what had lately paſſed had ſeemed a confirmation of all he had expected. Camilla, nevertheleſs, exculpated him from all blame; and, while touched by her artleſſneſs, and honouring her truth, he felt, at leaſt, ſome conſolation to find that Edgar, whom he loved as a ſon, was untainted by deceit, unaccuſed of any evil. He concluded that ſome unfortunate ſecret entanglement, or ſome myſtery not yet to be developed, directed compulſatorily his conduct, and

checked the dictates of his taſte and inclination.

Gently, at length, approaching her, "My deareſt child," he ſaid, "I will aſk you nothing further; all that is abſolutely eſſential for me to know, I have gathered. You will never, I am certain, forget the noble mother whom you are bound to revere in imitating, nor the affectionate father whom your ingenuouſneſs renders the moſt indulgent of your friends. Dry up your tears then, my Camilla, and command your beſt ſtrength to conceal for ever their ſource, and, moſt eſpecially--- from its cauſe."

He then embraced, and left her.

"Yes, my deareſt father," cried ſhe, as ſhe ſhut the door, "moſt perfect and moſt lenient of human beings! yes, I will obey your dictates; I will hide till I can conquer this weak emotion, and no one ſhall ever know, and Edgar leaſt of all, that a daughter of yours has a feeling ſhe ought to diſguiſe!"

Elevated

Elevated by the kindneſs of a father ſo adored, to deſerve his good opinion now included every wiſh. The leaſt ſeverity would have chilled her confidence, the leaſt reproof would have diſcouraged all effort to ſelf-conqueſt; but, while his ſoftneſs had ſoothed, his approbation had invigorated her; and her feelings received additional energy from the conſcious generoſity with which ſhe had repreſented Edgar as blameleſs. Blameleſs, however, in her own breaſt, ſhe could not deem him: his looks, his voice, his manner,---words that occaſionally dropt from him, and meanings yet more expreſſive which his eyes or his attentions had taken in charge, all, from time to time, had told a flattering tale, which, though timidity and anxious earneſtneſs had obſcured from her perfect comprehenſion, her hopes and her ſympathy had prevented from wholly eſcaping her. Yet what, internally, ſhe could not defend ſhe forgave; and, acquitting him of all intentional deceit, concluded that what he had felt for her, he had thought too

ſlight and immaterial to deſerve repreſſing on his own part, or notice on her's. To continue with him her preſent ſiſterly conduct was all ſhe had to ſtudy, not doubting but that what as yet was effort, would in time become natural.

Strengthened thus in fortitude, ſhe deſcended chearfully to ſupper, where Mr. Tyrold, though he ſaw with pain that her ſpirits were conſtrained, felt the fondeſt ſatisfaction in the virtue of her exertion.

Her night paſſed in the conſolation of ſelf-applauſe. My dear father, thought ſhe, will ſee I ſtrive to merit his lenity, and that ſoothing conſideration with the honourable friendſhip of Edgar, will be ſufficient for the happineſs of my future life, in the ſingle and tranquil ſtate in which it will be ſpent.

Thus comforted, ſhe again met the eye of Mr. Tyrold the next day at breakfaſt; in the midſt of which repaſt Edgar entered the parlour. The tea ſhe was drinking was then rather gulped than ſipped; yet ſhe maintained an air of unconcern, and

returned his ſalutation with apparent compoſure.

Edgar, while addreſſing to Mr. Tyrold his inquiries concerning Sir Hugh, ſaw, from the window, his ſervant, whom he had out-gallopped, thrown with violence from his horſe. He ruſhed out of the parlour; and the firſt perſon to riſe, with involuntary intent to follow him, was Camilla. But, as ſhe reached the hall-door, ſhe ſaw that the man was ſafe, and perceived that her father was the only perſon who had left the room beſides herſelf. Aſhamed, ſhe returned, and found the female party collected at the windows.

Hoping to retrieve the error of her eagerneſs, ſhe ſeated herſelf at the table, and affected to finiſh her breakfaſt.

Eugenia told her they had diſcovered the cauſe of the accident, which had been owing to a ſharp ſtone that had penetrated into the horſe's hoof, and which Edgar was now endeavouring to extract.

A general ſcream, juſt then, from the window party, and a cry from Eugenia of

" O Edgar!" carried her again to the hall-door with the ſwiftneſs of lightning, calling out, " Where?----What?----Good Heaven!"----

Molly Mill, accidentally there before her, ſaid, as ſhe approached, that the horſe had kicked Mr. Mandlebert upon the ſhoulder.

Every thing but tenderneſs and terror was now forgotten by Camilla; ſhe darted forward with unreſtrained velocity, and would have given, in a moment, the moſt tranſporting amazement to Edgar, and to herſelf the deepeſt ſhame, but that Mr. Tyrold, who alone had his face that way, ſtopt, and led her back to the houſe, ſaying, " There is no miſchief; a bee ſtung the poor animal at the inſtant the ſtone was extracted, and the ſurpriſe and pain made it kick; but, fortunately, without any bad effect. I wiſh to know how your uncle is; I ſhould be glad you would go and ſit with him till I can come."

With theſe words he left her; and, though abaſhed and overſet, ſhe found no ſenſation

ſenſation ſo powerful as joy for the ſafety of Edgar.

Still, however, too little at eaſe for converſing with her uncle, ſhe went ſtraight to her own chamber, and flew involuntarily to a window, whence the firſt object that met her eyes was her father, who was anxiouſly looking up. She retreated, utterly confounded, and threw herſelf upon a chair at the other end of the room.

Shame now was her only ſenſation. The indiſcretion of her firſt ſurpriſe, ſhe knew, he muſt forgive, though ſhe bluſhed at its recollection; but a ſolicitude ſo pertinacious, an indulgence ſo repeated of feelings he had enjoined her to combat---how could ſhe hope for his pardon? or how obtain her own, to have forfeited an approbation ſo precious?

She could not go to her uncle; ſhe would have remained where ſhe was till ſummoned to dinner, if the houſe-maid, after finiſhing all her other work, had not a third time returned to inquire if ſhe might clean her room.

She

She then determined to repair to the Library, where ſhe was certain only to encounter Eugenia, who would not torment, or Dr. Orkborne, who would not perceive her: but at the bottom of the ſtairs ſhe was ſtopt by Miſs Margland, who, with a malicious ſmile, aſked if ſhe was going to hold the baſon?

"What baſon?" cried ſhe, ſurpriſed.

"The baſon for the ſurgeon."

"What ſurgeon?" repeated ſhe, alarmed.

"Mr. Burton, who is come to bleed Mr. Mandlebert."

She aſked nothing more. She felt extremely faint, but made her way into the park, to avoid further conference.

Here, in the moſt painful ſuſpence, dying for information, yet ſhirking who ever could give it her, ſhe remained, till ſhe ſaw the departure of the ſurgeon. She then went round by a back way to the apartment of Eugenia, who informed her that the contuſion, though not dangerous, was violent, and that Mr. Tyrold had inſiſted

fiſted upon immediate bleeding. The ſurgeon had aſſured them this precaution would prevent any ill conſequence; but Sir Hugh, hearing from the ſervants what had happened, had deſired that Edgar would not return home till the next day.

The joy of Camilla, that nothing was more ſerious, baniſhed all that was diſagreeable from her thoughts, till ſhe was called back to reflections leſs conſoling, by meeting Mr. Tyrold, as ſhe was returning to her own room; who, with a gravity unuſual, deſired to ſpeak with her, and preceded her into the chamber.

Trembling, and filled with ſhame, ſhe followed, ſhut the door, and remained at it without daring to look up.

"My dear Camilla," cried he with earneſtneſs, "let me not hope in vain for that exertion you have promiſed me, and to which I know you to be fully equal. Riſk not, my dear girl, to others, thoſe outward marks of ſenſibility which, to common or unfeeling obſervers, ſeem but the effect of an unbecoming remiſſneſs in the ſelf-command

mand which ſhould dignify every female who would do herſelf honour. I had hoped, in this houſe at leaſt, you would not have been miſunderſtood; but I have this moment been undeceived: Miſs Margland has juſt expreſſed a ſpecies of compaſſion for what ſhe preſumes to be the preſent ſtate of your mind, that has given me the ſevereſt pain."

He ſtopt, for Camilla looked thunderſtruck.

Approaching her, then, with a look of concern, and a voice of tenderneſs, he kindly took her hand, and added: "I do not tell you this in diſpleaſure, but to put you upon your guard. You will hear from Eugenia that we ſhall not dine alone; and from what I have dropt you will gather how little you can hope to eſcape ſcrutiny. Exert yourſelf to obviate all humiliating ſurmiſes, and you will amply be repaid by the balm of ſelf-approbation."

He then kiſſed her, and quitted the room.

She

She now remained in utter deſpair: the leaſt idea of diſgrace totally broke her ſpirit, and ſhe ſat upon the ſame ſpot on which Mr. Tyrold had left her, till the ringing of the ſecond dinner bell.

She then gloomily reſolved to plead an head-ach, and not to appear.

When a footman tapt at her door, to acquaint her every body was ſeated at the table, ſhe ſent down this excuſe: forming to herſelf the further determination, that the ſame ſhould ſuffice for the evening, and for the next morning, that ſhe might avoid the ſight of Edgar, in preſence either of her father or Miſs Margland.

Eugenia, with kind alarm, came to know what was the matter, and informed her, that Sir Hugh had been ſo much concerned at the accident of Edgar, that he had inſiſted upon ſeeing him, and, after heartily ſhaking hands, had promiſed to think no more of paſt miſtakes and diſappointments, as they had now been cleared up to the county, and deſired him to take up his abode at Cleves for a week.

Camilla

Camilla heard this with mixt pleaſure and pain. She rejoiced that Edgar ſhould be upon his former terms with her beloved uncle; but how preſerve the caution demanded from her for ſo long a period, in the conſtant ſight of her now watchful father, and the malicious Miſs Margland?

She had added to her own difficulties by this preſent abſconding, and, with ſevere ſelf-blame, reſolved to deſcend to tea. But, while ſettling how to act, after her ſiſter had left her, ſhe was ſtruck with hearing the name of Mandlebert pronounced by Mary, the houſe-maid, who was talking with Molly Mill upon the landing place. Why it had been ſpoken ſhe knew not; but Molly anſwered: "Dearee me, never mind; I'll help you to do his room, if Nanny don't come in time. My little miſtreſs would rather do it herſelf, than he ſhould want for any thing."

"Why, it's natural enough," ſaid Mary, "for young ladies to like young gentlemen; and there's none other comes a nigh 'em, which I often thinks dull enough

enough for our young miſſes. And, to be certain, Mr. Mandlebert would be as pretty a match for one of 'em as a body could deſire."

"And his man," ſaid Molly, "is as pretty a gentleman ſort of perſon, to my mind, as his maſter. I'm ſure I'm as glad as my young lady when they comes to the houſe."

"O, as to Miſs Eugeny," ſaid Mary, "I believe, in my conſcience, ſhe likes our crack-headed old Doctor as well as e'er a young gentleman in Chriſtendom; for there ſhe'll ſit with him, hour by hour, poring over ſuch a heap of ſtuff as never was ſeed, reading, firſt one, then t'other, God knows what; for I believe never nobody heard the like of it before; and all the time never give the old Doctor a croſs word.—"

"She never given nobody a croſs word," interrupted Molly; "if I was Mr. Mandlebert, I'd ſooner have her than any of em, for all ſhe's ſuch a nidging little thing."

"For

"For certain," ſaid Mary, "ſhe's very good, and a deal of good ſhe does, to all as aſks her; but Miſs Camilla for my money. She's all alive and merry, and makes poor maſter young again to look at her. I wiſh Mr. Mandlebert would have her, for I have overheard Miſs Margland telling Miſs Lynmere ſhe was deſperate fond of him, and did all ſhe could to get him."

Camilla felt fluſhed with the deepeſt reſentment, and could ſcarcely command herſelf to forbear charging Miſs Margland with his perſecuting cruelty.

Nanny, the under houſe-maid, now joining them, ſaid ſhe had been detained to finiſh altering a curtain for Miſs Margland. "And the croſs old Frump," ſhe added, "is in a worſe ſpite than ever, and ſhe kept abuſing that ſweet Mr. Mandlebert to Miſs Lynmere all the while, till ſhe went down to dinner, and ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure it was all Miſs Camilla's doings his ſtaying here again, for ſhe could come

over

over maſter for any thing: and ſhe ſaid ſhe ſuppoſed it was to have another catch at the young 'Squire's heart, but ſhe hoped he would not be ſuch a fool."

"I'm ſure I wiſh he would," cried Molly Mill, "if it was only to ſpite her, ſhe's ſuch a naſty old viper. And Miſs Camilla's always ſo good-natured, and ſo affable, ſhe'd make him a very agreeable wife, I dare ſay."

"And ſhe's mortal fond of him, that's true," ſaid Mary, "for when they was both here, I always ſee her a running to the window, to ſee who was a coming into the park, when he was rode out; and when he was in the houſe, ſhe never ſo much as went to peep, if there come ſix horſes, one after t'other. And ſhe was always a ſaying, 'Mary, who's in the parlour? Mary, who's below?' while he was here; but before he come, duce a bite did ſhe aſk about nobody."

"I like when I meets her," ſaid Molly Mill, "to tell her Mr. Mandlebert's here, Miſs;

Miſs; or Mr. Mandlebert's there, Miſs;—Dearee me, one may almoſt ſee one ſelf in her eyes, it makes them ſhine ſo."

Camilla could endure no more; ſhe aroſe, and walked about the room; and the maids, who had concluded her at dinner, hearing her ſtep, hurried away, to finiſh their goſſiping in the room of Mandlebert.

Camilla now felt wholly ſunk; the perſecutions of Miſs Margland ſeemed nothing to this blow: they were cruel, ſhe could therefore repine at them; they were unprovoked, ſhe could therefore repel them: but to find her ſecret feelings, thus generally ſpread, and familiarity commented upon, from her own unguarded conduct, exhauſted, at once, patience, fortitude, and hope, and left her no wiſh but to quit Cleves while Edgar ſhould remain there.

Certain, however, that her father would not permit her to return to Etherington alone,

alone, a viſit to Mrs. Arlbery was the ſole refuge ſhe could ſuggeſt; and ſhe determined to ſolicit his permiſſion to accept immediately the invitation of that lady.

CHAP. IV.

A Dodging.

CAMILLA waited in the apartment of Mr. Tyrold till he came up ſtairs, and then begged his leave to ſpend a few days at the Grove; hinting, when he heſitated, though with a confuſion that was hardly ſhort of torture, at what had paſſed amongſt the ſervants.

He heard her with the tendereſt pity, and the kindeſt praiſe of her ſincerity; and, deeply as he was ſhocked to find her thus generally betrayed, he was too compaſſionate to point out, at ſo ſuffering a moment, the indiſcretions from which ſuch obſervations muſt have originated. Yet he ſaw conſequences the moſt unpleaſant in this rumour of her attachment; and though he ſtill privately hoped that the behaviour of Mandlebert was the effect of ſome tranſient embarraſſment, he wiſhed her

her removed from all intercourſe with him that was not ſought by himſelf, while the incertitude of his intentions militated againſt her ſtruggles for indifference. The reſult, therefore, of a ſhort deliberation was to accede to her requeſt.

Camilla then wrote her propoſition to Mrs. Arlbery, which Mr. Tyrold ſent immediately by a ſtable-boy of the baronet's.

The anſwer was moſt obliging; Mrs. Arlbery ſaid ſhe would herſelf fetch her the next morning, and keep her till one of them ſhould be tired.

The relief which this, at firſt, brought to Camilla, in the week's exertions it would ſpare, was ſoon ſucceeded by the moſt acute uneaſineſs for the critical ſituation of Eugenia, and the undoubted diſapprobation of Edgar. To quit her ſiſter at a period when ſhe might ſerve her;—to forſake Cleves at the moment Edgar was reſtored to it, ſeemed ſelfiſh even to herſelf, and to him muſt appear unpardonable. "Alas!" ſhe cried, "how for ever I repent my haſty

actions! Why have I not better ſtruggled againſt my unfortunate feelings?"

She now almoſt hated her whole ſcheme, regretted its ſucceſs, wiſhed herſelf ſuffering every uneaſineſs Miſs Margland could inflict, and all the ſhame of being watched and pitied by every ſervant in the houſe, in preference to deſerting Eugenia, and making Mandlebert deem her unworthy. But ſelf-upbraiding was all that followed her contrition: Mrs. Arlbery was to fetch her by appointment; and it was now too late to trifle with the conceding goodneſs of her father.

She did not dare excuſe herſelf from appearing at breakfaſt the next morning, leſt Mr. Tyrold ſhould think her utterly incorrigible to his exhortations.

Edgar earneſtly inquired after her health as ſhe entered the room; ſhe ſlightly anſwered ſhe was better; and began eating, with an apparent eagerneſs of appetite: while he, who had expected ſome kind words upon his own accident, ſurpriſed and diſappointed, could ſwallow nothing.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrold, ſeeing and pitying what paſſed in her mind, gave her a commiſſion, that enabled her, ſoon, to leave the room without affectation; and, happy to eſcape, ſhe determined to go down ſtairs no more till Mrs. Arlbery arrived. She wiſhed to have converſed firſt upon the affairs of Eugenia with Edgar: but to name to him whither ſhe was herſelf going, when ſhe could not poſſibly name why; to give to him a ſurpriſe that muſt recoil upon herſelf in diſapprobation, was more than ſhe could endure. She had inveſted him with full powers to counſel and to cenſure her; he would naturally uſe them to diſſuade her from a viſit ſo ill-timed; and what could ſhe urge in oppoſition to his arguments that would not ſeem trifling or wilful?

The preſent moment was all that occupied, the preſent evil all that ever alarmed the breaſt of Camilla: to avoid him, therefore, now, was the whole of her deſire, unmoleſted with one anxiety how ſhe might better meet him hereafter.

She watched at her window till she saw the groom of Mrs. Arlbery gallop into the Park. She hastened then to take leave of Sir Hugh, whom Mr. Tyrold had prepared for her departure; but, at the door of his apartment, she encountered Edgar.

"You are going out?" cried he, perceiving an alteration in her dress.

"I am---just going to---to speak to my uncle," cried she, stammering and entering the room at the same moment.

Sir Hugh kindly wished her much amusement, and hoped she would make him long amends when he was better. She took leave; but again, on the landing-place, met Edgar, who, anxious and perplexed, watched to speak to her before she descended the stairs. Eagerly advancing, "Do you walk?" he cried; "may I ask? or---am I indiscreet?"

She answered she had something to say to Eugenia, but should be back in an instant. She then flew to the chamber of her sister, and conjured her to consult Edgar in whatever should occur during her absence. Eugenia solemnly consented.

Jacob preſently tapped at the door, to announce that Mrs. Arlbery was waiting below in her carriage.

How to paſs or eſcape Edgar became now her greateſt difficulty; ſhe could ſuggeſt nothing to palliate to him the ſtep ſhe was taking, yet could ſtill leſs bear to leave him to wild conjecture and certain blame: and ſhe was ſtanding irreſolute and thoughtful, when Mr. Tyrold came to ſummon her.

After mildly repreſenting the indecorum of detaining any one ſhe was to receive by appointment, he took her apart, and putting a packet into her hand, "I would not," he ſaid, "agitate your ſpirits this morning, by entering upon any topic that might diſturb you: I have therefore put upon paper what I moſt deſire you to conſider. You will find it a little ſermon upon the difficulties and the conduct of the female heart. Read it alone, and with attention. And now, my deareſt girl, go quietly into the parlour, and let one brief

and cheerful good-morrow ſerve for every body alike."

He then returned to his brother.

She made Eugenia accompany her down ſtairs, to avoid any ſolitary attack from Edgar; he ſuffered them to paſs; but followed to the parlour, where ſhe haſtily bid adieu to Miſs Margland and Indiana; but was ſtopt from running off by the former, who ſaid, "I wiſh I had known you intended going out, for I deſigned aſking Sir Hugh for the chariot for myſelf this morning, to make a very particular viſit."

Camilla, in a heſitating voice, ſaid ſhe ſhould not uſe her uncle's chariot.

"You walk then?"

"No,---ma'am---but—there is—there is a carriage—I believe, now at the door."

"O dear, whoſe?" cried Indiana; "do, pray, tell me where you are going?" while Edgar, ſtill more curious than either, held out his hand to conduct her, that he might obtain better information.

"I am

"I am very glad your head-ach is ſo well," ſaid Miſs Margland; "but, pray—is Mr. Mandlebert to be your chaperon?"

They both bluſhed, though both affected not to hear her: but, before they could quit the room, Indiana, who had run to a bow-window, exclaimed, "Dear! if there is not Mrs. Arlbery in a beautiful high phaeton!"

Edgar, aſtoniſhed, was now as involuntarily drawing back, as Camilla, involuntarily, was hurrying on: but Miſs Margland, inſiſting upon an anſwer, deſired to know if ſhe ſhould return to dinner?

She ſtammered out, No. Miſs Margland purſued her to aſk at what time the chariot was to fetch her; and forced from her a confeſſion that ſhe ſhould be away for ſome days.

She was now permitted to proceed. Edgar, impreſſed with the deepeſt diſpleaſure, leading her in ſilence acroſs the hall: but, ſtopping an inſtant at the door,

"This excurſion," he gravely ſaid, "will reſcue you from no little intended importunity: I had purpoſed tormenting you, from time to time, for your opinion and directions with reſpect to Miſs Eugenia."

And then, bowing coldly to Mrs. Arlbery, who eagerly called out to welcome her, he placed her in the phaeton, which inſtantly drove off.

He looked after them for ſome time, almoſt incredulous of her departure: but, as his amazement ſubſided into certainty, the moſt indignant diſappointment ſucceeded. That ſhe could leave Cleves at the very moment he was reinſtated in its ſociety, ſeemed conviction to him of her indifference; and that ſhe could leave it in the preſent ſtate of the affairs of Eugenia, made him conclude her ſo great a ſlave to the love of pleaſure, that every duty and all propriety were to be ſacrificed to its purſuit. "I will think of her," cried he, "no more! She concealed from me her plan, leſt I ſhould torment her with admonitions:

nitions: the glaring homage of the Major is better adapted to her taſte,—She flies from my ſincerity to receive his adulation,—I have been deceived in her diſpoſition,—I will think of her no more!"

CHAP. V.

A Sermon.

THE kind reception of Mrs. Arlbery, and all the animation of her diſcourſe, were thrown away upon Camilla. An abſent ſmile, and a few faint acknowledgments of her goodneſs were all ſhe could return: Eugenia abandoned when ſhe might have been ſerved, Edgar contemning when he might have been approving ----theſe were the images of her mind, which reſiſted entrance to all other.

Tired of fruitleſs attempts to amuſe her, Mrs. Arlbery, upon their arrival at the Grove, conducted her to an apartment prepared for her, and made uſe of no perſuaſion that ſhe would leave it before dinner.

Camilla then, too unhappy to fear any injunction, and reſigned to whatever ſhe might receive, read the diſcourſe of Mr. Tyrold.

For

For Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

It is not my intention to enumerate, my dear Camilla, the many bleſſings of your ſituation; your heart is juſt and affectionate, and will not forget them: I mean but to place before you your immediate duties, ſatisfied that the review will enſure their performance.

Unuſed to, becauſe undeſerving control, your days, to this period, have been as gay as your ſpirits. It is now firſt that your tranquillity is ruffled; it is now, therefore, that your fortitude has its firſt debt to pay for its hitherto happy exemption.

Thoſe who weigh the calamities of life only by the poſitive, the ſubſtantial, or the irremediable miſchiefs which they produce, regard the firſt ſorrows of early youth as too trifling for compaſſion. They do not enough conſider that it is the ſuffering, not its abſtract cauſe, which demands human commiſeration. The man who loſes his whole fortune, yet poſſeſſes firmneſs, philoſophy, a diſdain of ambition, and an

accommodation to circumſtances, is leſs an object of contemplative pity, than the perſon who, without one real deprivation, one actual evil, is firſt, or is ſuddenly forced to recogniſe the fallacy of a cheriſhed and darling hope.

That its foundation has always been ſhallow is no mitigation of diſappointment to him who had only viewed it in its ſuperſtructure. Nor is its downfal leſs terrible to its viſionary elevator, becauſe others had ſeen it from the beginning as a folly or a chimera; its diſſolution ſhould be eſtimated, not by its romance in the unimpaſſioned examination of a rational looker on, but by its believed promiſe of felicity to its credulous projector.

Is my Camilla in this predicament? had ſhe wove her own deſtiny in the ſpeculation of her wiſhes? Alas! to blame her, I muſt firſt forget, that deluſion, while in force, has all the ſemblance of reality, and takes the ſame hold upon the faculties as truth. Nor is it till the ſpell is broken, till the perverſion of reaſon and error of judgment

ment become wilful, that Scorn ought to point " its finger" or Cenſure its ſeverity.

But of this I have no fear. The love of right is implanted indelibly in your nature, and your own peace is as dependant as mine and as your mother's upon its conſtant culture.

Your conduct hitherto has been committed to yourſelf. Satisfied with eſtabliſhing your principles upon the adamantine pillars of religion and conſcience, we have not feared leaving you the entire poſſeſſion of general liberty. Nor do I mean to withdraw it, though the preſent ſtate of your affairs, and what for ſome time paſt I have painfully obſerved of your precipitance, oblige me to add partial counſel to ſtanding precept, and exhortation to advice. I ſhall give them, however, with diffidence, fairly acknowledging and blending my own perplexities with yours.

The temporal deſtiny of woman is enwrapt in ſtill more impenetrable obſcurity than that of man. She begins her career by being

being involved in all the worldly accidents of a parent; ſhe continues it by being aſſociated in all that may environ a huſband: and the difficulties ariſing from this doubly appendant ſtate, are augmented by the next to impoſſibility, that the firſt dependance ſhould pave the way for the ultimate. What parent yet has been gifted with the foreſight to ſay, "I will educate my daughter for the ſtation to which ſhe ſhall belong?" Let us even ſuppoſe that ſtation to be fixed by himſelf, rarely as the chances of life authoriſe ſuch a preſumption; his daughter all duty, and the partner of his own ſelection ſolicitous of the alliance: is he at all more ſecure he has provided even for her external welfare? What, in this ſublunary exiſtence, is the ſtate from which ſhe ſhall neither riſe nor fall? Who ſhall ſay that in a few years, a few months, perhaps leſs, the ſituation in which the proſperity of his own views has placed her, may not change for one more humble than he has fitted her for enduring, or more exalted than he has accompliſhed her for ſuſtaining? The

The conſcience, indeed, of the father is not reſponſible for events, but the infelicity of the daughter is not leſs a ſubject of pity.

Again, if none of theſe outward and obvious viciſſitudes occur, the proper education of a female, either for uſe or for happineſs, is ſtill to ſeek, ſtill a problem beyond human ſolution; ſince its refinement, or its negligence, can only prove to her a good or an evil, according to the humour of the huſband into whoſe hands ſhe may fall. If faſhioned to ſhine in the great world, he may deem the metropolis all turbulence; if endowed with every reſource for retirement, he may think the country diſtaſteful. And though her talents, her acquirements, may in either of theſe caſes be ſet aſide, with an only ſilent regret of waſted youth and application; the turn of mind which they have induced, the appreciation which they have taught of time, of pleaſure, or of utility, will have nurtured inclinations and opinions not ſo ductile to new ſentiments and employments, and either ſubmiſſion becomes a hardſhip,

hardſhip, or reſiſtance generates diſſention.

If ſuch are the parental embarraſſments, againſt which neither wiſdom nor experience can guard, who ſhould view the filial without ſympathy and tenderneſs?

You have been brought up, my dear child, without any ſpecific expectation. Your mother and myſelf, mutually deliberating upon the uncertainty of the female fate, determined to educate our girls with as much ſimplicity as is compatible with inſtruction, as much docility for various life as may accord with invariable principles, and as much accommodation with the world at large, as may combine with a juſt diſtinction of ſelected ſociety. We hoped, thus, ſhould your lots be elevated, to ſecure you from either exulting arrogance, or baſhful inſignificance; or ſhould they, as is more probable, be lowly, to inſtil into your underſtandings and characters ſuch a portion of intellectual vigour as ſhould make you enter into an humbler

ſcene

ſcene without debaſement, helpleſſneſs, or repining.

It is now, Camilla, we muſt demand your exertions in return. Let not theſe cares, to fit you for the world as you may find it, be utterly annihilated from doing you good, by the uncombated ſway of an unavailing, however well-placed attachment.

We will not here canvaſs the equity of that freedom by which women as well as men ſhould be allowed to diſpoſe of their own affections. There cannot, in nature, in theory, nor even in common ſenſe, be a doubt of their equal right: but diſquiſitions on this point will remain rather curious than important, till the ſpeculatiſt can ſuperinduce to the abſtract truth of the poſition ſome proof of its practicability.

Meanwhile, it is enough for every modeſt and reaſonable young woman to conſider, that where there are two parties, choice can belong only to one of them: and then let her call upon all her feelings of delicacy, all her notions of propriety,

to

to decide: Since Man muſt chooſe Woman, or Woman Man, which ſhould come forward to make the choice? Which ſhould retire to be choſen?

A prepoſſeſſion directed towards a virtuous and deſerving object wears, in its firſt approach, the appearance of a mere tribute of juſtice to merit. It ſeems, therefore, too natural, perhaps too generous, to be conſidered either as a folly or a crime. It is only its encouragement where it is not reciprocal, that can make it incur the firſt epithet, or where it ought not to be reciprocal that can brand it with the ſecond. With reſpect to this laſt, I know of nothing to apprehend:—with regard to the firſt—I grieve to wound my deareſt Camilla, yet where there has been no ſubject for complaint, there can have been none for expectation.

Struggle then againſt yourſelf as you would ſtruggle againſt an enemy. Refuſe to liſten to a wiſh, to dwell even upon a poſſibility, that opens to your preſent idea of happineſs. All that in future may be realiſed

realiſed probably hangs upon this conflict. I mean not to propoſe to you in the courſe of a few days to reinſtate yourſelf in the perfect ſecurity of a diſengaged mind. I know too much of the human heart to be ignorant that the acceleration, or delay, muſt depend upon circumſtance: I can only require from you what depends upon yourſelf, a ſteady and courageous warfare againſt the two dangerous underminers of your peace and of your fame, imprudence and impatience. You have champions with which to encounter them that cannot fail of ſucceſs,—good ſenſe and delicacy.

Good ſenſe will ſhew you the power of ſelf-conqueſt, and point out its means. It will inſtruct you to curb thoſe unguarded movements which lay you open to the ſtrictures of others. It will talk to you of thoſe boundaries which cuſtom forbids your ſex to paſs, and the hazard of any individual attempt to tranſgreſs them. It will tell you, that where allowed only a negative choice, it is your own beſt intereſt to combat againſt a poſitive wiſh. It will bid you,

you, by conſtant occupation, vary thoſe thoughts that now take but one direction, and multiply thoſe intereſts which now recogniſe but one object: and it will ſoon convince you, that it is not ſtrength of mind which you want, but reflection, to obtain a ſtrict and unremitting control over your paſſions.

This laſt word will pain, but let it not ſhock you. You have no paſſions, my innocent girl, at which you need bluſh, though enough at which I muſt tremble!—For in what conſiſts your conſtraint, your forbearance? your wiſh is your guide, your impulſe is your action. Alas! never yet was mortal created ſo perfect, that every wiſh was virtuous, or every impulſe wiſe!

Does a ſecret murmur here demand: if a diſcerning predilection is no crime, why, internally at leaſt, may it not be cheriſhed? whom can it injure or offend, that, in the hidden receſſes of my own breaſt, I nouriſh ſuperior preference of ſuperior worth?

This

This is the queſtion with which every young woman beguiles her fancy; this is the common but ſeductive opiate, with which inclination lulls reaſon.

The anſwer may be ſafely compriſed in a brief appeal to her own breaſt.

I do not deſire her to be inſenſible to merit; I do not even demand ſhe ſhould confine her ſocial affections to her own ſex, ſince the moſt innocent eſteem is equally compatible, though not equally general with ours: I require of her ſimply, that, in her ſecret hours, when pride has no dominion, and diſguiſe would anſwer no purpoſe, ſhe will aſk herſelf this queſtion, "Could I calmly hear that this elect of my heart was united to another? Were I to be informed that the indiſſoluble knot was tied, which annihilates all my own future poſſibilities, would the news occaſion me no affliction?" This, and this alone, is the teſt by which ſhe may judge the danger, or the harmleſſneſs of her attachment.

I have

I have now endeavoured to point out the obligations which you may owe to good ſenſe. Your obligations to delicacy will be but their conſequence.

Delicacy is an attribute ſo peculiarly feminine, that were your reflections leſs agitated by your feelings, you could delineate more diſtinctly than myſelf its appropriate laws, its minute exactions, its ſenſitive refinements. Here, therefore, I ſeek but to bring back to your memory what livelier ſenſations have inadvertently driven from it.

You may imagine, in the innocency of your heart, that what you would rather periſh than utter can never, ſince untold, be ſuſpected: and, at preſent, I am equally ſanguine in believing no ſurmiſe to have been conceived where moſt it would ſhock you: yet credit me when I aſſure you, that you can make no greater miſtake, than to ſuppoſe that you have any ſecurity beyond what ſedulouſly you muſt earn by the moſt indefatigable vigi-

lance. There are so many ways of communication independent of speech, that silence is but one point in the ordinances of discretion. You have nothing, in so modest a character, to apprehend from vanity or presumption; you may easily, therefore, continue the guardian of your own dignity: but you must keep in mind, that our perceptions want but little quickening to discern what may flatter them; and it is mutual to either sex to be to no gratification so alive, as to that of a conscious ascendance over the other.

Nevertheless, the female who, upon the softening blandishment of an undisguised prepossession, builds her expectation of its reciprocity, is, in common, most cruelly deceived. It is not that she has failed to awaken tenderness; but it has been tenderness without respect: nor yet that the person thus elated has been insensible to flattery; but it has been a flattery to raise himself, not its exciter in his esteem. The partiality which we feel inspires diffidence: that which we create has a contrary effect.

A certainty

A certainty of ſucceſs in many deſtroys, in all weakens, its charm: the baſhful excepted, to whom it gives courage; and the indolent, to whom it ſaves trouble.

Carefully, then, beyond all other care, ſhut up every avenue by which a ſecret which ſhould die untold can further eſcape you. Avoid every ſpecies of particularity; neither ſhun nor ſeek any intercourſe apparently; and in ſuch meetings as general prudence may render neceſſary, or as accident may make inevitable, endeavour to behave with the ſame open eſteem as in your days of unconſciouſneſs. The leaſt unuſual attention would not be more ſuſpicious to the world, than the leaſt undue reſerve to the ſubject of our diſcuſſion. Coldneſs or diſtance could only be imputed to reſentment; and reſentment, ſince you have received no offence, how, ſhould it be inveſtigated, could you vindicate? or how, ſhould it be paſſed in ſilence, ſecure from being attributed to pique and diſappointment?

There

There is alſo another motive, important to us all, which calls for the moſt rigid circumſpection. The perſon in queſtion is not merely amiable; he is alſo rich: mankind at large, therefore, would not give merely to a ſenſe of excellence any obvious predilection. This hint will, I know, powerfully operate upon your diſintereſted ſpirit.

Never from perſonal experience may you gather, how far from ſoothing, how wide from honourable, is the ſpecies of compaſſion ordinarily diffuſed by the diſcovery of an unreturned female regard. That it ſhould be felt unſought may be conſidered as a mark of diſcerning ſenſibility; but that it ſhould be betrayed uncalled for, is commonly, however ungenerouſly, imagined rather to indicate ungoverned paſſions, than refined ſelection. This is often both cruel and unjuſt; yet, let me aſk—Is the world a proper confident for ſuch a ſecret? Can the woman who has permitted it to go abroad, reaſonably demand that conſideration and reſpect

from the community, in which ſhe has been wanting to herſelf? To me it would be unneceſſary to obſerve, that her indiſcretion may have been the effect of an inadvertence which owes its origin to artleſſneſs, not to forwardneſs: She is judged by thoſe, who, hardened in the ways of men, accuſtom themſelves to trace in evil every motive to action; or by thoſe, who, preferring ridicule to humanity, ſeek rather to amuſe themſelves wittily with her ſuſceptibility, than to feel for its innocence and ſimplicity.

In a ſtate of utter conſtraint, to appear natural is, however, an effort too difficult to be long ſuſtained; and neither precept, example, nor diſpoſition, have enured my poor child to the performance of any ſtudied part. Diſcriminate, nevertheleſs, between hypocriſy and diſcretion. The firſt is a vice; the ſecond a conciliation to virtue. It is the bond that keeps ſociety from diſunion; the veil that ſhades our weakneſs from expoſure, giving time for that interior correction, which the publication

tion of our infirmities would elſe, with reſpect to mankind, make of no avail.

It were better no doubt, worthier, nobler, to meet the ſcrutiny of our fellow-creatures by conſent, as we encounter, per force, the all-viewing eye of our Creator: but ſince for this we are not ſufficiently without blemiſh, we muſt allow to our unſtable virtues all the encouragement that can prop them. The event of diſcovered faults is more frequently calloufneſs than amendment; and propriety of example is as much a duty to our fellow-creatures, as purity of intention is a debt to ourſelves.

To delicacy, in fine, your preſent exertions will owe their future recompence, be your ultimate lot in life what it may. Should you, in the courſe of time, belong to another, you will be ſhielded from the regret that a former attachment had been publiſhed; or ſhould you continue miſtreſs of yourſelf, from a bluſh that the world is acquainted it was not by your choice.

I ſhall now conclude this little diſcourſe by calling upon you to annex to whatever I have offered you of precept, the conſtant remembrance of your mother for example.

In our joint names, therefore, I adjure you, my deareſt Camilla, not to embitter the preſent innocence of your ſuffering by imprudence that may attach to it cenſure, nor by indulgence that may make it faſten upon your vitals! Imprudence cannot but end in the demolition of that dignified equanimity, and modeſt propriety, which we wiſh to be uniformly remarked as the attributes of your character: and indulgence, by fixing, may envenom a dart that as yet may be gently withdrawn, from a wound which kindneſs may heal, and time may cloſe; but which, if neglected, may wear away, in corroding diſturbance, all your life's comfort to yourſelf, and all its ſocial purpoſes to your friends and to the world.

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.

CHAP. VI.

A Chat.

THE calm ſadneſs with which Camilla had opened her letter was ſoon broken in upon by the intereſt of its contents, the view it diſplayed of her duties, her ſhame at her recent failures, and her fears for their future execution; and yet more than all, by the full deciſion in which it ſeemed written, that the unhappy partiality ſhe had expoſed, had been always, and would for ever remain unreturned.

She ſtarted at the intimation how near ſhe ſtood to detection even from Edgar himſelf, and pride, reaſon, modeſty, all aroſe to ſtrengthen her with reſolution, to guard every future conflict from his obſervation.

The article concerning fortune touched her to the quick. Nothing appeared to her ſo degrading as the moſt diſtant idea

that ſuch a circumſtance could have any force with her. But the juſtice done to Edgar ſhe gloried in, as an apology for her feelings, and exculpatory of her weakneſs. Her tears flowed faſt at every expreſſion of kindneſs to herſelf, her burning bluſhes dried them up as they were falling, at every hint of her feebleneſs, and the hopeleſſneſs of its cauſe; but wholly ſubdued by the laſt paragraph, which with reverence ſhe preſſed to her lips, ſhe offered up the moſt ſolemn vows of a ſtrict and entire obſervance of every injunction which the letter contained.

She was thus employed, unnoticing the paſſage of time, when Mrs. Arlbery tapped at her door, and aſked if ſhe wiſhed to dine in her own room.

Surpriſed at the queſtion, and aſhamed to be thus ſeen, ſhe was beginning a thouſand apologies for not being yet dreſſed: but Mrs. Arlbery, interrupting her, ſaid, "I never liſten to excuſes. 'Tis the only battery that overpowers me. If, by any miſchance, and in an evil hour, ſome country

try couſin, not knowing my ways, or ſome antediluvian prig, not minding them, happen to fall upon me with formal ſpeeches, where I can make no eſcape, a fit of yawning takes me immediately, and I am demoliſhed for the reſt of the day."

Camilla, attempting to ſmile, promiſed to play the country couſin no more. Mrs. Arlbery then obſerved ſhe had been weeping; and taking her hand, with an examining look, "My lovely young friend," ſhe cried, "this will never do!"

"What, ma'am?---how?---what?---"

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. Come down to dinner, and we'll talk over the hows? and the whats? afterwards. Never mind your dreſs; we go no where this evening; and I make a point not to ſuffer any body to change their attire in my houſe, merely becauſe the afternoon is taking place of the morning. It ſeems to me a miſerable compliment to the miſtreſs of a manſion, to ſee her gueſts only equip themſelves for the table. For my part, I deem the garb that is good enough for me,

good enough for my geese and turkies--- apple and oyster-sauce included."

Camilla then followed her down stairs, where she found no company but Sir Sedley Clarendel.

"Come, my dear Miss Tyrold," said Mrs. Arlbery, "you and I may now consider ourselves as *tête-à-tête*; Sir Sedley won't be much in our way. He hears and sees nothing but himself."

"Ecstatically flattering that!" cried Sir Sedley; "dulcet to every nerve!"

"O, I know you listen just now, because you are yourself my theme. But the moment I take another, you will forget we are either of us in the room."

"Inhuman to the quick!" cried he; "barbarous to a point!"

"This is a creature so strange, Miss Tyrold," said Mrs. Arlbery, "that I must positively initiate you a little into his character;—or, rather, into its own caricature; for as to character, he has had none intelligible

ligible theſe three years.—See but how he ſmiles at the very proſpect of being portrayed, in defiance of all his efforts to look unconcerned! yet he knows I ſhall ſhew him no mercy. But, like all other egotiſts, the only thing to really diſconcert him, would be to take no notice of him. Make him but the firſt ſubject of diſcourſe, and praiſe or abuſe are pretty much the ſame to him."

"O ſhocking! ſhocking! killing paſt reſuſcitation! Abominably horrid, I proteſt!"

"O I have not begun yet. This is an obſervation to ſuit thouſands. But do not fear; you ſhall have all your appropriations. Miſs Tyrold, you are to be auditor and judge: and I will ſave you the time and the trouble which decyphering this animal, ſo truly a non-deſcript, might coſt you."

"What a tremendous exordium! diſtreſſing to a degree! I am agued with trepidation!"

"O you wretch! you know you are enchanted. But no further interruption!

I ſend you to Coventry for the next ten minutes.

"This man, my dear Miſs Tyrold, whom we are about to delineate, was meant by nature, and prepared by art, for ſomething greatly ſuperior to what he now appears: but, unhappily, he had neither ſolidity of judgment, nor humility of diſpoſition, for bearing meekly the early advantages with which he ſet out in life; a fine perſon, fine parts, and a fine eſtate, all daſhed into conſciouſneſs at the preſuming age of one and twenty. By this aggregate of wealthy, of mental, and of perſonal proſperity, he has become at once ſelf ſpoilt and world ſpoilt. Had you known him, as I have done, before he was ſeized with this ſyſtematic affectation, which, I am ſatisfied, cauſes him more ſtudy than the united pedants of both univerſities could inflict upon him, you would have ſeen the moſt delightful creature breathing! a creature combining, in one animated compoſition, the very eſſences of ſpirit, of gaiety, and of intelligence. But now, with every thing within

within his reach, nothing seems worth his attainment. He has not sufficient energy to make use of his own powers. He has no one to command him, and he is too indolent to command himself. He has therefore turned fop from mere wantonness of time and of talents; from having nothing to do, no one to care for, and no one to please. Take from him half his wit, and by lessening his presumption, you will cure him of all his folly. Rob him of his fortune, and by forcing him into exertion, you will make him one of the first men of his day. Deface and maim his features and figure, and by letting him see that to appear and be admired is not the same thing, you will render him irresistible."

"Have you done?" cried the baronet smiling.

"I protest," said Mrs. Arlbery, "I believe you are a little touched! And I don't at all want to reform you. A perfect character only lulls me to sleep."

"Obliging in the ſuperlative! I muſt then take as a conſolation, that I have never given you a nap?"

"Never, Clarendel, I aſſure you; and yet I don't hate you! Vice is deteſtable; I baniſh all its appearances from my coteries; and I would baniſh its reality, too, were I ſure I ſhould then have any thing but empty chairs in my drawing-room — but foibles make all the charm of ſociety. They are the only ſupport of convivial raillery, and domeſtic wit. If formerly, therefore, you more excited my admiration, it is now, believe me, you contribute moſt to my entertainment."

"Condoling to a phenomenon! I have really, then, the vaſtly prodigious honour to be exalted in your fair graces to the level of a mountebank? a quack doctor? his merry Andrew? or any other ſuch reſpectable buffoon?"

"Piqued! piqued! I declare! this exceeds my higheſt ambition. But I muſt not weaken the impreſſion by dwelling upon it."

She

She then asked Camilla if she had any message for Cleves, as one of her servants was going close to the park gate.

Camilla, glad to withdraw, said she would write a few words to her father, and retired for that purpose.

* * * *

"What in the world, my dear Clarendel," said Mrs. Arlbery, "can I do with this poor thing? She has lost all her sprightliness, and vapours me but to look at her. She has all the symptoms upon her of being in the full meridian of that common girlish disease, an hopeless passion."

"Poor little tender dove!" cried the baronet. "'Twould be odious to cure her. Unfeeling to excess. What in nature can be half so mellifluously interesting? I shall now look at her with most prodigious softness. Ought one not to sigh as she approaches?"

"The matter to be sure is silly enough," answered Mrs. Arlbery; "but, this nonsense apart, she is a charming girl. Besides,

ſides, I perceive I am a violent favourite with her; and flattery, my dear Clarendel, will work its way, even with me! I really owe her a good turn: Elſe I ſhould no longer endure her; for the tender paſſion has terribly flattened her. If we can't reſtore her ſpirits, ſhe will be a mere dead weight to me."

"O a very cruſh! a cannon ball would be a butterfly in the compariſon! But who is the irreſiſtible? What form has the little blind traitor aſſumed?"

"O, aſſure yourſelf, that of the firſt young man who has come in her ſight. Every damſel, as ſhe enters the world, has ſome picture ready painted upon her imagination, of an object worthy to enſlave her: and before any experience forms her judgment, or any compariſon her taſte, ſhe is the dupe of the firſt youth who preſents himſelf to her, in the firm perſuaſion of her ductile fancy, that he is juſt the model it had previouſly created."

She then added, ſhe had little doubt but young Mandlebert was the hero, from their

their private conferences after the raffle, and from her bluſhes when forced to name him.

" Nay, nay, this is not of the firſt incongruity!" ſaid the young baronet, " not romantic to outrage. Beech park has nothing very horrific in it. Nothing invincibly beyond the ſtandard of a young lady's philoſophy."

" Depend upon it, that's the very idea its maſter has conceived of the matter himſelf. You wealthy Cavaliers rarely want flappers to remind you of your advantages. That Mandlebert, you muſt know, is my averſion. He has juſt that air and reputation of faultleſſneſs that gives me the ſpleen. I hope, for her ſake, he won't think of her; he will lead her a terrible life. A man who piques himſelf upon his perfections, finds no mode ſo convenient and ready for diſplaying them, as proving all about him to be conſtantly in the wrong. However, a character of that ſtamp rarely marries; eſpecially if he is rich, and has no obſtacles in his way. What can I do, then, for this

poor thing? The very nature of her malady is to make her entertain falſe hopes. I am quite bent upon curing them. The only difficulty, according to cuſtom, is how. I wiſh you would take her in hand yourſelf."

"I?---prepoſterous in the extreme! what particle of chance ſhould I have againſt Mandlebert?"

"O you vain wretch! to be ſure you don't know, that though he is rich, you are richer? and, doubtleſs, you never took notice, that though he is handſome, you are handſomer? As to manners, there is little to chooſe between you, for he is as much too correct, as you are too fantaſtic. In converſation, too, you are nearly upon a par, for he is as regularly too right, as you are ridiculouſly too wrong,—but O the charm of dear amuſing wrong, over dull commanding right! you have but to addreſs yourſelf to her with a little flattering diſtinction, and Mandlebert ever after will appear to her a pedant."

"What a wicked ſort of ſprite is a female wit!" cried Sir Sedley, "breathing only in miſchief! a very will-o'-the-wiſp, perſonified and petticoated, ſhining but to lead aſtray. Dangerous paſt all fathom! Have the goodneſs, however, my fair Jack-o'-lanthorn, to intimate what you mean I ſhould do with this languiſhing dulcinea, ſhould I deliver her from thraldom? You don't adviſe me, I preſume, to take unto myſelf a wife? I proteſt I am ſhivered to the utmoſt point north at the bare ſuggeſtion! frozen to an icicle!"

"No, no; I know you far too confirmed an egotiſt for any thing but an old bachelor. Nor is there the leaſt neceſſity to yoke the poor child to the conjugal plough ſo early. The only ſacrifice I demand from you is a little attention; the only good I aim at for her, is to open her eyes, which have now a film before them, and to let her ſee that Mandlebert has no other pre-eminence, than that of having been the firſt young man with whom ſhe became acquainted. Never imagine I want

want her to fall in love with you. Heaven help the poor victim to such a complication of caprice!"

"Nay, now I am full south again! burning with shame and choler! How you navigate my sensations from cold to heat at pleasure! Cooke was a mere river waterman to you. My blood chills or boils at your command. Every sentence is a new climate. You waft me from extreme to extreme, with a rapidity absolutely dizzying. A balloon is a broad-wheeled waggon to you."

"Come, come, jargon apart, will you make yourself of any use? The cure of a romantic first flame is a better surety to subsequent discretion, than all the exhortations of all the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, and maiden aunts in the universe. Save her now, and you serve her for life;—besides giving me a prodigious pleasure in robbing that frigid Mandlebert of such a conquest."

"Unhappy young swain! I pity him to immensity. How has he fallen thus under the

the rigour of your wrath? Do you baniſh him your favour, like another Ariſtides, to relieve your ear from hearing him called the Juſt?"

"Was ever alluſion ſo impertinent? or, what is worſe, for aught I can determine, ſo true? for, certainly, he has given me no offence; yet I feel I ſhould be enchanted to humble him. Don't be concerned for him, however; you may aſſure yourſelf he hates me. There is a certain ſpring in our propenſities to one another, that involuntarily opens and ſhuts in almoſt exact harmony, whether of approbation or antipathy. Except, indeed, in the one article of love, which, diſtinguiſhing nothing, is ready to graſp at any thing."

"But why have you not recourſe to the gallant cockade?"

"The Major? O, I have obſerved, already, ſhe receives his devoirs without emotion; which, for a girl who has ſeen nothing of the world, is reſpectable enough, his red coat conſidered. Whether the man

man has any meaning himself, or whether he knows there is such a thing, I cannot tell: but as I do not wish to see her surrounded with brats, while a mere brat herself, it is not worth inquiry. You are the thing, Clarendel, the very thing! You are just agreeable enough to annul her puerile fascination, yet not interesting enough to involve her in any new danger."

"Flattering past imitability! divine Arlberiana!"

"Girls, in general," continued she, "are insupportable nuisances to women. If you do not set them to prate about their admirers, or their admired, they die of weariness;—if you do, the weariness reverberates upon yourself."

Camilla here returned. She had written a few lines to Eugenia, to enforce her reliance upon Edgar, with an earnest request to be sent for immediately, if any new difficulty occurred. And she had addressed a few warmly grateful words to her

her father, engaging to follow his every injunction with her beſt ability.

Sir Sedley now rung for his carriage; and Camilla, for the reſt of the evening, exerted herſelf to receive more cheerfully the kind civilities of her lively hoſteſs.

CHAP. VII.

A Recall.

AFTER two days paſſed with tolerable, though not natural cheerfulneſs at the Grove, Camilla was ſurpriſed by the arrival of the carriage of Sir Hugh with a ſhort note from Eugenia.

To Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

AN incident has happened that overpowers me with ſadneſs and horror. I cannot write. I ſend the chariot. O! come and paſs an hour or two at Cleves with your diſtreſſed

EUGENIA!

Camilla could ſcarcely ſtop to leave a meſſage for Mrs. Arlbery, before ſhe flew to the carriage; nor even inquire for her uncle at Cleves, before ſhe ran to the apartment of Eugenia, and, with a thouſand tender

tender careſſes, deſired to know what had thus cruelly afflicted her.

"Alas!" ſhe anſwered, "my uncle has written to Clermont to come over,—and informed him with what view!"

She then related, that Indiana, the preceding day, had prevailed with Sir Hugh to let her go to the Midleton races; and ſhe found he would be quite unhappy if ſhe refuſed to be alſo of the party. That they had been joined by Bellamy on the race ground, who only, however, ſpoke to Miſs Margland, as Edgar, watchful and uneaſy, ſcarce let him even ſee any one elſe. But the horſes having taken fright, while they were in a great crowd, Bellamy had perſuaded Miſs Margland to alight, while the coach paſſed a terrible concourſe of carriages; and, in that interval, he had contrived to whiſper a claim upon her tacit promiſe of viewing the chaiſe which was for ever to convey him away from her; and, though her engagement to Edgar made her refuſe, he had drawn her, ſhe knows not herſelf how, from her party,

and,

and, while ſhe was angrily remonſtrating, and he ſeemed in the utmoſt deſpair at her diſpleaſure, Edgar, who had been at firſt eluded by being on horſeback, diſmounted, forced his way to her, and almoſt carried her back to the coach, leaving Bellamy, who ſhe was ſure had no ſiniſter deſign, nearly dead with grief at being unworthily ſuſpected. Edgar, ſhe however added, was fixed in believing he meant to convey her away; and Jacob, aſſerting he ſaw him purpoſely frighten the horſes, had told his ſurmiſes to Sir Hugh; which he had corroborated by an account that the ſame gentleman had ſtopt to converſe with her in her laſt return from Etherington. Sir Hugh, terrified, had declared he would no longer live without Clermont upon the ſpot. She had felt too much for his diſturbance to oppoſe him at the moment, but had not imagined his plan would immediately be put into execution, till, early this morning, he had ſent for her, and produced his letter of recall, which had taken him, he ſaid, the whole night to compoſe

and

and finiſh. Urged by ſurpriſe and diſſatisfaction, ſhe was beginning a little remonſtrance; but found it made him ſo extremely unhappy, that, in the fear of a relapſe, ſhe deſiſted; and, with a ſhock ſhe knew not when ſhe ſhould overcome, ſaw the fatal letter delivered for the poſt.

Camilla, with much commiſeration, inquired if ſhe had conſulted with Edgar. Yes, ſhe anſwered; and he had extorted her permiſſion to relate the whole tranſaction to her father, though in a manner wide from juſtice to the ill-fated Bellamy; whoſe deſign might be extraordinary, but whoſe character, ſhe was convinced, was honourable.

Camilla, whoſe education, though private, had not, like that of Eugenia, been ſecluded and ſtudious, was far leſs credulous than her ſiſter, though equally artleſs. She knew, too, with regard to this affair, the opinion of Edgar, and to know and be guided by it was imperceptibly one. She declared herſelf, therefore, openly againſt

Bellamy, and made her motives conſiſt in a commentary upon his proceedings.

Eugenia warmly defended him, declaring the judgment of Camilla, and that of all her friends, to be formed in the dark; for that none of them could have doubted a moment his goodneſs or his honour, had they ſeen the diſtracted ſuffering that was marked in his countenance.

"And what," cried Camilla, "ſays my father to all this?"

"He ſays juſt what Edgar ſays:—he is all that is kind and good, but he has never beheld Bellamy—how, then, ſhould he know him?"

A meſſage came now from Sir Hugh to Camilla, that he would ſee her before ſhe went, but that he was reſting at preſent from the fatigue of writing a letter. He ſent her, however, with his love, the foul copy, to amuſe her till ſhe could come to him.

To Clermont Lynmere *Esq.*

Dear Nephew,

I HAVE had a very dangerous illneſs, and the doctors themſelves are all ſurpriſed that I recovered; but a greater doctor than them was pleaſed to ſave me, for which I thank God. But as this attack has made me think more than ever I thought before, I am willing to turn my thoughts to good account.

Now, as I have not the gift of writing, at which, thank God, I have left off repining, from the reaſon of its great troubleſomeneſs in acquiring, I can't pretend to any thing of a fine letter, but ſhall proceed to buſineſs.

My dear Clermont, I write now to deſire you would come over out of hand; which I hope you won't take unkind, foreign parts being no great pleaſure to ſee, in compariſon of old England; beſides which, I have another apology to offer, which is, having a fine prize in view for you; which is the more eſſential, owing

to ſome unlucky circumſtances, in which I did not behave quite as well as I wiſh, though very unwillingly; which I mention to you as a warning. However, you have no need to be caſt down, for this prize will ſet all right, and make you as rich as a lord, at the ſame time that you are as wiſe as a philoſopher. And as learning, though I have the proper reſpect for it, won't ſerve to make the pot boil, you muſt needs be glad of more ſubſtantial fuel; for there's no living upon air, however you ſtudents may affect to think eating mere gluttony.

Now, this prize is no other than your couſin Eugenia Tyrold, whom I don't tell you is a beauty; but if you are the ſenſible lad I take you for, you won't think the worſe of her for wanting ſuch frail perfections. Beſides, we ſhould not be too nice amongſt relations, for if we are, what can we expect from the wide world? So I beg you to come over with all convenient ſpeed, for fear of her falling a prey to ſome ſharper, many ſuch being to be found;

found; eſpecially at horſe-races, and ſo forth. I remain,

Dear nephew,
Your affectionate uncle,
HUGH TYROLD.

Eugenia, from motives of delicacy and of ſhame, declined reading the copy as ſhe had declined reading the letter; but looked ſo extremely unhappy, that Camilla offered to plead with her uncle, and uſe her utmoſt influence that he would countermand the recall.

"No," anſwered ſhe, "no! 'tis a point of duty and gratitude, and I muſt bear its conſequences."

She was now called down to Mr. Tyrold. Camilla accompanied her.

He told her he had gathered, from the kind zeal and inquiries of Edgar, that Bellamy had certainly laid a premeditated plan for carrying her off, if ſhe went to the races; which, as the whole neighbourhood was there, might reaſonably be expected.

Eugenia, with fervour, proteſted ſuch wickedneſs was impoſſible.

"I am unwilling, my dear child," he anſwered, "to adulterate the purity of your thoughts and expectations, by inculcating ſuſpicions; but, though nature has bleſſed you with an uncommon underſtanding, remember, in judgment you are ſtill but fifteen, and in experience but a child. One thing, however, tell me candidly, Is it from love of juſtice, or is it for your happineſs you combat thus ardently for the integrity of this young man?"

"For my juſtice, Sir!" ſaid ſhe firmly.

"And no latent reaſon mingles with and enforces it?"

"None, believe me! ſave only what gratitude dictates."

"If your heart, then, is your own, my dear girl, do not be uneaſy at the letter to Clermont. Your uncle is the laſt man upon earth to put any conſtraint upon your inclinations; and need I add to my deareſt

deareſt Eugenia, I am the laſt father to thwart or diſtreſs them? Reſume, therefore, your courage and compoſure; be juſt to your friends, and happy in yourſelf."

Reaſon was never thrown away upon Eugenia. Her mind was a ſoil which received and naturalized all that was ſown in it. She promiſed to look forward with more cheerfulneſs, and to dwell no longer upon this agitating tranſaction.

Edgar now came in. He was going to Beech Park to meet Bellamy. He was charged with a long meſſage for him from Sir Hugh; and an order to inform him that his niece was engaged; which, however, he declined undertaking, without firſt conſulting her.

This was almoſt too ſevere a trial of the duty and fortitude of Eugenia. She coloured, and was quitting the room in ſilence: but preſently turning back, "My uncle," ſhe cried, "is too ill now for argument, and he is too dear to me for oppoſition:—Say, then, juſt what you think

will moſt conduce to his tranquillity and recovery."

Her father embraced her; Camilla ſhed tears; and Edgar, in earneſt admiration, kiſſed her hand. She received their applauſe with ſenſibility, but looked down with a ſecret deduction from its force, as ſhe internally uttered, "My taſk is not ſo difficult as they believe! touched as I am with the conſtancy of Bellamy—It is not Melmond who loves me! it is not Melmond I reject!—"

Edgar was immediately ſetting off, but, ſtopping him—"One thing alone I beg," ſhe ſaid; "do not communicate your intelligence abruptly. Soften it by aſſurances of my kind wiſhes.—Yet, to prevent any deception, any future hope—ſay to him—if you think it right—that I ſhall regard myſelf, henceforward, as if already in that holy ſtate ſo ſacred to one only object."

She bluſhed, and left them, followed by Camilla.

"If

"If born but yesterday," cried Mr. Tyrold, while his eyes glistened, "she could not be more perfectly free from guile."

"Yet that," said Edgar, "is but half her praise; she is perfectly free, also, from self! she is made up of disinterested qualities and liberal sensations. To the most genuine simplicity, she joins the most singular philosophy; and to knowledge and cultivation, the most uncommon, adds all the modesty as well as innocence of her extreme youth and inexperience."

Mr. Tyrold subscribed with frankness to this just praise of his highly-valued daughter; and they then conferred upon the steps to be taken with Bellamy, whom neither of them scrupled to pronounce a mere fortune-hunter. All the inquiries of Edgar were ineffectual to learn any particulars of his situation. He said he was travelling for his amusement; but he had no recommendation to any one; though, by being constantly well-dressed, and keeping a shewy footman, he had contrived to make acquaintance almost universally in

the neighbourhood. Mr. Tyrold determined to accompany Edgar to Beech Park himſelf, and there, in the moſt peremptory terms, to aſſure him of the ſerious meaſures that would enſue, if he deſiſted not from his purſuit.

He then went to take leave of Camilla, who had been making a viſit to her uncle, and was returning to the Grove.

He had ſeen with concern the frigid air with which Edgar had bowed to her upon his entrance, and with compaſſion the changed countenance with which ſhe had received his formal ſalutation. His hope of the alliance now ſunk; and ſo favourite a wiſh could not be relinquiſhed without ſevere diſappointment; yet his own was immaterial to him when he looked at Camilla, and ſaw in her expreſſive eyes the ſtruggle of her ſoul to diſguiſe her wounded feelings. He now regretted that ſhe had not accompanied her mother abroad; and deſired nothing ſo earneſtly as any means to remove her from all intercourſe with Mandlebert. He ſeconded, therefore, her

ſpeed

ſpeed to be gone, happy ſhe would be placed where exertion would be indiſpenſable; and gently, yet clearly, intimated his wiſh that ſhe ſhould remain at the Grove, till ſhe could meet Edgar without raiſing pain in her own boſom, or exciting ſuſpicions in his. Cruelly mortified, ſhe ſilently acquieſced. He then ſaid whatever was moſt kind to give her courage; but, dejected by her conſcious failure, and afflicted by the change in Edgar, ſhe returned to Mrs. Arlbery in a ſtate of mind the moſt melancholy.

And here, nothing could be leſs exhilarating nor leſs ſeaſonable than the firſt news ſhe heard.

The regiment of General Kinſale was ordered into Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge: It was the ſeaſon for drinking the water of that ſpring; and Mr. Dennel was going thither with his daughter. Sir Sedley Clarendel conceived it would be ſerviceable alſo to his own health; and had ſuddenly propoſed to Mrs. Arlbery forming a party to paſs a few weeks there.

With a vivacity always ready for any new project, she instantly agreed to it, and the journey was settled to take place in three days. When Camilla was informed of this intended excursion, the disappointment with which it overpowered her was too potent for disguise: and Mrs. Arlbery was so much struck with it, that, during coffee, she took Sir Sedley apart, and said; "I feel such concern for the dismal alteration of that sweet girl, that I could prevail with myself, all love-lorn as she is, to take her with me to Tunbridge, if you will aid my hardy enterprise of driving that frozen composition of premature wisdom from her mind. If you are not as invulnerable as himself, you cannot refuse me this little sleight of gallantry."

Sir Sedley gave a laughing assent, declaring, at the same time, with the strongest professed diffidence, his conscious inability. Mrs. Arlbery, in high spirits, said she scarce knew which would most delight her, to mortify Edgar, or restore Camilla to gaiety and independance. Yet she would watch,

she

ſhe ſaid, that matters went no further than juſt to ſhake off a whining firſt love; for the laſt thing upon earth ſhe intended was to entangle her in a ſecond.

Camilla received the invitation with pleaſure yet anxiety: for though glad to be ſpared returning to Cleves in a ſtate of diſturbance ſo ſuſpicious, ſhe was bitterly agitated in reflecting upon the diſlike of Edgar to Mrs. Arlbery, the pains he had taken to prevent her mingling with this ſociety, and the probably final period to his eſteem and good-will, that would prove the reſult of her accompanying ſuch a party to a place of amuſement.

CHAP. VIII.

A Youth of the Times.

MRS. Arlbery accompanied Camilla the next day to Cleves, to aſk permiſſion of Mr. Tyrold for the excurſion. She would truſt the requeſt to none but herſelf, conſcious of powers of perſuaſion unuſed to repulſe.

Mr. Tyrold was diſtreſſed by the propoſition: he was not ſatisfied in truſting his unguarded Camilla to the diſſipation of a public place, except under the wing of her mother; though he felt eager to remove her from Edgar, and rejoiced in any opportunity to allow her a change of ſcene, that might revive her natural ſpirits, and unchain her heart from its unhappy ſubjection.

Perceiving him undetermined, Mrs. Arlbery called forth all her artillery of eloquence and grace, to forward her conqueſt.

queſt. The licence ſhe allowed herſelf in common of fantaſtic command, gave way to the more feminine attraction of ſoft pleading: her ſatire, which, though never malignant, was often alarming, was relinquiſhed for a ſportive gaiety that diffuſed general animation; and Mr. Tyrold ſoon, though not caught like his daughter, ceaſed to wonder that his daughter had been caught.

In this indeciſion he took Camilla apart, and bad her tell him, without fear or reſerve, her own feelings, her own wiſhes, her own opinion upon this ſcheme. She held ſuch a call too ſerious and too kind for diſguiſe: ſhe hid her face upon his ſhoulder and wept; he ſoothed and encouraged her to confidence; and, in broken accents, ſhe then acknowledged herſelf unequal, as yet, to fulfilling his injunctions of appearing cheerful and eaſy, though ſenſible of their wiſdom.

Mr. Tyrold, with a heavy heart, ſaw how much deeper was her wound, than the airineſs of her nature had prepared him

him to expect, and could no longer hesitate in granting his consent. He saw it was her wish to go; but he saw that the pleasures of a public place had no share in exciting it. To avoid betraying her conscious mortification was her sole and innocent motive; and though he would rather have sent her to a more private spot, and have trusted her to a more retired character; he yet thought it possible, that what opportunity presented unsought, might, eventually, prove more beneficial than what his own choice would have dictated; for public amusements, to the young and unhackneyed, give entertainment without requiring exertion; and spirits lively as those of Mrs. Arlbery create nearly as much gaiety as they display.

Fixed, now, for the journey, he carried Camilla to her uncle to take leave. The prospect of not seeing her again for six weeks was gloomy to Sir Hugh, though he bore it better at this moment, when his fancy was occupied by arranging preparations for the return of Clermont, than he

could have done at almoſt any other. He put into her hands a fifty pound Bank note for her expences, and when, with mingled modeſty and dejection, ſhe would have returned the whole, as unneceſſary even to her wiſhes, Mr. Tyrold, interfering, made her accept twenty pounds. Sir Hugh preſſed forward the original ſum in vain; his brother, though always averſe to refuſe his ſmalleſt deſire, thought it here a duty to be firm, that the excurſion, which he granted as a relief to her ſadneſs, might not lead to pleaſures ever after beyond her reach, nor to their concomitant extravagance. She could not, he knew, reſide at Tunbridge with the œconomy and ſimplicity to which ſhe was accuſtomed at Etherington; but he charged her to let no temptation make her forget the moderate income of which alone ſhe was certain; aſſuring her, that where a young woman's expences exceeded her known expectations, thoſe who were foremoſt to praiſe her elegance, would moſt fear to form any

connection

connection with her, and moſt deſpiſe or deride her in any calamity.

Camilla found no difficulty in promiſing the moſt exact obſervance of this inſtruction; her heart ſeemed in ſackcloth and aſhes, and ſhe cared not in what manner her perſon ſhould be arrayed.

Sir Hugh earneſtly enjoined her not to fail to be at Cleves upon the arrival of Clermont, intimating that the nuptials would immediately take place.

She then ſought Eugenia, whom ſhe found with Dr. Orkborne, in a ſtate of mind ſo perfectly calm and compoſed, as equally to ſurpriſe and rejoice her. She ſaw with pleaſure that all Bellamy had inſpired was the moſt artleſs compaſſion; for ſince his diſmiſſion had now poſitively been given, and Clermont was actually ſummoned, ſhe devoted her thoughts ſolely to the approaching event, with the firm, though early wiſdom which diſtinguiſhed her character.

Indiana joined them; and, in a low voice, ſaid to Camilla, "Pray, couſin, do you know where Mr. Macderſey is? becauſe I am ſadly afraid he's dead."

Camilla, ſurpriſed, deſired to know why ſhe had ſuch an apprehenſion?

"Becauſe he told me he'd ſhoot himſelf through the brains if I was cruel—and I am ſure I had no great choice given me: for, between ourſelves, Miſs Margland gave all the anſwers for me, without once ſtopping to aſk me what I ſhould chuſe. So if he has really done it, the fault is more her's than mine."

She then ſaid, that, juſt after Camilla's departure the preceding day, Mr. Macderſey arrived, and inſiſted upon ſeeing her, and ſpeaking to Sir Hugh, as he was ordered into Kent, and could not go ſo far in ſuſpence. Sir Hugh was not well enough to admit him; and Miſs Margland, upon whom the office devolved, took upon her to give him a poſitive refuſal; and though ſhe went into the room while

while he was there, never once would let her make an anſwer for herſelf.

Miſs Margland, ſhe added, had frightened Sir Hugh into forbidding him the houſe, by comparing him with Mr. Bellamy; but Mr. Macderſey had frightened them all enough, in return, as he went away, by ſaying, that as ſoon as ever Sir Hugh was well, he would call him out, becauſe of his ſending him word down ſtairs not to come to Cleves any more, for he had been diſturbed enough already by another Iriſh fortune-hunter, that came after another of his nieces; and he was the more ſure Mr. Macderſey was one of them, becauſe of his being a real Iriſhman, while Mr. Bellamy was only an Engliſhman. "But don't you think now, couſin," ſhe continued, "Miſs Margland might as well have let me ſpeak for myſelf?"

Camilla inquired if ſhe was ſorry for the rejection.

"N--o," ſhe anſwered, with ſome heſitation; "for Miſs Margland ſays he's got no

no rent-roll; beſides, I don't think he's ſo agreeable as Mr. Melmond; only Mr. Melmond's worth little or no fortune they ſay: for Miſs Margland inquired about it, after Mr. Mandlebert behaved ſo. Elſe I can't ſay I thought Mr. Melmond diſagreeable."

Mrs. Arlbery now ſent to haſten Camilla, who, in returning to the parlour, met Edgar. He had juſt gathered her intended excurſion, and, ſick at heart, had left the room. Camilla felt the conſciouſneſs of a guilty perſon at his ſight; but he only ſlightly bowed; and coldly ſaying, "I hope you will have much pleaſure at Tunbridge," went on to his own room.

And there, replete with reſentment for the whole of her late conduct, he again bleſſed Dr. Marchmont for his preſervation from her toils; and, concluding the excurſion was for the ſake of the Major, whoſe regiment he knew to be juſt ordered into Kent, he centered every former hope in the one ſingle wiſh that he might never ſee her more.

Camilla,

Camilla, ſhocked by ſuch obvious diſpleaſure, quitted Cleves with ſtill increaſing ſadneſs; and Mrs. Arlbery would heartily have repented her invitation, but for her dependance upon Sir Sedley Clarendel.

At Etherington they ſtopt, that Camilla might prepare her package for Tunbridge. Mrs. Arlbery would not alight.

While Camilla, with a maid-ſervant, was examining her drawers, the chamber door was opened by Lionel, for whom ſhe had juſt inquired, and who, telling her he wanted to ſpeak to her in private, turned the maid out of the room.

Camilla begged him to be quick, as Mrs. Arlbery was waiting.

"Why then, my dear little girl," cried he, "the chief ſubſtance of the matter is neither more nor leſs than this: I want a little money."

"My dear brother," ſaid Camilla, pleaſure again kindling in her eyes as ſhe opened her pocket-book, "you could never

have applied to me ſo opportunely. I have juſt got twenty pounds, and I do not want twenty ſhillings. Take it, I beſeech you, any part, or all."

Lionel paufed and ſeemed half choaked. "Camilla," he cried preſently, "you are an excellent girl. If you were as old and ugly as Miſs Margland, I really believe I ſhould think you young and pretty. But this ſum is nothing. A drop of water to the ocean."

Camilla now, drawing back, diſappointed and diſpleaſed, aſked how it was poſſible he ſhould want more.

"More, my dear child? why I want two or three cool hundred."

"Two or three hundred?" repeated ſhe, amazed.

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. My uncle will give you two or three thouſand, you know that. And I really want the money. It's no joke, I aſſure you. It's a caſe of real diſtreſs."

"Diſtreſs?

"Diſtreſs? impoſſible! what diſtreſs can you have to ſo prodigious an amount?"

"Prodigious! poor little innocent! doſt think two or three hundred prodigious?"

"And what is become of the large ſums extorted from my uncle Relvil?"

"O that was for quite another thing. That was for debts. That's gone and over. This is for a perfectly different purpoſe."

"And will nothing—O Lionel!—nothing touch you? My poor mother's quitting England---her ſeparation from my father and her family----my uncle Relvil's ſevere attack----will nothing move you to more thoughtful, more praiſe-worthy conduct?"

"Camilla, no preaching! I might as well caſt myſelf upon the old ones at once. I come to you in preference, on purpoſe to avoid ſermoniſing. However, for your ſatisfaction, and to ſpur you to ſerve me, I can aſſure you I have avoided all new debts ſince the laſt little depoſit of the poor ſick hypochondriac miſer, who is pining away at

at the loſs of a few guineas, that he had neither ſpirit nor health to have ſpent for himſelf."

"Is this your reaſoning, your repentance, Lionel, upon ſuch a cataſtrophe?"

"My dear girl, I am heartily concerned at the whole buſineſs, only, as it's over, I don't like talking of it. This is the laſt ſcrape I ſhall ever be in while I live. But if you won't help me, I am undone. You know your influence with my uncle. Do, there's a dear girl, uſe it for your brother! I have not a dependance in the world, now, but upon you!"

"Certainly I will do whatever I can for you," ſaid ſhe, ſighing; "but indeed, my dear Lionel, your manner of going on makes my very heart ach! However, let this twenty pounds be in part, and tell me your very ſmalleſt calculation for what muſt be added?"

"Two hundred. A farthing leſs will be of no uſe; and three will be of thrice the ſervice. But mind!---you muſt not ſay it's for me!"

"How, then, can I aſk for it?"

"O, vamp up ſome diſmal ditty."

"No, Lionel!" exclaimed ſhe, turning away from him; "you propoſe what you know to be impracticable."

"Well, then, if you muſt needs ſay it's for me, tell him he muſt not for his life own it to the old ones."

"In the ſame breath, muſt I beg and command?"

"O, I always make that my bargain. I ſhould elſe be put into the lecture room, and not let looſe again till I was made a milkſop. They'd talk me ſo into the vapours, I ſhould not be able to act like a man for a month to come."

"A man, Lionel?"

"Yes, a man of the world, my dear; a knowing one."

Mrs. Arlbery now ſent to haſten her, and he extorted a promiſe that ſhe would go to Cleves the next morning, and procure a draft for the money, if poſſible, to be

be ready for his calling at the Grove in the afternoon.

She felt this more deeply than ſhe had time or courage to own to Lionel, but her increaſed melancholy was all imputed to reflections concerning Mandlebert by Mrs. Arlbery.

* * * *

That lady lent her chaiſe the next morning, with her uſual promptitude of good-humour, and Camilla went to Cleves, with a reluctance that never before accompanied her deſire to oblige.

Her viſit was received moſt kindly by all the family, as merely an additional leave taking; in which light, though ſhe was too ſincere to place it, ſhe ſuffered it to paſs. Having no chance of being alone with her uncle by accident, ſhe was forced to beg him, in a whiſper, to requeſt a *tête-à-tête* with her: and ſhe then, covered with all the confuſion of a partner in his extravagance, made the petition of Lionel.

Sir Hugh ſeemed much ſurpriſed, but proteſted he would rather part with his coat and waiſtcoat than refuſe any thing to Camilla. He gave her inſtantly a draft upon his banker for two hundred pounds; but added, he ſhould take it very kind of her, if ſhe would beg Lionel to aſk him for no more this year, as he was really ſo hard run, he ſhould not elſe be able to make proper preparations for the wedding, till his next rents became due.

Camilla was now ſurpriſed in her turn; and Sir Hugh then confeſſed, that, between preſents and petitions, his nephew had had no leſs than five hundred pounds from him the preceding year, unknown to his parents; and that for this year, the ſum ſhe requeſted made the ſeventh hundred; without the leaſt account for what purpoſe it was given.

Camilla now heartily repented being a partner in a buſineſs ſo rapacious, ſo unjuſtifiable, and ſo myſterious; but, kindly interrupting her apology, "Don't be concerned,

cerned, my dear," he cried, "for there's no help for these things; though what the young boys do with all their money now-a-days, is odd enough, being what I can't make out. However, he'll soon be wiser, so we must not be too severe with him; though I told him, the last time, I had rather he would not ask me so often; which was being almost too sharp, I m afraid, considering his youngness; for one can't expect him to be an old man at once."

Camilla gave voluntarily her word no such application should find her its ambassadress again: and though he would have dispensed with the promise, she made it the more readily as a guard against her own facility.

"At least," cried the baronet, "say nothing to my poor brother, and more especially to your mother; it being but vexatious to such good parents to hear of such idleness, not knowing what to think of it; for it is a great secret, he says, what he does with it all; for which reason one can't expect him to tell it. My poor brother, to

be ſure, had rather he ſhould be ſtudying *hic, hæc, hoc;* but, Lord help him! I believe he knows no more of that than I do myſelf; and I never could make out much meaning of it, any further than it's being Latin; though I ſuppoſe, at the time, Dr. Orkborne might explain it to me, taking it for granted he did what was right."

Camilla was moſt willing to agree to conceaiing from her parents what ſhe knew muſt ſo painfully afflict them, though ſhe determined to aſſume ſufficient courage to expoſtulate moſt ſeriouſly with her brother, againſt whom ſhe felt ſenſations of the moſt painful anger.

Again ſhe now took leave; but upon re-entering the parlour, found Edgar there alone.

Involuntarily ſhe was retiring; but the counſel of her father recurring to her, ſhe compelled herſelf to advance, and ſay, "How good you have been to Eugenia! how greatly are we all indebted for your kind vigilance and exertion!"

Edgar,

Edgar, who was reading, and knew not ſhe was in the houſe, was ſurpriſed, both by her ſight and her addreſs, out of all his reſolutions; and, with a ſoftneſs of voice he meant evermore to deny himſelf, anſwered, "To me? can any of the Tyrold family talk of being indebted to me?—my own obligations to all, to every individual of that name, have been the pride, have been—hitherto—the happineſs of my life!—"

The word "hitherto," which had eſcaped, affected him: he ſtopt, recollected himſelf, and preſently, more drily added, "Thoſe obligations would be ſtill much increaſed, if I might flatter myſelf that one of that race, to whom I have ventured to play the officious part of a brother, could forget thoſe lectures, ſhe can elſe, I fear, with difficulty pardon."

"You have found me unworthy your counſel," anſwered Camilla, gravely, and looking down; "you have therefore concluded I reſent it: but we are not always completely wrong, even when wide from

being right. I have not been culpable of quite ſo much folly as not to feel what I have owed to your good offices; nor am I now guilty of the injuſtice to blame their being withdrawn. You do ſurely what is wiſeſt, though not—perhaps—what is kindeſt."

To theſe laſt words ſhe forced a ſmile; and, wiſhing him good morning, hurried away.

Amazed paſt expreſſion, and touched to the ſoul, he remained, a few inſtants, immoveable; then, reſolving to follow her, and almoſt reſolving to throw himſelf at her feet, he opened the door ſhe had ſhut after her: he ſaw her ſtill in the hall, but ſhe was in the arms of her father and ſiſters, who had all deſcended, upon hearing ſhe had left Sir Hugh, and of whom ſhe was now taking leave.

Upon his appearance, ſhe ſaid ſhe could no longer keep the carriage; but, as ſhe haſtened from the hall, he ſaw that her eyes were ſwimming in tears.

Her

Her father ſaw it too, with leſs ſurpriſe, but more pain. He knew her ſhort and voluntary abſence from her friends could not excite them: his heart ached with paternal concern for her; and, motioning every body elſe to remain in the hall, he walked with her to the carriage himſelf, ſaying, in a low voice, as he put her in, "Be of better courage, my deareſt child. Endeavour to take pleaſure where you are going—and to forget what you are leaving: and, if you wiſh to feel or to give contentment upon earth, remember always, you muſt ſeek to make circumſtance contribute to happineſs, not happineſs ſubſervient to circumſtance."

Camilla, bathing his hand with her tears, promiſed this maxim ſhould never quit her mind till they met again.

She then drove off.

"Yes," ſhe cried, "I muſt indeed ſtudy it; Edgar cares no more what becomes of me! reſentment next to antipathy has taken place of his friendſhip and eſteem!"

She wrote down in her pocket-book the laſt words of her father; ſhe reſolved to read them daily, and to make them the current leſſon of her future and diſappointed life.

* * * *

Lionel, too impatient to wait for the afternoon, was already at the Grove, and handed her from the chaiſe. But, ſtopping her in the portico, "Well," he cried, "where's my draft?"

"Before I give it you," ſaid ſhe, ſeriouſly, and walking from the ſervants, "I muſt entreat to ſpeak a few words to you."

"You have really got it, then?" cried he, in a rapture; "you are a charming girl! the moſt charming girl I know in the world! I won't take your poor twenty pounds: I would not touch it for the world. But come, where's the draft? Is it for the two or the three?"

"For the two; and ſurely, my dear Lionel—"

"For

"For the two? O, plague take it!—only for the two?—And when will you get me the odd third?"

"O brother! O Lionel! what a queſtion! Will you make me repent, inſtead of rejoice, in the pleaſure I have to aſſiſt you?"

"Why, when he was about it, why could he not as well come down like a gentleman at once? I am ſure I always behaved very handſomely to him."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I never frightened him; never put him beſide his poor wits, like t'other poor nuncle. I don't remember I ever did him an ill turn in my life, except wanting Dr. Pothook, there, to flog him a little for not learning his book. It would have been a rare ſight if he had!—Don't you think ſo?"

"Rare, indeed, I hope!"

"Why, now, what could he have done, if the Doctor had really performed it? He could not in juſtice have found fault, when

he put himſelf to ſchool to him. But he'd have felt a little queer. Don't you think he would?"

"You only want to make me laugh, to prevent my ſpeaking to the purpoſe; but I am not diſpoſed to laugh; and therefore—"

"O, if you are not diſpoſed to laugh, you are no company for me. Give me my draft, therefore."

"If you will not hear, I hope, at leaſt, Lionel, you will think; and that may be much more efficacious. Shall I put up the twenty? I really do not want it. And it is all, all, all I can ever procure you! Remember that!"

"What?—all?—this all?—what, not even the other little mean hundred?"

"No, my dear brother! I have promiſed my uncle no further application—"

"Why what a ſtingy, fuſty old codger, to draw ſuch a promiſe from you!"

"Hold, hold, Lionel! I cannot endure to hear you ſpeak in ſuch a manner of ſuch an

an uncle! the beſt, the moſt benevolent, the moſt indulgent—"

"Lord, child, don't be ſo preciſe and old maidiſh. Don't you know it's a relief to a man's mind to ſwear, and ſay a few cutting things when he's in a paſſion? when all the time he would no more do harm to the people he ſwears at, than you would, that mince out all your words as if you were talking treaſon, and thought every man a ſpy that heard you. Beſides, how is a man the worſe for a little friendly curſe or two, provided he does not hear it? It's a very innocent refreſhment to a man's mind, my dear; only you know nothing of the world."

Mrs. Arlbery now approaching, he haſtily took the draft, and, after a little heſitation, the twenty pounds, telling her, if ſhe would not aſk for him, ſhe muſt aſk for herſelf, and that he felt no compunction, as he was certain ſhe might draw upon her uncle for every guinea he was worth.

He

He then heartily embraced her; ſaid ſhe was the beſt girl in the world, when ſhe did not mount the pulpit, and rode off.

Camilla felt no concern at the loſs of her twenty pounds: lowered and unhappy, ſhe was rather glad than ſorry that her means for being abroad were diminiſhed, and that to keep her own room would ſoon be moſt convenient.

The next day was fixed for the journey.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

A Walk by Moonlight.

MRS. Arlbery and Camilla ſet off in the coach of Mr. Dennel, widower of a deceaſed ſiſter of the huſband of Mrs. Arlbery, whom ſhe was induced to admit of the party that he might aid in bearing the expences, as ſhe could not, from ſome family conſiderations, refuſe taking her niece into her coterie. Sir Sedley Clarendel drove his own phaeton; but, inſtead of joining them, according to the condition which occaſioned the treaty, cantered away his ponies from the very firſt ſtage, and left word, where he changed

changed horſes, that he ſhould proceed to the hotel upon the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery was nearly provoked to return to the Grove. With Mr. Dennel ſhe did not think it worth while to converſe; her niece ſhe regarded as almoſt an idiot; and Camilla was ſo ſpiritleſs, that, had not Sir Sedley acceded to her plan, this was the laſt period in which ſhe would have choſen her for a companion.

They travelled very quietly to within a few miles of Tunbridge, when an accident happened to one of the wheels of the carriage, that the coachman ſaid would take ſome hours to repair. They were drawn on, with difficulty, to a ſmall inn upon the road, whence they were obliged to ſend a man and horſe to Tunbridge for chaiſes.

As they were deſtined, now, to ſpend ſome time in this place, Mrs. Arlbery retired to write letters, and Mr. Dennel to read newſpapers; and, invited by a bright moon, Camilla and Miſs Dennel wandered from a little garden to an adjoining mea-

dow, which conducted them to a lane, rendered so beautiful by the strong masses of shade with which the trees intercepted the resplendent whiteness of the moon, that they walked on, catching fresh openings with fresh pleasure, till the feet of Miss Dennel grew as weary with the length of the way, unbroken by any company, as the ears of Camilla with her incessant prattling, unaided by any idea. Miss Dennel proposed to sit down, and, while relieving herself by a fit of yawning and stretching, Camilla strolled a little further in search of a safe and dry spot.

Miss Dennel, following in a moment, on tip-toe, and trembling, whispered that she was sure she heard a voice. Camilla, with a smile, asked if only themselves were privileged to enjoy so sweet a night? "Hush!" cried she, "hush! I hear it again!" They listened; and, in a minute, a soft plaintive tone reached their ears, too distant to be articulate, but undoubtedly female.

"I dare

"I dare say it's a robber!" exclaimed Miss Dennel shaking; "If you don't run back, I shall die!"

Camilla assured her, from the gentleness of the sound, she must be mistaken; and pressed her to advance a few steps further, in case it should be any body ill.

"But you know," said Miss Dennel, speaking low, "people say that sometimes there are noises in the air, without its being any body? Suppose it should be that?"

Still, though almost imperceptibly, Camilla drew her on, till, again listening, they distinctly heard the words, "My lovely friend."

"La! how pretty!" said Miss Dennel; "let's go a little nearer."

They advanced, and presently, again stopping, heard, "Could pity pour balm into my woes, how sweetly would they be alleviated by your's, my lovely friend?"

Miss Dennel now looked enchanted, and eagerly led the way herself.

In

In a few minutes, arriving at the end of the lane, which opened upon a wild and romantic common, they caught a glimpſe of a figure in white.

Miſs Dennel turned pale. "Dear!" cried ſhe, in the loweſt whiſper, "what is it?"

"A lady," anſwered Camilla, equally cautious not to be heard, though totally without alarm.

"Are you ſure of that?" ſaid Miſs Dennel, ſhrinking back, and pulling her companion to accompany her.

"Do you think it's a ghoſt?" cried Camilla, unreſiſting the retreat, yet walking backwards to keep the form in ſight.

"Fie! how can you talk ſo ſhocking? all in the dark ſo, except only for the moon?"

"Your's, my lovely friend!" was now again pronounced in the tendereſt accent.

"She's talking to herſelf!" exclaimed Miſs Dennel; "Lord, how frightful!" and ſhe clung cloſe to Camilla, who, mounting

mounting a little hillock of ſtones, preſently perceived that the lady was reading a letter.

Miſs Dennel, tranquiliſed by hearing this, was again content to ſtop, when their ears were ſuddenly ſtruck by a piercing ſhriek.

"O Lord! we ſhall be murdered!" cried ſhe, ſcreaming ſtill louder herſelf.

They both ran back ſome paces down the lane, Camilla determining to ſend ſomebody from the inn to inquire what all this meant: but preſently, through an opening to the common, they perceived the form in white darting forwards, with an air wild and terrified. Camilla ſtopt, ſtruck with compaſſion and curioſity at once; Miſs Dennel could not quit her, but after the firſt glance, hid her face, faintly articulating, "O, don't let it ſee us! don't let it ſee us! I am ſure it's nothing natural! I dare ſay it's ſomebody walking!"

The next inſtant, they perceived a man, looking earneſtly around, as if to diſcover who had echoed the ſcream; the place they occupied was in the ſhade, and he did

did not obſerve them. He ſoon ruſhed haſtily on, and ſeized the white garment of the flying figure, which appeared, both by its dreſs and form, to be an elegant female. She claſped her hands in ſupplication, caſt up her eyes towards heaven, and again ſhrieked aloud.

Camilla, who poſſeſſed that fine internal power of the thinking and feeling mind to adopt courage for terror, where any eminent ſervice may be the reſult of immediate exertion, was preparing to ſpring to her relief; while Miſs Dennel, in extreme agony holding her, murmured out, "Let's run away! let's run away! ſhe's going to be murdered!" when they ſaw the man proſtrate himſelf at the lady's feet, in the humbleſt ſubjection.

Camilla ſtopt her flight; and Miſs Dennel, appeaſed, called out; "La! his kneeling! how pretty it looks! I dare ſay it's a lover. How I wiſh one could hear what he ſays!"

An exclamation, however, from the lady, uttered in a tone of mingled affright and diſguſt,

diſguſt, of "leave me! leave me!" was again the ſignal to Miſs Dennel of retreat, but of Camilla to advance.

The ruſtling of the leaves, cauſed by her attempt to make way through the breach, caught the ears of the ſuppliant, who haſtily aroſe; while the lady folded her arms acroſs her breaſt, and ſeemed ejaculating the moſt fervent thanks for this relief.

Camilla now forced a paſſage through the hedge, and the lady, as ſhe ſaw her approach, called out, in a voice the moſt touching, "Surely 'tis ſome pitying Angel, mercifully come to my reſcue!"

The purſuer drew back, and Camilla, in the gentleſt words, beſought the lady to accompany her to the friends ſhe had juſt left, who would be happy to protect her.

She gratefully accepted the propoſal, and Camilla then ventured to look round, to ſee if the object of this alarm had retreated: but, with an aſtoniſhment that almoſt confounded her, ſhe perceived him, a few yards off, taking a pinch of ſnuff, and humming an opera air.

The lady, then, ſnatching up her letter, which had fallen to the ground, touched it with her lips, and carefully folding, put it into her boſom, tenderly ejaculating, "I have preſerved thee!---O from what danger! what violation!"

Then preſſing the hand of Camilla, "You have ſaved me," ſhe cried, "from the calamity of loſing what is more dear than I have words to expreſs! Take me but where I may be ſhielded from that wretch, and what ſhall I not owe to you?"

The moon now ſhining full upon her face, Camilla ſaw ſeated on it youth, ſenſibility, and beauty. Her pleaſure, involuntarily rather than rationally, was redoubled that ſhe had proved ſerviceable to her, as, in equal proportion, was her abhorrence of the man who had cauſed the diſturbance.

The three females were now proceeding, when the offender, with a careleſs air, and yet more careleſs bow, advancing towards them, negligently ſaid, "Shall I have the honour to ſee you ſafe home, ladies?"

Camilla

Camilla felt indignant; Miſs Dennel again ſcreamed; and the ſtranger, with a look of horror and diſguſt, ſaid; "Perſecute me no more!"

"O hang it! O curſe it!" cried he, ſwinging his cane to and fro, "don't be ſerious. I only meant to frighten you about the letter."

The lady deigned no anſwer, but murmured to herſelf "that letter is more precious to me than life or light!"

They now walked on; and, when they entered the lane, they had the pleaſure to obſerve they were not purſued. She then ſaid to Camilla, "You muſt be ſurpriſed to ſee any one out, and unprotected, at this late hour; but I had employed myſelf, unthinkingly, in reading ſome letters from a dear and abſent friend, and forgot the quick paſſage of time."

A man in a livery now appearing at ſome diſtance, ſhe haſtily ſummoned him, and demanded where was the carriage?

In the road, he anſwered, where ſhe had left it, at the end of the lane.

She then took the hand of Camilla, and with a ſmile of the utmoſt ſoftneſs ſaid, "When

"When the ſhock I have ſuffered is a little over, I muſt ſurely ceaſe to lament I have ſuſtained it, ſince it has brought to me ſuch ſweet ſuccour. Where may I find you to-morrow, to repeat my thanks?"

Camilla anſwered, "ſhe was going to Tunbridge immediately, but knew not yet where ſhe ſhould lodge."

"Tunbridge!" ſhe repeated; I am there myſelf; I ſhall eaſily find you out to-morrow morning, for I ſhall know no reſt till I have ſeen you again."

She then aſked her name, and, with the moſt touching acknowledgments, took leave.

Camilla recounted her adventure to Mrs. Arlbery, with an animated deſcription of the fair Incognita, and with the moſt heart-felt delight of having, though but accidentally, proved of ſervice to her. Mrs. Arlbery laughed heartily at the recital, aſſuring her ſhe doubted not but ſhe had made acquaintance with ſome dangerous fair one, who was playing upon her inexperience, and utterly unfit to be known

to her. Camilla warmly vindicated her innocence, from the whole of her appearance, as well as from the impoſſibility of her knowing that her ſcream could be heard: yet was perplexed how to account for her not naming herſelf, and for the myſtery of the carriage and ſervant in waiting ſo far off. Theſe latter ſhe concluded to belong to her father, as ſhe looked too young to have any ſort of eſtabliſhment of her own.

"What I don't underſtand in the matter is, that there reading of letters by the light of the moon;" ſaid Mr. Dennel. "Where's the neceſſity of doing that, for a perſon that can afford to keep her own coach and ſervants?"

Mr. Dennel was a man as unfavoured by nature as he was uncultivated by art. He had been accepted as a huſband by the ſiſter of Mr. Arlbery, merely on account of a large fortune, which he had acquired in buſineſs. The marriage, like moſt others made upon ſuch terms, was as little happy in its progreſſion as honourable in its

its commencement; and Miſs Dennel, born and educated amidſt domeſtic diſſention, which robbed her of all will of her own, by the conſtant denial of one parent to what was accorded by the other, poſſeſſed too little reflexion to benefit by obſerving the miſery of an alliance not mentally aſſorted; and grew up with no other deſire but to enter the ſtate herſelf, from an ardent impatience to ſhake off the ſlavery ſhe experienced in ſingleneſs. The recent death of her mother had given her, indeed, ſomewhat more liberty; but ſhe had not ſufficient ſenſe to endure any reſtraint, and languiſhed for the complete power which ſhe imagined a houſe and ſervants of her own would afford.

When they arrived at the hotel, in Tunbridge, Mrs. Arlbery heard, with ſome indignation, that Sir Sedley Clarendel was gone to the rooms, without demonſtrating, by any ſort of inquiry, the ſmalleſt ſolicitude at her non-appearance.

CHAP. II.

The Pantiles.

A SERVANT tapt early at the door of Camilla, the next morning, to acquaint her that a lady, who called herſelf the perſon that had been ſo much obliged to her the preceding day, begged the honour of being admitted.

Camilla was ſorry, after the ſuſpicions of Mrs. Arlbery, that ſhe did not ſend up her name; yet, already partially diſpoſed, her prepoſſeſſion was not likely to be deſtroyed by the figure that now appeared.

A beautiful young creature, with an air of the moſt attractive ſoftneſs, eyes of the moſt expreſſive lovelineſs, and a manner which by every look and every motion announced a ſoul "tremblingly alive," glided gently into the room, and advancing, with a graceful confidence of kindneſs, took both

both her hands, and preſſing them to her heart, ſaid, "What happineſs ſo ſoon to have found you! to be able to pour forth all the gratitude I owe you, and the eſteem with which I am already inſpired!"

Camilla was ſtruck with admiration and pleaſure; and gave way to the moſt lively delight at the fortunate accident which occaſioned her walking out in a place entirely unknown to her; declaring ſhe ſhould ever look back to that event as to one of the marked bleſſings of her life.

"If you," anſwered the fair ſtranger, "have the benevolence thus to value our meeting, how ſhould it be appreciated by one who is ſo eternally indebted to it? I had not perceived the approach of that perſon. He broke in upon me when leaſt a creature ſo ungenial was preſent to my thoughts. I was reading a letter from the moſt amiable of friends, the moſt refined—perhaps—of human beings!"

Camilla, impatient for ſome explanation, anſwered, "I hope, at leaſt, that

friend will be ſpared hearing of your alarm?"

"I hope ſo! for his own griefs already overwhelm him. Never may it be my ſad lot to wound where I mean only to conſole."

At the words *his own*, Camilla felt herſelf bluſh. She had imagined it was ſome female friend. She now found her miſtake, and knew not what to imagine next.

"I had retired," ſhe continued, "from the glare of company, and the weight of unintereſting converſation, to read, at leiſure and in ſolitude, this dear letter—heart-breaking from its own woes, heart-ſoothing to mine! In a place ſuch as this, ſecluſion is difficult. I drove ſome miles off, and ordered my carriage to wait in the high road, while I ſtrolled alone upon the common. I delight in a ſolitary ramble by moonlight. I can then indulge in uninterrupted rumination, and ſolace my melancholy by pronouncing aloud ſuch ſentences, and ſuch names, as in the world I cannot

cannot utter. How exquiſitely ſweet do they ſound to ears unaccuſtomed to ſuch vibrations!"

Camilla was all aſtoniſhment and perplexity. A male friend ſo beloved, who ſeemed to be neither father, brother, nor huſband; a carriage at her command, though without naming one relation to whom either that or herſelf might belong; and ſentiments ſo tender ſhe was almoſt aſhamed to liſten to them; all conſpired to excite a wonder that painfully prayed for relief: and in the hope to obtain it, with ſome heſitation, ſhe ſaid, "I ſhould have ſought you myſelf this morning, for the pleaſure of inquiring after your ſafety, but that I was ignorant by what name to make my ſearch."

The fair unknown looked down for a moment, with an air that ſhewed a perfect conſciouſneſs of the inquiry meant by this ſpeech; but turning aſide the embarraſſment it ſeemed to cauſe her, ſhe preſently raiſed her head, and ſaid, "I had no difficulty

culty to find you, for my ſervant, happily, made his inquiry at once at this hotel."

Diſappointed and ſurpriſed by this evaſion, Camilla ſaw now an evident myſtery, but knew not how to preſs forward any inveſtigation. She began, therefore, to ſpeak of other things, and her fair gueſt, who had every mark of an education rather ſedulouſly than naturally cultivated, joined readily in a converſation leſs perſonal.

They did not ſpeak of Tunbridge, of public places, nor diverſions; their themes, all choſen by the ſtranger, were friendſhip, confidence, and ſenſibility, which ſhe illuſtrated and enlivened by quotations from favourite poets, aptly introduced and feelingly recited; yet always uttered with a ſigh, and an air of tender melancholy. Camilla was now in a ſtate ſo depreſſed, that, notwithſtanding her native vivacity, ſhe fell as imperceptibly into the plaintive ſtyle of her new acquainance, who ſeemed habitually penſive, as if ſympathy rather than accident had brought them together.

Yet

Yet when chance led to ſome mention of the adventure of the preceding evening, and the lady made again an animated eulogium of the friend whoſe letter ſhe was peruſing; ſhe hazarded, with an half ſmile, ſaying: "I hope—for his own ſake, this friend is ſome ſage and aged perſonage?"

"O no!" ſhe anſwered; "he is in the bloom of youth."

Camilla, again a little diſconcerted, pauſed; and the lady went on.

"It was in Wales I firſt met him; upon a ſpot ſo beautiful that painting can never do it juſtice. I have made, however, a little ſketch of it, which, ſome day or other, I will ſhew you, if you will have the goodneſs to let me ſee more of you."

Camilla could not refrain from an eager affirmative; and the converſation was then interrupted by a meſſage from Mrs. Arlbery, who always breakfaſted in her own room, to announce that ſhe was going out lodging-hunting.

Camilla would rather have remained with her new acquaintance, better adapted to her preſent turn of mind than Mrs. Arlbery; but this was impoſſible, and the lovely ſtranger haſtened away, ſaying ſhe would call herſelf the next morning to ſhew the way to her houſe, where ſhe hoped they might paſs together many ſoothing and conſolatory hours.

* * * *

Camilla found Mrs. Arlbery by no means in her uſual high ſpirits. The opening of her Tunbridge campaign had ſo far from anſwered its trouble and expence, that ſhe heartily repented having quitted the Grove. The Officers either were not arrived in the neighbourhood, or were wholly engaged in military buſineſs; Camilla, inſtead of contributing to the life of the excurſion, ſeemed to hang heavily both upon that, and upon herſelf; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, whoſe own propoſition had brought it to bear, had not yet made his appear-

appearance, though lodging in the ſame hotel.

Thus vexatiouſly diſappointed, ſhe was ill-diſpoſed to liſten with pleaſure to the hiſtory Camilla thought it indiſpenſable to relate of her recent viſit: and in anſwer to all praiſe of this fair Incognita, only replied by aſking her name and connexions. Camilla felt extremely fooliſh in confeſſing ſhe had not yet learnt them. Mrs. Arlbery then laughed unmercifully at her commendations, but concluded with ſaying: "Follow, however, your own humour; I hate to torment or be tormented: only take care not to be ſeen with her."

Camilla rejoiced ſhe did not exact any further reſtriction, and hoped all raillery would ſoon be ſet aſide, by an honourable explanation.

* * * *

They now repaired to the Pantiles, where the gay company and gay ſhops afforded ſome amuſement to Camilla, and to Miſs

Dennel a wonder and delight, that kept her mouth open, and her head jerking from object to object, ſo inceſſantly, that ſhe ſaw nothing diſtinctly, from the eagerneſs of her fear leſt any thing ſhould eſcape her.

Mrs. Arlbery, meeting with an old acquaintance in the bookſeller's ſhop, there ſat down with him, while the two young ladies loitered at the window of a toy-ſhop, ſtruck with juſt admiration of the beauty and ingenuity of the Tunbridge ware it preſented to their view; till Camilla, in a party of young men who were ſtrolling down the Pantiles, and who went into the bookſeller's ſhop, diſtinguiſhed the offender of the fair unknown.

To avoid following, or being recollected by a perſon ſo odious to her, ſhe entered the toy-ſhop with Miſs Dennel, where ſhe amuſed herſelf, till Mrs. Arlbery came in ſearch of her, in ſelecting ſuch various little articles for purchaſe as ſhe imagined would amount to about half a crown; but which were put up for her at a guinea.

This

This a little diſconcerted her: though, as ſhe was ſtill unuſually rich, from Mr. Tyrold's having advanced her next quarterly allowance, ſhe conſoled herſelf that they would ſerve for little keep-ſakes for her ſiſters and her couſin: yet ſhe determined, when next ſhe entered a ſhop for convenience, to put nothing apart as a buyer, till ſhe had inquired its price.

The aſſaulter, Lord Newford, a young nobleman of the *ton*, after taking a ſtaring ſurvey of every thing and every body around, and ſeeing no one of more conſequence, followed Mrs. Arlbery, with whom formerly he had been ſlightly acquainted, to the toy-ſhop. He aſked her how ſhe did, without touching his hat; and how long ſhe had been at Tunbridge, without waiting for an anſwer; and ſaid he was happy to have the pleaſure of ſeeing her, without once looking at her.

To his firſt ſentence, Mrs. Arlbery made a civil anſwer; but, repenting it upon the two ſentences that ſucceeded, ſhe heard them without ſeeming to liſten, and fixing her

eyes upon him, when he had done, coolly said, "Pray have you seen any thing of my servant?"

Lord Newford, somewhat surprised, replied, "No."

"Do look for him, then," cried she, negligently, "there's a good man."

Lord Newford, a little piqued, and a little confused at feeling so, said he should be proud to obey her; and turning short off to his companion, cried "Come, Offy, why dost loiter? where shall we ride this morning?" And, taking him by the arm, quitted the Pantiles.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing heartily, now felt her spirits a little revive; "I doat," she cried, "upon meeting, now and then, with insolence, for I have a little taste for it myself, which I make some conscience of not indulging unprovoked."

They then proceeded to the milliner's, to equip themselves for going to the rooms at night. Mrs. Arlbery and Miss Dennel, who were both rich, gave large orders: Camilla, indifferent to every thing except

to

to avoid appearing in a manner that might disgrace her party, told the milliner to choose for her what she thought fashionable that was most reasonable. She was soon fitted up with what was too pretty to disapprove, and desiring immediately to pay her bill, found it amounted to five guineas; though she had imagined she should have change out of two.

She had only six, and some silver; but was ashamed to dispute, or desire any alteration; she paid the money; and only determined to apply to another person than the seller, when next she wanted any thing reasonable.

Mrs. Arlbery now ordered the carriage, and they drove to Mount Pleasant, where she hired a house for the season, to which they were to remove the next day.

* * * *

In the evening, they went to the rooms, where the decidedly fashionable mien and manner of Mrs. Arlbery, attracted more general notice and admiration than the

the youthful captivation of Camilla, or the pretty face and expenſive attire of Miſs Dennel.

Dreſſed by the milliner of the day, Camilla could not fail to paſs uncenſured, at leaſt, with reſpect to her appearance; but her eyes wanted their uſual luſtre, from the ſadneſs of her heart, and ſhe never looked leſs herſelf, nor to leſs advantage.

The maſter of the ceremonies brought to her Sir Theophilus Jarard; but as ſhe had ſeen him the companion of Lord Newford, to whom ſhe had conceived a ſtrong averſion, ſhe declined dancing. He looked ſurpriſed, but rather offended than diſappointed, and with a little laugh, half contemptuous, as if aſhamed of having offered himſelf, ſtalked away.

Sir Sedley Clarendel was now ſauntering into the room. Mrs. Arlbery, willing to ſhew her young friend in a favourable point of view to him, though more from pique at his diſtance, than from any thought at that moment of Camilla, told her ſhe muſt poſitively accept Sir Theophilus, whoſe aſking

aſking her muſt be regarded as a particular diſtinction, for he was notoriouſly a man of the *ton*. And, heedleſs of her objections, told Mr. Dennel to call him back.

"How can I do that," ſaid Mr. Dennel, "after ſeeing her refuſe him with my own eyes?"

"O, nobody cares about a man's eyes," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "go and tell him Miſs Tyrold has changed her mind, and chooſes to dance."

"As to her changing her mind," he anſwered, "that's likely enough; but I don't ſee how it's any reaſon I ſhould go of a fool's errand."

"Pho, pho, go directly; or you ſha'n't dine before eight o'clock for the whole Tunbridge ſeaſon."

"Nay," ſaid Mr. Dennel, who had an horror of late hours, "if you will promiſe we ſhall dine more in reaſon"—

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Arlbery, hurrying him off, notwithſtanding the reiterated remonſtrances of Camilla.

"See,

"See, my dear," she then added, laughing, "how many weapons you must have in use, if you would govern that strange animal called man! yet never despair of victory; for, depend upon it, there is not one of the race that, with a little address, you may not bring to your feet."

Camilla, who had no wish but for one single votary, and whose heart was sunk from her failure in obtaining that one, listened with so little interest or spirit, that Mrs. Arlbery, quite provoked, resolved not to throw away another idea upon her for the rest of the evening. And therefore, as her niece went completely and constantly for nothing with her, she spoke no more, till, to her great relief, she was joined by General Kinsale.

Mr. Dennel returned with an air not more pleased with his embassy, than her own appeared with her auditress. The gentleman, he said, had joined two others, and they were all laughing so violently together, that he could not find an opportunity

nity to deliver his meſſage, for they ſeemed as if they would only make a joke of it.

Mrs. Arlbery then ſaw that he had got between Lord Newford and Sir Sedley, and that they were all three amuſing themſelves, without ceremony or diſguiſe, at the expence of every creature in the room; up and down which they ſtrolled, arm in arm, looking familiarly at every body, but ſpeaking to nobody; whiſpering one another in hoarſe low voices, and then laughing immoderately loud: while nothing was diſtinctly heard, but from time to time, "What in the world is become of Mrs. Berlinton to night?" or elſe, "How ſtupid the rooms are without lady Alithea?"

Mrs. Arlbery, who, like the reſt of the world, ſaw her own defects in as glaring colours, and criticiſed them with as much animated ridicule as thoſe of her neighbours, when exhibited by others, no ſooner found ſhe was neglected by this ſet, than ſhe raved againſt the prevailing ill manners of the leaders in the *ton*, with as much aſperity

aſperity of cenſure, as if never for a moment betrayed herſelf, by faſhion, by caprice, nor by vanity, to ſimilar foibles. "Yet, after all," cried ſhe preſently, "to ſee fools behave like fools, I am well content. I have no anger, therefore, againſt Lord Newford, nor Sir Theophilus Jarard; if they were not noticed for being impertinent, how could they expect to be noticed at all? When there is but one line that can bring them forward, I rather reſpect them that they have found it out. But what ſhall we ſay to Sir Sedley Clarendel? A man as much their ſuperior in capacity as in powers of pleaſing? 'Tis a miſerable thing, my dear General, to ſee the dearth of character there is in the world. Pope has bewailed it in women; believe me, he might have extended his lamentation. You may ſee, indeed, one man grave, and another gay; but with no more "mark or likelihood," no more diſtinction of colouring, than what ſimply belongs to a diſmal face or a merry one: and with juſt as little light and ſhade, juſt as abrupt a ſkip from one

one to the other, as ſeparates inevitably the old man from the young one. We are almoſt all, my good General, of a nature ſo pitifully plaſtic, that we act from circumſtances, and are faſhioned by ſituation."

Then, laughing at her own pique, "General," ſhe added, "ſhall I make you a confeſſion? I am not at all ſure, if that wretched Sir Sedley had behaved as he ought to have done, and been at my feet all the evening, that I ſhould not, at this very moment, be amuſed in the ſame manner that he is himſelf! yet it would be very abominable, I own."

"This is candid, however."

"O, we all acknowledge our faults, now; 'tis the mode of the day: but the acknowledgment paſſes for current payment; and therefore we never amend them. On the contrary, they take but deeper root, by loſing all chance of concealment. Yet I am vexed to ſee that odious Sir Sedley ſhew ſo ſilly a paſſion for being a man of the *ton*, as to ſuffer himſelf to be led in a ſtring

ſtring by thoſe two poor paltry creatures, who are not more troubleſome as fops, than tireſome as fools, merely becauſe they are better know than himſelf upon the turf and at the clubs."

Here, ſhe was joined by Lord O'Lerney and the honourable Mr. Ormſby. And, in the next ſaunter of the *tonniſh* triumvirs, Lord Newford, ſuddenly ſeeing with whom ſhe was aſſociated, ſtopt, and looking at her with an air of ſurpriſe, exclaimed, "God bleſs me! Mrs. Arlbery! I hope you are perfectly well?"

"Infinitely indebted to your lordſhip's ſolicitude!" ſhe anſwered, rather ſarcaſtically. But, without noticing her manner, he deſired to be one in her tea-party, which ſhe was then riſing to form.

She accepted the offer, with a glance of conſciouſneſs at the General, who, as he conducted her, ſaid: "I did not expect ſo much grace would ſo immediately have been accorded."

"Alas! my dear General, what can one do? Theſe *tonniſh* people, cordially as I deſpiſe them, lead the world; and if one has not a few of them in one's train, 'twere as well turn hermit. However, mark how he will fare with me! But don't judge from the opening.

She now made his lordſhip ſo many gay compliments, and mingled ſo much perſonal civility with the general entertainment of her diſcourſe, that, as ſoon as they roſe from tea, he profeſſed his intention of ſitting by her, for the reſt of the evening.

She immediately declared herſelf tired to death of the rooms, and calling upon Miſs Dennel and Camilla, abruptly made her exit.

The General, again her conductor, aſked how ſhe could leave thus a conqueſt ſo newly made.

"I leave," ſhe anſwered, "only to ſecure it. He will be piqued that I ſhould go, and that pique will keep me in his head till to-morrow. 'Tis well, my dear General, to put any thing there! But if I had ſtayed a mo-

a moment longer, my contempt might have broken forth into ſatire, or my wearineſs into yawning: and I ſhould then inevitably have been cut by the *ton* party for the reſt of the ſeaſon."

Miſs Dennel, who had been dancing, and was again engaged to dance, remonſtrated againſt retiring ſo ſoon; but Mrs. Arlbery had a regular ſyſtem never to liſten to her. Camilla, whom nothing had diverted, was content to retreat.

At the door ſtood Sir Sedley Clarendel, who, as if now firſt perceiving them, ſaid to Mrs. Arlbery, "Ah! my fair friend!—And how long have you been at the Wells?"

"Intolerable wretch!" cried ſhe, taking him apart, "is it thus you keep your conditions? did you draw me into bringing this poor love-ſick thing with me, only to ſigh me into the vapours?"

"My dear madam!" exclaimed he, in a tone of expoſtulation, "who can think of the ſame ſcheme two days together? Could you poſſibly form a notion of any thing ſo patriarchal?"

Before

* * * *

Before they retired to their chambers at the hotel, Camilla told Mrs. Arlbery how ſhocking to her was the ſight, much more any acquaintance with Lord Newford, who was the perſon that had ſo much terrified the lady ſhe had met on their journey. Mrs. Arlbery aſſured her he ſhould be exiled her ſociety, if, upon inveſtigation, he was found the aggreſſor; but while there appeared ſo much myſtery in the complaint and the conduct of this unknown lady, ſhe ſhould poſtpone his baniſhment.

Camilla was obliged to ſubmit: but ſcarce reſted till ſhe ſaw again her new favourite the next morning.

CHAP. III.

Mount Ephraim.

THIS expected gueſt arrived early. Camilla received her with the only ſenſation of pleaſure ſhe had experienced at Tunbridge. Yet what ſhe excited ſeemed ſtill ſtronger: the fair ſtranger beſought her friendſhip as a ſolace to her exiſtence, and hung upon her as upon a treaſure long loſt, and dearly recovered. Camilla ſoon caught the infection of her ſoftneſs, and felt a ſimilar deſire to cultivate her regard. She found her beauty attractive, her voice melodious, and her manners bewitchingly careſſing.

Fearing, nevertheleſs, while yet in ignorance of her connexions, to provoke further ridicule from Mrs. Arlbery by going abroad with her, ſhe propoſed deferring to return her viſit till another day: the lady conſented, and they ſpent together two hours,

hours, which each thought had been but two minutes, when Mrs. Arlbery ſummoned Camilla to a walk.

The fair unknown then took leave, ſaying her ſervant was in waiting; and Camilla and Mrs. Arlbery went to the bookſeller's.

Here, that lady was ſoon joined by Lord O'Lerney and General Kinſale, who were warm admirers of her vivacity and obſervations. Mr. Dennel took up the Daily Advertiſer; his daughter ſtationed herſelf at the door to ſee the walkers upon the Pantiles; Sir Theophilus Jarard, under colour of looking at a popular pamphlet, was indulging in a nap in a corner; Lord Newford, noticing nothing, except his own figure as he paſt a mirrour, was ſhuffling loud about the floor, which was not much embelliſhed by the ſcraping of his boots; and Sir Sedley Clarendel, lounging upon a chair in the middle of the ſhop, ſat eating *bon bons*.

Mrs. Arlbery, for ſome time, confined her talents to general remarks: but finding theſe failed to move a muſcle in the face of Sir

Sedley, at whom they were directed, ſhe ſuddenly exclaimed: "Pray, my lord O'Lerney, do you know any thing of Sir Sedley Clarendel?"

"Not ſo much," anſwered his Lordſhip, "as I could wiſh; but I hope to improve my acquaintance with him."

"Why then, my lord, I am much afraid you will conclude, when you ſee him in one of thoſe reveries, from the total vacancy of his air, that he is thinking of nothing. But pray permit me to take his part. Thoſe apparent cogitations, to which he is ſo much addicted, are moments only of pretended torpor, but of real torment, devoted, not as they appear, to ſupine inſipidity, but to painful ſecret labour how next he may call himſelf into notice. Nevertheleſs, my lord, don't let what I have ſaid hurt him in your opinion; he is quaint, to be ſure, but there's no harm in him. He lives in my neighbourhood; and, I aſſure your lordſhip, he is, upon the whole, what may be called a very good ſort of man."

Here

Here ſhe yawned violently; and Sir Sedley, unable to maintain his poſition, twice croſſed his legs, and then aroſe and took up a book: while Lord Newford burſt into ſo loud a laugh, that he awakened Sir Theophilus Jarard, by echoing, "A good ſort of man! O poor Clary!---O hang it!---O curſe it!---poor Clary!"

"What's the matter with Clary?" cried Sir Theophilus, rubbing his eyes; "I have been boring myſelf with this pamphlet, till I hardly know whether I am awake or aſleep."

"Why, he's a good ſort of a man!" replied Lord Newford.

Sir Sedley, though he expected, and even hoped for ſome pointed ſtrictures, and could have defied even abuſe, could not ſtand this mortifying praiſe; and, aſking for the ſubſcription books, which, already, he had twice examined, ſaid: "Is there any body here one knows?"

"O, ay, have you any names?" cried Lord Newford, ſeizing them firſt; and

with ſome right, as they were the only books in the ſhop he ever read.

"Come, I'll be generous," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "and add another ſignature againſt your lordſhip's next lecture."

She then wrote her name, and threw down half-a-guinea. Camilla, to whom the book was next preſented, concluded this the eſtabliſhed cuſtom, and, from mere ſimidity, did the ſame; though ſomewhat diſturbed to leave herſelf no more gold than ſhe gave. Miſs Dennel followed; but her father, who ſaid he did not come to Tunbridge to read, which he could do at home, poſitively refuſed to ſubſcribe.

Sir Theophilus now, turning, or rather, toſſing over the leaves, cried: "I ſee no name here one knows any thing of, but Lady Alithea Selmore."

"Why, there's nobody elſe here," ſaid Lord Newford, "not a ſoul!"

Almoſt every body preſent bowed; but wholly indifferent to reproof, he again whiſtled, again ſtroamed up and down the room,

room, and again took a bold and full ſurvey of himſelf in the looking-glaſs.

"On the contrary," cried Sir Sedley, "I hear there is a moſt extraordinary fine creature lately arrived, who is invincible to a degree."

"O that's Mrs. Berlinton;" ſaid Sir Theophilus; "yes, ſhe's a pretty little thing."

"She's very beautiful indeed," ſaid Lord O Lerney.

"Where can one ſee her?" cried Mrs. Arlbery.

"If ſhe is not at the rooms to-night," ſaid Sir Sedley, "I ſhall be ſtupified to petrifaction. They tell me ſhe is a marvel of the firſt water; turning all heads by her beauty, winning all hearts by her ſweetneſs, faſcinating all attention by her talents, and ſetting all faſhions by her elegance."

"This paragon," cried Mrs. Arlbery, to Camilla, "can be no other than your myſterious fair. The deſcription juſt ſuits your own."

"But my fair myſterious," ſaid Camilla, "is of a diſpoſition the moſt retired, and ſeems ſo young, I don't at all think her married."

"This divinity," ſaid Sir Sedley, "for the bleſſing of every one, yet

Lord of Himſelf, uncumber'd by a Wife *,

is ſafely nooſed; and amongſt her attributes are two others cruel to deſperation; ſhe excites every hope by a ſpoſo properly deteſtable—yet gives birth to deſpair, by a coldneſs the moſt ſhivering."

"And what," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "is this Lady Alithea Selmore?"

"Lady Alithea Selmore?" drily, but with a ſmile, anſwered General Kinſale.

"Nay, nay, that's not to be mentioned irreverently," returned Mrs. Arlbery; "a title goes for a vaſt deal, where there is nothing elſe; and, where there is ſomething, doubles its value.

* Dryden.

Mr.

Mr. Dennel, saying he found, by the newspaper, a house was to be sold upon Mount Ephraim, which promised to be a pretty good bargain, proposed walking thither, to examine what sort of condition it was in.

Lord O'Lerney inquired if Camilla had yet seen Mount Ephraim. No, she answered; and a general party was made for an airing. Sir Sedley ordered his phaeton; Mrs. Arlbery drove Camilla in her's; Miss Dennel walked with her father; and the rest of the gentlemen went on horseback.

* * * *

Arrived at Mount Ephraim, they all agreed to alight, and enjoy the view and pure air of the hill, while Mr. Dennel visited the house. But, just as Mrs. Arlbery had descended from the phaeton, her horses, taking fright at some object that suddenly struck them, reared up, in a manner alarming to the spectators, and still more terrific to Camilla, in whose hands

Mrs. Arlbery had left the reins: and the ſervant, who ſtood at the horſes' heads, received a kick that laid him flat on the ground.

"O, jump out! jump out!" cried Miſs. Dennel, "or elſe you'll be murdered!"

"No! no! keep your ſeat, and hold the reins!" cried Mrs. Arlbery: "For heaven's ſake, don't jump out!"

Camilla, mentally giddy, but perſonally courageous, was ſufficiently miſtreſs of herſelf to obey the laſt injunction, though with infinite labour, difficulty, and terror, the horſes plunging and flouncing inceſſantly.

"Don't you think ſhe'll be killed?" cried Lord Newford, diſmounting, leſt his own horſe ſhould alſo take fright.

"Do you think one could help her?" ſaid Sir Theophilus Jarard, ſteadily holding the bridle of his mare from the ſame apprehenſion.

Lord O'Lerney was already on foot to afford her aſſiſtance, when the horſes, ſuddenly

denly turning round, gave to the beholders the dreadful menace of going down the ſteep declivity of Mount Ephraim full gallop.

Camilla now, appalled, had no longer power to hold the reins; ſhe let them go, with an idea of flinging herſelf out of the carriage, when Sir Sedley, who had darted like lightning from his phaeton, preſented himſelf at the horſes' heads, on the moment of their turning, and, at the viſible and imminent hazard of his life, happily ſtopt them while ſhe jumped to the ground. They then, with a fury that preſently daſhed the phaeton to pieces, plunged down the hill.

The fright of Camilla had not robbed her of her ſenſes, and the exertion and humanity of Sir Sedley ſeemed to reſtore to him the full poſſeſſion of his own: yet one of his knees was ſo much hurt, that he ſunk upon the graſs.

Penetrated with ſurpriſe, as well as gratitude, Camilla, notwithſtanding her own tremor, was the firſt to make the moſt

anxious inquiries: ſecretly, however, ſighing to herſelf: Ah! had Edgar thus reſcued me! yet ſtruck equally with a ſenſe of obligation and of danger, from the horrible, if not fatal miſchief ſhe had eſcaped, and from the extraordinary hazard and kindneſs by which ſhe had been ſaved, ſhe expreſſed her concern and acknowledgments with a ſoftneſs, that even Sir Sedley himſelf could not liſten to unmoved.

He received, indeed, from this adventure, almoſt every ſpecies of pleaſure of which his mind was capable. His natural courage, which he had nearly annihilated, as well as forgotten, by the effeminate part he was ſyſtematically playing, ſeemed to rejoice in being again exerciſed; his good nature was delighted by the eſſential ſervice he had performed; his vanity was gratified by the publicity of the praiſe it brought forth; and his heart itſelf experienced ſomething like an original feeling, unſpoilt by the apathy of ſatiety, from the ſenſibility

ſenſibility he had awakened in the young and lovely Camilla.

The party immediately flocked around him, and he was conveyed to a houſe belonging to Lord O'Lerney, who reſided upon Mount Ephraim, and his lordſhip's carriage was ordered to take him to his apartment at the hotel.

Mrs. Arlbery, whoſe high ſpirits were totally ſubdued by the terror with which ſhe had been ſeized at the danger of Camilla, was ſo delighted by her reſcue, and the courage with which it was effected, that all her ſpleen againſt Sir Sedley was changed into the warmeſt approbation. When he was put into the coach, ſhe inſiſted upon ſeeing him ſafe to the hotel; Camilla, with her uſual inartificial quickneſs, ſeconding the motion, and Lord O'Lerney, a nobleman far more diſtinguiſhed by benevolence and urbanity than by his rank, taking the fourth place himſelf. The ſervant, who was conſiderably hurt, he deſired might remain at his houſe.

In

In deſcending Mount Ephraim, Camilla turned giddy with the view of what ſhe had eſcaped, and caſt her eyes with redoubled thankfulneſs upon Sir Sedley as her preſerver. Fragments of the phaeton were ſtrewed upon the road; one of the horſes laid dead at the bottom of the hill; and the other was ſo much injured as to be totally diſabled for future ſervice.

When they came to the hotel, they all alighted with the young baronet, Camilla with as little thought, as Mrs. Arlbery with little care for doing any thing that was unuſual. They waited in an adjoining apartment till they were aſſured nothing of any conſequence was the matter, and Lord O'Lerney then carried them to their new lodging upon Mount Pleaſant.

Mrs. Arlbery bore her own ſhare in this accident with perfect good-humour, ſaying it would do her infinite good, by making her a rigid œconomiſt; for ſhe could neither live without a phaeton, nor yet build one, and buy ponies, but by parſimonious ſavings from all other expences.

* * * *

At night they went again to the rooms. But Mrs. Arlbery found in them as little amuſement as Camilla. Sir Sedley was not there, either to attack or to flatter; the celebrated Mrs. Berlinton ſtill appeared not to undergo a ſcrutiny; and Lady Alithea Selmore ſat at the upper end of the apartment, attended by all the beaux, except the General, now at Tunbridge.

This was not to be ſupported. She aroſe, and declaring ſhe would take her tea with the invalid, bid the General eſcort her to his room.

In their way out, ſhe perceived the aſſembly books. Recollecting ſhe had not ſubſcribed, ſhe entered her name, but proteſted ſhe could afford but half-a-guinea, upon her preſent new and avaricious plan.

Camilla, with much ſecret conſternation, concluded it impoſſible to give leſs; and a few ſhillings were now all that remained in her purſe. Her uneaſineſs, however, preſently paſſed away, upon recollecting ſhe ſhould want no more money,

ney, as ſhe was now free of the rooms, and of the library, and equipped in attire for the whole time ſhe ſhould ſtay.

Miſs Dennel put down a guinea; but her father, telling her half-a-crown would have done, ſaid, for that reaſon, he ſhould himſelf pay nothing.

Sir Sedley received them with the moſt unaffected pleaſure: forced upon ſolitude, and by no means free from pain, he had found no reſource but in reading, which of late had been his leaſt occupation, except the mere politics of the day. Even reflection had diſcovered its way to him, though a long baniſhed gueſt, which had quitted her poſt, to make room for affectation, vanity, and every ſpecies of frivolity. Reduced, however, to be reaſonable, even by this ſhort confinement, he now felt the obligation of their charitable viſit, and ſet his foppery and conceit apart, from a deſire to entertain them. Camilla had not conceived he had the power of being ſo pleaſantly natural; and the ſtrong feeling of gratitude in her ever warm heart

heart made her contribute what she was able to the cheerfulness of the evening.

Some time after, General Kinsale was called out, and presently returned with Major Cerwood, just arrived from the regiment; who, with some apology to Sir Sedley, hoped he might be pardoned for the liberty he took, upon hearing who was at the hotel, of preferring such society to the rooms.

As the Major had nothing in him either brilliant or offensive, his sight, after the first salutations, was almost all of which the company was sensible.

Camilla, his sole object, he could not approach; she sat between the baronet and Mrs. Arlbery; and all her looks and all her attention were divided between them.

Mrs. Arlbery, emerging from the mortifications of neglect, which she had experienced, almost for the first time in her life, at the rooms, was unusually alive and entertaining; Sir Sedley kept pace with her, and the discourse was so whimsical, that

that Camilla, amuſed, and willing to encourage a ſenſation ſo natural to her, after a ſadneſs till now, for ſo long a time unremitting, once more heard and welcomed the ſound of her own laughter.

It was inſtantly, however, and ſtrangely checked; a ſigh, ſo deep that it might rather be called a groan, made its way through the wainſcot of the next apartment.

Much raillery followed the ſight of her changed countenance; the hotel was pronounced to be haunted, and by a ghoſt reduced to that plight from her cruelty. But the good-humour and gaiety of the converſation ſoon brought her again to its tone; and time paſſed with general hilarity, till they obſerved that Miſs Dennel, who, having no young female to talk with of her own views and affairs, was thoroughly tired, had fallen faſt aſleep upon her chair.

Her father was already gone home to a hot ſupper, which he had ordered in his own room, and meant to eat before their return;

return; Mrs. Arlbery, to his great diſcomfort, allowing nothing to appear at night but fruit or oyſters.

They now took leave, Mrs. Arlbery conducted by the General, and Camilla by the Major; while Miſs Dennel, unaſſiſted and half aſleep, ſtumbled, ſcreamed, and fell, juſt before ſhe reached the ſtaircaſe.

The General was firſt to aid her; the Major, not chooſing to quit Camilla; who, looking round at a light which came from the room whence the ſigh they had heard had iſſued, perceived, as it glared in her eyes, it was held by Edgar.

Aſtoniſhment, pleaſure, hope, and ſhame, took alternate rapid poſſeſſion of her mind; but the laſt ſenſation was the firſt that viſibly operated, and ſhe ſnatched her hand involuntarily from the Major.

Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed, "Bleſs me, Mr. Mandlebert! are you the ghoſt we heard ſighing in that room yonder?"

Mandlebert

Mandlebert attempted to make ſome ſlight anſwer; but his voice refuſed all ſound.

She went on, then, to the carriage of Mr. Dennel, followed by her young ladies, and drove off for Mount Pleaſant.

CHAP. IV.

Knowle.

THE laſt words of Camilla to Mandlebert, in quiting Cleves, and the tears with which he ſaw her eyes overflowing, had annihilated all his reſentment, and left him no wiſh but to ſerve her. Her diſtinction between what was wiſeſt and what was kindeſt, had penetrated him to the quick. To be thought capable of ſeverity towards ſo ſweet a young creature, the daughter of his guardian, his juvenile companion, and earlieſt favourite, made him deteſtable in his own eyes. He languiſhed to follow her, to apologiſe for what had hurt her, and to vow to her a fair and diſintereſted friendſhip for the reſt of his life: and he only forced himſelf, from decency, to ſtay out his promiſed week with the baronet, before he ſet out for Tunbridge.

Upon

Upon his arrival, which was late, he went immediately to the rooms; but he only saw her name in the books, and learnt, upon inquiring for Mrs. Arlbery, that she and her party were already retired.

Glad to find her so sober in hours, he went to the hotel, meaning quietly to read till bed-time, and to call upon her the next morning.

In a few moments, a voice struck his ear that effectually interrupted his studies. It was the voice of Camilla. Camilla at an hotel at past eleven o'clock! He knew she did not lodge there; he had seen, in the books, the direction of Mrs. Arlbery at Mount Pleasant. Mrs. Arlbery's voice he also distinguished, Sir Sedley Clarendel's, General Kinsale's, and, least of all welcome,---the Major's.

Perhaps, however, some lady, some intimate friend of Mrs. Arlbery, was just arrived, and had made them spend the evening there. He rang for his man, and bid him inquire who had taken the next

room,—and learnt it was Sir Sedley Clarendel.

To viſit a young man at an hotel; rich, handſome, and ſplendid; and with a *chaperon* ſo far from paſt her prime, ſo elegant, ſo coquetiſh, ſo alluring, and ſtill ſo pretty; and to meet there a flaſhy Officer, her open purſuer and avowed admirer—'Tis true, he had concluded, Tunbridge and the Major were one; but not thus, not with ſuch glaring impropriety; his love, he told himſelf, was paſt; but his eſteem was ſtill ſuſceptible, and now grievouſly wounded.

To read was impoſſible. To hold his watch in his hand, and count the minutes ſhe ſtill ſtaid, was all to which his faculties were equal. No words diſtinctly reached him; that the converſation was lively, the tone of every voice announced, but when that of Camilla ſtruck him by its laughter, the depth of his concern drew from him a ſigh that was heard into the next apartment.

Of

Of this, with infinite vexation, he was himſelf aware, from the ſudden ſilence and pauſe of all diſcourſe which enſued. Aſhamed both of what he felt and what he betrayed, he grew more upon his guard, and hoped it might never be known to whom the room belonged.

When, however, as they were retiring, a ſcream reached his ear, though he knew it was not the voice of Camilla, he could not command himſelf, and ruſhed forth with a light; but the lady who ſcreamed was as little noticed as thought of: the Major was holding the hand of Camilla, and his eye could take in no more: he ſaw not even that Mrs. Arlbery was there; and when roufed by her queſtion, all voice was denied him for anſwer; he ſtood motionleſs even after they had deſcended the ſtairs, till the ſteps of the General and the Major, retiring to their chambers, brought to him ſome recollection, and enabled him to retreat.

Fully now, as well as cruelly convinced, of the unabated force of his unhappy

paſſion, he ſpent the night in extreme wretchedneſs; and all that was not ſwallowed up in repining and regret, was devoted to ruminate upon what poſſible means he could ſuggeſt, to reſtore to himſelf the tranquillity of indifference.

The confuſion of Camilla perſuaded him ſhe thought ſhe was acting wrong; but whether from diſapprobation of the character of the Major, or from any pecuniary obſtacles to their union, he could not deviſe. To aſſiſt the marriage according to his former plan, would beſt, he ſtill believed, ſooth his internal ſufferings, if once he could fancy the Major at all worthy of ſuch a wife. But Camilla, with all her inconſiſtencies, he thought a treaſure unequalled: and to contribute to beſtow her on a man who, probably, only prized her for her beauty, he now perſuaded himſelf would rather be culpable than generous.

Upon the whole, therefore, he could reſolve only upon a complete change of his laſt ſyſtem; to ſeek, inſtead of avoiding her; to familiariſe himſelf with her faults,

till he ceaſed to doat upon her virtues; to diſcover if her difficulties were mental or worldly; to enforce them if the firſt, and--- whatever it might coſt him—to invalidate them if the laſt.

This plan, the only one he could form, abated his miſery. It reconciled him to reſiding where Camilla reſided, it was eaſy to him, therefore, to conclude it the leaſt objectionable.

* * * *

Camilla, meanwhile, in her way to Mount Pleaſant, ſpoke not a ſyllable. Diſmay that Edgar ſhould have ſeen her ſo ſituated, while in ignorance how it had happened, made an uneaſineſs the moſt terrible combat the perplexed pleaſure, that lightened, yet palpitated in her boſom, from the view of Edgar at Tunbridge, and from the ſigh which had reached her ears. Yet, was it for her he ſighed? was it not, rather, from ſome ſecret inquietude, in which ſhe was wholly unintereſted, and might never know? Still, however, he was

at

at Tunbridge; ſtill, therefore, ſhe might hope ſomething relative to herſelf induced his coming; and ſhe determined, with reſpect to her own behaviour, to obſerve the injunctions of her father, whoſe letter ſhe would regularly read every morning.

Mrs. Arlbery, alſo, ſpoke not; the unexpected ſight of Mandlebert occupied all her thoughts; yet, though his confuſion was ſuſpicious, ſhe could not, ultimately, believe he loved Camilla, as ſhe could ſuggeſt no poſſible impediment to his proclaiming any regard he entertained. His ſigh ſhe imagined as likely to be mere laſſitude as love; and ſuppoſed, that having long diſcovered the partiality of Camilla, his vanity had been confounded by the devoirs of the Major.

Miſs Dennel, therefore, was the only one whoſe voice was heard during the ride; for now completely awaked, ſhe talked without ceſſation of the fright ſhe had endured. "La, I thought," cried ſhe, "when I tumbled down, ſomebody threw me down on purpoſe, and was going

to kill me! dear me! I thought I ſhould have died! And then I thought it was a robber; and then I thought that candle that come was a ghoſt! O la! I never was ſo frightened in my life!"

* * * *

The next morning they went, as uſual, to the Pantiles, and Mrs. Arlbery took her ſeat in the bookſeller's ſhop, where the uſual beaux were encountered; and where, preſently, Edgar entering, addreſſed to her ſome diſcourſe, and made ſome general inquiries after the health of Camilla.

It was a cruel drawback to her hopes to ſee him firſt thus in public: but the manner of Mrs. Arlbery at the hotel, he had thought repulſive; he had obſerved that ſhe ſeemed offended with him ſince the rencounter at the breakfaſt given for Miſs Dennel; and he now wiſhed for ſome encouragement for renewing his rights to the acquaintance.

Sir Sedley, though with the aſſiſtance of a ſtick he had reached the library, was

not ſufficiently at his eaſe to again mount his horſe; a carriage expedition was therefore agitating for the morning, and to ſee Knowle being fixed upon, equipages and horſes were ordered.

While they waited their arrival, Lady Alithea Selmore, and a very ſhewy train of ladies and gentlemen, came into the library. Sir Sedley, loſing the eaſy, natural manner which had juſt ſo much pleaſed Camilla, reſumed his affectation, indolence, and inattention, and flung himſelf back in his chair, without finiſhing a ſpeech he had begun, or liſtening to an inquiry why he ſtopt ſhort. His friends, Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, ſhuffled up to her ladyſhip; and Sir Sedley, muttering to himſelf life would not be life without being introduced to her, got up, and ſeizing Lord Newford by the ſhoulder, whiſpered what he called the height of his ambition, and was preſented without delay.

He then entered into a little abrupt, half articulated converſation with Lady Alithea, who, by a certain toſs of the chin, a ſhort

and half ſcornful laugh, and a ſupercilious dropping of the eye, gave to every ſentence ſhe uttered the air of a *bon mot*; and after each, as regularly ſtopt for ſome teſtimony of admiration, as a favourite actreſs in ſome ſcene in which every ſpeech is applauded. What ſhe ſaid, indeed, had no other mark than what this manner gave to it; for it was neither good nor bad, wiſe nor fooliſh, ſprightly nor dull. It was what, if naturally ſpoken, would have paſſed, as it deſerved, without cenſure or praiſe. This manner, however, prevailed not only upon her auditors, but herſelf, to believe that ſomething of wit, of *fineſſe*, of peculiarity, accompanied her every phraſe. Thought, properly ſpeaking, there was none in any thing ſhe pronounced: her ſpeeches were all replies, which her admirers dignified by the name of repartees, and which mechanically and regularly flowed from ſome word, not idea, that preceded.

Mrs. Arlbery, having liſtened ſome time, turned entirely away, though with leſs contempt

tempt of her ladyſhip than of her hearers. Her own auditors, however, except the faithful General, had all deſerted her. Even the Major, curious to attend to a lady of ſome celebrity, had quitted the chair of Camilla; and Edgar himſelf, imagining, from this univerſal devotion, there was ſomething well worth an audience, had joined the group.

"We are terribly in the back ground, General!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice. "What muſt be done to ſave our reputations?"

The General, laughing, ſaid, he feared they were loſt irretrievably; but added that he preferred defeat with her, to victory without her.

"Your gallantry, my dear General," cried ſhe, with a ſudden air of glee, "ſhall be rewarded! Follow me cloſe, and you ſhall ſee the fortune of the day reverſed."

Riſing then, ſhe advanced ſoftly, and with an air of reſpect, towards the party, and fixing herſelf juſt oppoſite to Lady

Alithea, with looks of the moſt profound attention, ſtood ſtill, as if in admiring expectation.

Lady Alithea, who had regarded this approach as an intruſion that ſtrongly manifeſted ignorance of high life, thought much better of it when ſhe remarked the almoſt veneration of her air. She deemed it, however, wholly beneath her to ſpeak when thus attended to; till, obſerving the patient admiration with which even a ſingle word ſeemed to be hoped for, ſhe began to pardon what appeared to be a mere tribute to her fame; and upon Sir Theophilus Jarard's ſaying, "I don't think we have had ſuch a bore of a ſeaſon as this, theſe five years;" could not refuſe herſelf the pleaſure of replying: "I did not imagine, Sir Theophilus, you were already able to count by luſtres."

Her own air of complacency announced the happineſs of this anſwer. The company, as uſual, took the hint, and approbation was buzzed around her. Lord Newford gave a loud laugh, without the leaſt conception

conception why; and Sir Theophilus, after paying the ſame compliment, wiſhed, as it concerned himſelf, to know what had been ſaid; and glided to the other end of the ſhop, to look for the word luſtre in Entick's dictionary.

But this triumph was even leſs than momentary; Mrs. Arlbery, gently raiſing her ſhoulders with her head, indulged herſelf in a ſmile that favoured yet more of pity than deriſion; and, with an haſty glance at the General, that ſpoke an eagerneſs to compare notes with him, hurried out of the ſhop; her eyes dropt, as if fearful to truſt her countenance to an inſtant's inveſtigation.

Lady Alithea felt herſelf bluſh. The confuſion was painful and unuſual to her. She drew her glove off and on; ſhe dabbed a highly ſcented pocket handkerchief repeatedly to her noſe; ſhe wondered what it was o'clock; took her watch in her hand, without recollecting to examine it; and then wondered if it would rain,

though not a cloud was to be discerned in the sky.

To see her thus completely disconcerted, gave a weight to the mischievous malice of Mrs. Arlbery, of which the smallest presence of mind would have robbed it. Her admirers, one by one, dwindled away, with lessened esteem for her talents; and, finding herself presently alone in the shop with Sir Theophilus Jarard, she said, "Pray, Sir Theophilus, do you know any thing of that queer woman?"

The words *queer woman* were guides sufficient to Sir Theophilus, who answered, "No! I have seen her, somewhere, by accident, but—she is quite out of our line."

This reply was a sensible gratification to Lady Alithea, who, having heard her warmly admired by Lord O'Lerney, had been the more susceptible to her ridicule. Rudeness she could have despised without emotion; but contempt had something in it of insolence; a commodity she held herself born to dispense, not receive.

* * * *

When Mrs. Arlbery arrived, laughing, at the bottom of the Pantiles, ſhe found Edgar making inquiries of the time and manner of drinking the mineral water.

Camilla heard him, alſo, and with deep apprehenſions for his health. He did not however look ill; and a ſecond ſadneſs, not leſs deep, enſued, that ſhe could now retain no hope of being herſelf his inducement to this journey.

But egotiſm was no part of her compoſition; when ſhe ſaw, therefore, the next minute, Sir Sedley Clarendel advance limping, and heard him aſk if his phaeton were ready, ſhe approached him, ſaying, "Will you venture, Sir Sedley, in your phaeton?"

"There's no ſort of reaſon why not," anſwered he, ſenſibly flattered; "yet I had certainly rather go as you go!"

"Then that," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "muſt be in Dennel's coach, with him and my

little niece here: and then I'll drive the General in your phaeton."

"Agreed!" cried Sir Sedley, ſeating himſelf on one of the forms; and then, taking from a paper ſome tickets, added; "I want a few guineas."

"So do I!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery; "do you know where ſuch ſort of things are to be met with?"

"Lady Alithea Selmore has promiſed to diſperſe ſome twenty tickets for the maſter of the ceremonies' ball, and ſhe commands me to help. How many ſhall I give you?"

"Aſk Mr. Dennel," anſwered ſhe negligently; "he's the only pay-maſter juſt now."

Mr. Dennel turned round, and was going to walk away; but Mrs. Arlbery, taking him by the arm, ſaid: "My good friend, how many tickets ſhall Sir Sedley give you?"

"Me!—none at all."

"O fie!

"O fie! every body goes to the maſter of the ceremonies' ball. Come, you ſhall have ſix. You can't poſſibly take leſs."

"Six! What ſhould I do with them?"

"Why, you and your daughter will uſe two, and four you muſt give away."

"What for?"

"Was ever ſuch a queſtion? To do what's proper and right, and handſome and gallant."

"O, as to all that, it's what I don't underſtand. It's out of my way."

He would then have made off; but Mrs. Arlbery, piqued to ſucceed, held him faſt, and ſaid: "Come, if you'll be good, I'll be good too, and you ſhall have a plain joint of meat at the bottom of the table every day for a fortnight."

Mr. Dennel ſoftened a little here into ſomething like a ſmile; and drew two guineas from his purſe; but more there was no obtaining.

"Come," cried Sir Sedley, "you have canvaſſed well ſo far. Now for your fair ſelf."

"You

"You are a ſhocking creature!" cried ſhe; "don't you know I am turned miſer?"

Yet ſhe gave her guinea.

"But the fair Tyrolda does not alſo, I truſt, aſſume that character?"

Camilla had felt very uneaſy during this conteſt; and now, colouring, ſaid ſhe did not mean to go to the ball.

"Can you ever expect, then," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "to have a partner at any other? You don't know the rules of theſe places. The maſter of the ceremonies is always a gentleman, and every body is eager to ſhew him every poſſible reſpect."

Camilla was now ſtill more diſtreſſed; and ſtammered out, that ſhe believed the fewer balls ſhe went to, the better her father would be pleaſed.

"Your father, my dear, is a very wiſe man, and a very good man, and a very excellent preacher: but what does he know of Tunbridge Wells? Certainly not ſo much as my dairy maid, for ſhe has heard

heard John talk of them; but as to your father, depend upon it, the ſole knowledge he has ever obtained, is from ſome treatiſe upon its mineral waters; which, very poſſibly, he can analyſe as well as a phyſician: but for the regulation of a country dance, be aſſured he will do much better to make you over to Sir Sedley, or to me."

Camilla laughed faintly, and feeling in her pocket to take out her pocket handkerchief, by way of ſomething to do, Mrs. Arlbery concluded ſhe was ſeeking her purſe, and ſuddenly putting her hand upon her arm to prevent her, ſaid, "No, no! if you don't wiſh to go, or chooſe to go, or approve of going, I cannot, in ſober earneſtneſs, ſee you compelled. Nothing is ſo deteſtable as forcing people to be amuſed. Come, now for Knowle."

Sir Sedley was then putting up his tickets; but the Major, taking one of them out of his hand, preſented it to Camilla, ſaying: "Let the ladies take their tickets now, and ſettle with us afterwards."

Camilla

Camilla felt extremely provoked, yet not knowing how to reſiſt, took the ticket; but, turning pointedly from the Major to Sir Sedley, ſaid: "I am your debtor, then, ſir, a guinea—the ſmalleſt part, indeed, of what I owe you, though all I can pay!" And ſhe then reſolved to borrow that ſum immediately of Mrs. Arlbery.

Sir Sedley began to think ſhe grew handſomer every moment: and, contrary to his eſtabliſhed and ſyſtematic inattention, upon hearing the ſound of the carriages, conducted her himſelf to Mr. Dennel's coach, which he aſcended after her.

Edgar, unable to withſtand joining the party, had ordered his horſe during the debate about the tickets.

Lords O'Lerney and Newford, and Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Major Cerwood, went alſo on horſeback.

Sir Sedley made it his ſtudy to procure amuſement for Camilla during the ride; and while he humoured alternately the loquacious folly of Miſs Dennel, and the under-

under-bred poſitiveneſs of her father, intermingled with both comic ſarcaſms againſt himſelf, and pointed annotations upon the times, that ſomewhat diverted her ſolicitude and perplexity.

She forgot them however, more naturally, in examining the noble antique manſion, pictures, and curioſities of Knowle; and in paying the tribute that taſte muſt ever pay to the works exhibited there of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

The houſe viewed, they all proceeded to the park, where, enchanted with the noble old trees which venerably adorn it, they ſtrolled delightedly, till they came within ſight of an elegant white form, as far diſtant as their eyes could reach, reading under an oak.

Camilla inſtantly thought of her moonlight friend; but Sir Theophilus called out, "Faith, there's the divine Berlinton!"

"Is there, faith?" exclaimed Lord Newford, ſuddenly ruſhing forward to ſatisfy himſelf if it were true.

Deeming

Deeming this an ill-bred and unauthoriſed intruſion, they all ſtopt. The ſtudious fair, profoundly abſorbed by her book, did not hear his lordſhip's footſteps, till his coat ruſtled in her ears. Raiſing then her eyes, ſhe ſcreamed, dropt her book, and darting up, flew towards the wood, with a velocity far exceeding his own, though without ſeeming to know, or conſider, whither her flight might lead her.

Camilla, certain now this was her new friend, felt an indignation the moſt lively againſt Lord Newford, and involuntarily ſprung forward. It was evident the fair fugitive had perceived none of the party but him ſhe ſought to avoid; notwithſtanding Lord Newford himſelf, when convinced who it was, ceaſed his purſuit, and ſeemed almoſt to find out there was ſuch a ſenſation as ſhame; though by various antics, of ſwinging his cane, looking up in the air, ſhaking his pocket handkerchief, and ſticking his arms a-kimbo, he thought it eſſential to his credit to diſguiſe it.

Camilla

Camilla had no chance to reach the flying beauty, but by calling to her to ſtop; which ſhe did inſtantly at the ſound of her voice, and, turning round with a look of rapture, ran into her arms.

The Major, whoſe devoirs to Camilla always ſought, not avoided the public eye, eagerly purſued her. Edgar, cruelly envying a licence he concluded to reſult from his happy ſituation, looked on in ſilent amaze; but liſtened with no ſmall attention to the remarks that now fell from Mrs. Arlbery, who ſaid ſhe was ſure this muſt be the fair Incognita that Miſs Tyrold had met with upon the road; and gave a lively relation of that adventure.

He could not hear without delight the benevolent courage thus manifeſted by Camilla, nor without terror the danger to which it might have expoſed her. But Lord O'Lerney, with an air of extreme ſurpriſe, exclaimed: "Is it poſſible Lord Newford could give any cauſe of alarm to Mrs. Berlinton?"

"Is

"Is ſhe then, my lord, a woman of character?" cried Mrs. Arlbery.

"Untainted!" he anſwered ſolemnly; "as ſpotleſs, I believe, as her beauty: and if you have ſeen her, you will allow that to be no ſmall praiſe. She comes from a moſt reſpectable family in Wales, and has been married but a few months."

"Married, my lord? my fair female Quixote aſſured me ſhe was ſingle."

"No, poor thing! ſhe was carried from the nurſery to the altar, and, I fear, not very judiciouſly nor happily."

"Dear!" cried Miſs Dennel, "i'n't ſhe happy?"

"I never preſume to judge," anſwered his lordſhip, ſmiling; "but ſhe has always ſomething melancholy in her air."

"Pray how old is ſhe?" ſaid Miſs Dennel.

"Eighteen."

"Dear! and married?—La! I wonder what makes her unhappy!"

"Not

"Not a husband, certainly!" said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, "that is against all chance and probability."

"Well, I'm resolved when I'm married myself, I won't be unhappy."

"And how will you help it?"

"O, because I'm determined I won't. I think it's very hard if I may'nt have my own way when I'm married."

"'Twill at least be very singular!" answered Mrs. Arlbery.

Camilla now returned to her party, having first conducted her new friend towards a door in the park where her carriage was waiting.

"At length, my dear," said Mrs. Arlbery, "your fair mysterious has, I suppose, avowed herself?"

"I made no inquiry," answered she, painfully looking down.

"I can tell you who she is, then, myself," said Miss Dennel; "she is Mrs. Berlinton, and she's come out of Wales, and she's married, and she's eighteen."

"Married!"

"Married!" repeated Camilla, blushing from internal surprise at the conversations she had held with her.

"Yes; your fair Incognita is neither more nor less," said Mrs. Arlbery, "than the honourable Mrs. Berlinton, wife to Lord Berlinton's brother, and, next only to Lady Alithea Selmore, the first toast, and the reigning cry of the Wells for this season."

Camilla, who had seen and considered her in almost every other point of view, heard this with less of pleasure than astonishment. When a further investigation brought forth from Lord O'Lerney that her maiden name was Melmond, Mrs. Arlbery exclaimed: "O, then, I cease to play the idiot, and wonder! I know the Melmonds well. They are all half crazy, romantic, love-lorn, studious, and sentimental. One of them was in Hampshire this summer, but so immensely "melancholy and gentleman-like *," that I never took him into my society."

Ben Jonson.

"'Twas

"'Twas the brother of this young lady, I doubt not," ſaid Lord O'Lerney; "he is a young man of very good parts, and of an exemplary character; but ſtrong in his feelings, and wild in purſuit of whatever excites them."

"When will you introduce me to your new friend, Miſs Tyrold?" ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "or, rather," (turning to Lord Newford,) "I hope your lordſhip will do me that honour; I hear you are very kind to her; and take much care to convince her of the ill effects and danger of the evening air."

"O hang it! O curſe it!" cried his lordſhip; "why does a woman walk by moon-light?"

"Why, rather, ſhould man," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, "impede ſo natural a recreation?"

The age of Lord O'Lerney, which more than doubled that of Lord Newford, made this queſtion ſupported, and even drew forth the condeſcenſion of an attempted exculpation. "I vow, my lord," he cried, "I had

"I had no intention but to look at a letter; and that I thought, ſhe only read in public to excite curioſity."

"O but you knelt to her!" cried Miſs Dennel, "you knelt to her! I ſaw you! and why did you do that, when you knew ſhe was married, and you could not be her lover?"

The party being now diſpoſed to return to the Wells, Mrs. Arlbery called upon the General to attend her to the phaeton. Camilla, impatient to pay Sir Sedley, followed to ſpeak to her; but, not aware of her wiſh, Mrs. Arlbery hurried laughingly on, ſaying, "Come, General, let us be gone, that the coach may be laſt, and then Dennel muſt pay the fees! That will be a good guinea towards my ponies!"

CHAP. V.

Mount Pleaſant.

THE ſhame and diſtreſs natural to every unhackneyed mind, in any neceſſity of ſoliciting a pecuniary favour, had now, in that of Camilla, the additional difficulty of coping againſt the avowed deſire of Mrs. Arlbery not to open her purſe.

When they arrived at Mount Pleaſant, ſhe ſaw all the horſemen alighted, and in converſation with that lady; and Edgar move towards the carriage, palpably with a deſign to hand her out: but as the Major advanced, he retreated, and, finding himſelf unnoticed by Mrs. Arlbery, remounted his horſe. Provoked and chagrined, ſhe ſprung forwards alone, and when purſued by the Major, with ſome of his uſual compliments, turned from him impatiently and went up ſtairs.

Intent in thinking only of Edgar, ſhe was not herſelf aware of this abruptneſs, till Mrs. Arlbery, following her to her chamber, ſaid, "Why were you ſo ſuddenly haughty to the Major, my dear Miſs Tyrold? Has he offended you?"

Much ſurpriſed, ſhe anſwered, no; but, forced by further queſtions, to be more explicit, confeſſed ſhe wiſhed to diſtance him, as his behaviour had been remarked.

"Remarked! how? by whom?"

She coloured, and was again hardly preſſed before ſhe anſwered, "Mr. Mandlebert—once—named it to me."

"O, ho, did he?" ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, ſurpriſed in her turn; "why then, my dear, depend upon it, he loves you himſelf."

"Me!—Mr. Mandlebert!—" exclaimed Camilla, doubting what ſhe heard.

"Nay, why not?"

"Why not?" repeated ſhe in an exceſs of perturbation; "O, he is too good! too excelling!

excelling! he ſees all my faults—points them out himſelf—"

"Does he?"---ſaid Mrs. Arlbery thoughtfully, and pauſing: "nay, then,—if ſo—he wiſhes to marry you!"

"Me, ma'am!" cried Camilla, bluſhing high with mingled delight at the idea, and diſpleaſure at its free expreſſion.

"Why, elſe, ſhould he caution you againſt another?"

"From goodneſs, from kindneſs, from generoſity!—"

"No, no; thoſe are not the characteriſtics of young men who counſel young women! We all heard he was engaged to your beautiful vacant-looking couſin; but I ſuppoſe he grew ſick of her. A very young man ſeldom likes a ſilly wife. It is generally when he is further advanced in life that he takes that depraved taſte. He then flatters himſelf a fool will be eaſier to govern."

She now went away to dreſs; leaving Camilla a new creature; changed in all her hopes, though overwhelmed with ſhame at

the freedom of this attack, and determined to exert her utmoſt ſtrength of mind, not to expoſe to view the ſecret pleaſure with which it filled her.

She was, however, ſo abſent when they met again, that Mrs. Arlbery, ſhaking her head, ſaid: "Ah, my fair friend! what have you been thinking of?"

Exceſſively aſhamed, ſhe endeavoured to brighten up. The General and Sir Sedley had been invited to dinner. The latter was engaged in the evening to Lady Alithea Selmore, who gave tea at her own lodgings. "The rooms, then, will be quite empty," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "ſo we had better go to the play."

Mr. Dennel had no objection, and Sir Sedley promiſed to attend them, as it would be time enough for her ladyſhip afterwards.

* * * *

So completely was Camilla abſorbed in her new ideas, that ſhe forgot both her borrowed guinea, and the ſtate of her purſe, till

till ſhe arrived at the theatre. The recollection was then too late; and ſhe had no reſource againſt completely emptying it.

She was too happy however, at this inſtant, to admit any regret. The ſagacity of Mrs. Arlbery ſhe thought infallible; and the ſight of Edgar in a box juſt facing her, baniſhed every other conſideration.

The theatre was almoſt without company. The aſſembly at Lady Alithea Selmore's had made it unfaſhionable, and when the play was over, Edgar found eaſily a place in the box.

Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard looked in juſt after, and affected not to know the piece was begun. Sir Sedley retired to his toilette, and Mr. Dennel to ſeek his carriage.

Some bills now got into the box, and were read by Sir Theophilus, announcing a ſuperb exhibition of wild beaſts for the next day, conſiſting chiefly of monkies who could perform various feats, and a famous ourang outang, juſt landed from Africa.

Lord Newford ſaid he would go if he had but two more days to live. Sir Theophilus echoed him. Mr. Dennel expreſſed ſome curioſity; Miſs Dennel, though ſhe proteſted ſhe ſhould be frightened out of her wits, ſaid ſhe would not ſtay at home; Mrs. Arlbery confeſſed it would be an amuſing ſight to ſee ſo many repreſentations of the dear human race; but Camilla ſpoke not: and ſcarce heard even the ſubject of diſcourſe.

"You," cried the Major, addreſſing her, "will be there?"

"Where?" demanded ſhe.

"To ſee this curious collection of animals."

"It will be curious, undoubtedly," ſaid Edgar, pleaſed that ſhe made no anſwer; "but 'tis a ſpecies of curioſity not likely to attract the moſt elegant ſpectators; and rather, perhaps, adapted to give pleaſure to naturaliſts, than to young ladies."

Softened, at this moment, in every feeling of her heart towards Edgar, ſhe turned

to

to him, and ſaid, "Do you think it would be wrong to go?"

"Wrong," repeated he, ſurpriſed though gratified, "is perhaps too hard a word; but, I fear, at an itinerant ſhow, ſuch as this, a young lady would run ſome chance of finding herſelf in a neighbourhood that might ſeem rather ſtrange to her."

"Moſt certainly then," cried ſhe, with quickneſs, "I will not go!"

The aſtoniſhed Edgar looked at her with earneſtneſs, and ſaw the ſimplicity of ſincerity on her countenance. He looked then at the Major; who, accuſtomed to frequent failures in his ſolicitations, exhibited no change of features. Again he looked at Camilla, and her eyes met his with a ſweetneſs of expreſſion that paſſed ſtraight to his heart.

Mrs. Arlbery now led the way to the coach; the forwardneſs of the Major, though in her own deſpight, procured him the hand of Camilla; but ſhe had left upon Edgar an impreſſion renovating to all his eſteem. She is ſtill, he thought,

the ſame; candid, open, flexible; ſtill, therefore, let me follow her, with ſuch counſel as I am able to give. She has accuſed me of unkindneſs; — She was right! I retreated from her ſervice at the moment when, in honour, I was bound to continue in it. How ſelfiſh was ſuch conduct! how like ſuch common love as ſeeks only its own gratification, not the happineſs or welfare of its object! Could ſhe, though but lately ſo dear to me, that all the felicity of my life ſeemed to hang upon her, become as nothing, becauſe deſtined to another? No! Her father has been my father, and ſo long as ſhe retains his reſpected name, I will watch by her unceaſingly.

* * * *

In their way home, one of the horſes tired, and could not be made to drag the carriage up to Mount Pleaſant. They were therefore obliged to alight and walk. Mrs. Arlbery took the arm of Mr. Dennel, which ſhe did not ſpare, and his daughter, almoſt crying with ſleep and fatigue, made the ſame

ſame uſe of Camilla's. She proteſted ſhe had never been ſo long upon her feet in her life as that very morning in Knowle Park, and, though ſhe leant upon her companion with as little ſcruple as upon a walking ſtick, ſhe frequently ſtopt ſhort, and declared ſhe ſhould ſtay upon the road all night, for ſhe could not move another ſtep: and they were ſtill far from the ſummit, when ſhe inſiſted upon ſitting down, ſaying fretfully, "I am ſure I wiſh I was married! Nobody minds me. I am ſure if I was, I would not be ſerved ſo. I'm reſolved I'll always have two coaches, one to come after me, and one to ride in; for I'm determined I won't marry a man that has not a great fortune. I'm ſure papa could afford it too, if he'd a mind; only he won't. Every body vexes me. I'm ſure I'm ready to cry!"

Mr. Dennel and Mrs. Arlbery, who neither of them, at any time, took the ſmalleſt notice of what ſhe ſaid, paſſed on, and left the whole weight both of her perſon and

her complaints to Camilla. The latter, however, now reached the ears of a fat, tidy, neat looking elderly woman, who, in a large black bonnet, and a blue checked apron, was going their way; ſhe approached them, and in a good-humoured voice, ſaid: "What! poor dear! why you ſeem tired to death? come, get up, my dear; be of good heart, and you ſhall hold by my arm; for that t'other poor thing's almoſt hauled to pieces."

Miſs Dennel accepted both the pity and the propoſal; and the ſubſtantial arm of her new friend, gave her far ſuperior aid to the ſlight one of Camilla.

"Well, and how did you like the play, my dears?" cried the woman.

"La!" ſaid Miſs Dennel, "how ſhould you know we were at the play?"

"O, I have a little bird," anſwered ſhe, ſagaciouſly nodding, "that tells me every thing! you ſat in the ſtage box?"

"Dear! ſo we did! How can you tell that? Was you in the gallery?"

"No,

"No, my dear, nor yet in the pit neither. And you had three gentlemen behind you, beſides that gentleman that's going up the Mount?"

"Dear! So we had! But how do you know? did you peep at us behind the ſcenes?"

"No, my dear; I never went behind the ſcenes. But come, I hope you'll do now, for you ha'n't much further to go."

"Dear! how do you know that?"

"Becauſe you live at that pretty houſe, there, up Mount Pleaſant, that's got the little cloſet window."

"La, yes! who told you ſo?"

"And there's a pretty cat belonging to the houſe, all ſtreaked brown and black?"

"O, la!" exclaimed Miſs Dennel, half ſcreaming, and letting go her arm, "I dare ſay you're a fortune-teller! Pray, don't ſpeak to me till we get to the light!"

She now hung back, ſo terrified that neither Camilla could encourage, nor the

woman appeaſe her; and ſhe was going to run down the hill, forgetting all her wearineſs, to ſeek refuge from the ſervants, when the woman ſaid, "Why what's here to do? Why ſee, my dear, if I muſt let you into the ſecret,—you muſt know—but don't tell it to the world!—I'm a gentlewoman!" She then removed her checked apron, and ſhewed a white muſlin one, embroidered and flounced.

Miſs Dennel was now ſtruck with a ſurpriſe, of which Camilla bore an equal ſhare. Their new acquaintance appeared herſelf in ſome confuſion, but having exacted a promiſe not to be diſcovered to *the world*, ſhe told them, ſhe lodged at a houſe upon Mount Pleaſant, juſt by their's, whence ſhe often ſaw them; that, having a ticket given her, by a friend, for the play, ſhe dreſſed herſelf and went into a box, with ſome very genteel company, who kept their coach, and who ſat her down afterwards at another friend's, where ſhe pretended ſhe ſhould be fetched: "But I do my own way," continued ſhe, "and nobody

nobody knows a word of the matter: for I keep a large bonnet, and cloak, and a checked apron, and a pair of clogs, or pattens, always at this friend's; and then when I have put them on, people take me for a mere common perſon, and I walk on, ever ſo late, and nobody ſpeaks to me; and ſo by that means I get my pleaſure, and ſave my money; and yet always appear like a gentlewoman when I'm known."

She then again charged them to be diſcreet, ſaying that if this were ſpread to *the world*, ſhe ſhould be quite undone, for many ladies that took her about with them, would notice her no more. At the ſame time, as ſhe wiſhed to make acquaintance with ſuch pretty young ladies, ſhe propoſed that they ſhould all three meet in a walk before the houſe, the next morning, and talk together as if for the firſt time.

Camilla, who deteſted all tricks, declined entering into this engagement; but Miſs Dennel, charmed with the ingenuity of

her new acquaintance, accepted the appointment.

* * * *

Camilla had, however, her own new friend for the opening of the next day. "Ah! my ſweet protectreſs!" cried ſhe, throwing her arms about her neck, "what am I not deſtined to owe you? The very ſight of that man is horror to me. Amiable, generous creature! what a ſight was yours, when turning round, I met your eyes, and beheld him no more!"

"Your alarm, at which I cannot wonder," ſaid Camilla, "prevented your ſeeing your ſafety; for Lord Newford was with a large party."

"O, he is obnoxious to my view! wherever I may ſee him, in public or in private, I ſhall fly him. He would have torn from me the loved characters of my heart's beſt correſpondent!—"

Camilla now felt a little ſhocked, and colouring and interrupting her, ſaid: "Is it

it poſſible, Mrs. Berlinton—" and ſtopt not knowing how to go on.

" Ah! you know me, then! You know my connexions and my ſituation!" cried ſhe, hiding her face on Camilla's boſom: " tell me, at leaſt, tell me, you do not therefore contemn and abhor me?"

" Heaven forbid!" ſaid Camilla, terrified at ſuch a preparation; " what can I hear that can give you ſo cruel an idea?"

" Alas! know you not I have prophaned at the altar my plighted vows to the moſt odious of men? That I have formed an alliance I deſpiſe? and that I bear a name I think of with diſguſt, and hate ever to own?"

Camilla, thunderſtruck, anſwered; "No, indeed! I know nothing of all this!"

" Ah! guard yourſelf, then, well," cried ſhe, burſting into tears, " from a ſimilar fate! My friends are kind and good, but the temptation of ſeeing me rich beguiled them. I was diſintereſted and contented myſelf, but young and inexperienced; and I yielded

I yielded to their pleadings, unaware of their conſequences. Alas! I was utterly ignorant both of myſelf and the world! I knew not how eſſential to my own peace was an amiable companion; and I knew not, then,—that the world contained one juſt formed to make me happy!"

She now hung down her head, weeping and deſponding. Camilla ſought to ſooth her, but was ſo amazed, ſo fearful, and ſo perplext, ſhe ſcarce knew what either to ſay or to think.

The fair mourner, at length, a little recovering, added: "Let me not agitate your gentle boſom with my ſorrows. I regard you as an angel ſent to conſole them; but it muſt be by mitigating, not partaking of them."

Camilla was ſenſibly touched; and though ſtrangely at a loſs what to judge, felt her affections deeply intereſted.

"I dreaded," ſhe continued, "to tell you my name, for I dreaded to ſink myſelf into your contempt, by your knowledge

ledge of an alliance you must deem so mercenary. 'Twas folly to hope you would not hear it; yet I wished first to obtain, at least, your good will. The dear lost name of Melmond is all I love to pronounce! That name, I believe, is known to you; so may be, also, perhaps, my brother's unhappy story?"

Melmond, she then said, believing Miss Lynmere betrothed to Mr. Mandlebert, had quitted Hampshire in misery, to finish his vacation in Wales, with their mutual friends. There he heard that the rumour was false; and would instantly have returned and thrown himself at the feet of the young lady, by whose cousin, Mr. Lionel Tyrold, he had been told she was to inherit a large fortune; when this second report, also, was contradicted, and he learnt that Miss Lynmere had almost nothing; "My brother," added she, "with the true spirit of true sentiment, was but the more urgent to pursue her; but our relations interfered—and he, like me, is doomed to endless anguish!"

The

The accident, ſhe ſaid, of the preceding morning, was owing to her being engaged in reading Rowe's letters from the dead to the living; which had ſo infinitely enchanted her, that, deſiring to peruſe them without interruption, yet fearing to again wander in ſearch of a rural retreat, ſhe had driven to Knowle; where, hearing the noble family was abſent, ſhe had aſked leave to view the park, and there had taken out her delicious book, which ſhe was enjoying in the higheſt luxury of ſolitude and ſweet air, when Lord Newford broke in upon her.

Camilla enquired if ſhe feared any bad conſequences, by telling Mr. Berlinton of his impertinence.

"Heaven forbid," ſhe anſwered, "that I ſhould be condemned to ſpeak to Mr. Berlinton of any thing that concerns or befals me! I ſee him as little as I am able, and ſpeak to him as ſeldom."

Camilla heard this with grief, but durſt not further preſs a ſubject ſo delicate. They continued together till noon, and then

then reluctantly parted, upon a meſſage from Mrs. Arlbery that the carriages were waiting. Mrs. Berlinton declined being introduced to that lady, which would only, ſhe ſaid, occaſion interruptions to their future *tête-â-têtes*.

Neither the thoughtleſſneſs of the diſpoſition, nor the gaiety of the imagination of Camilla, could diſguiſe from her underſtanding the glaring eccentricity of this conduct and character: but ſhe ſaw them with more of intereſt than blame; the various attractions with which they were mixed, blending in her opinion ſomething between pity and admiration, more captivating, though more dangerous, to the fond fancy of youth, than the moſt ſolid reſpect, and beſt founded eſteem.

CHAP. VI.

The accompliſhed Monkies.

WHEN Camilla deſcended, ſhe found Sir Sedley Clarendel and General Kinſale in attendance; and ſaw, from the parlour window, Miſs Dennel ſauntering before the houſe, with the newly made acquaintance of the preceding evening.

The Baronet, who was to drive Mrs. Arlbery, enquired if Camilla would not prefer, alſo, an open carriage. Mrs. Arlbery ſeconded the motion. Miſs Dennel, then, running to her father, exclaimed, "Pray, papa, let's take this lady I've been talking with in the coach with us. She's the good-naturedeſt creature I ever knew."

"Who is ſhe? what's her name?"

"O, I don't know that, papa; but I'll go and aſk her."

Flying

Flying then back, "Pray, ma'am," ſhe cried, "what's your name? becauſe papa want's to know."

"Why, my dear, my name's Mittin. So you may think of me when you put on your gloves."

"Papa, her name's Mittin," cried Miſs Dennel, ſcampering again to her father.

"Well, and who is ſhe?"

"O, la, I'm ſure I can't tell, only ſhe's a gentlewoman."

"And how do you know that?"

"She told me ſo herſelf."

"And where does ſhe live?"

"Juſt by, papa, at that houſe you ſee there."

"O, well, if ſhe's a neighbour, that's enough. I've no more to ſay."

"O, then, I'll aſk her!" cried Miſs Dennel, jumping, "dear! I'm ſo glad! 'twould have been ſo dull, only papa and I. I'm reſolved, when I've a houſe of my own, I'll never go alone any where with papa."

This

This being muttered, the invitation was made and accepted, and the parties ſet forward.

The ride was perfectly pleaſing to Camilla, now revived and chearful; Sir Sedley was free from airs; Mrs. Arlbery drew them into converſation with one another, and none of them were glad when Mr. Dennel, called "ſtop! or you'll drive too far."

Camilla, who, ſuppoſing ſhe was going, as uſual, to the Pantiles, had got into the phaeton without inquiry; and who, finding afterwards her miſtake, concluded they were merely taking an airing, now obſerved ſhe was advancing towards a crowd, and preſently perceived a booth, and an immenſe ſign hung out from it, exhibiting a man monkey, or ourang outang.

Though exceſſively fluttered, ſhe courageouſly, and at once, told Mrs. Arlbery ſhe begged to be excuſed proceeding.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had heard, at the play, the general objections of Mandlebert,

though ſhe had not attended to her anſwer, conjectured her reaſon for retreating, and laughed, but ſaid ſhe would not oppoſe her.

Camilla then begged to wait in Mr. Dennel's carriage, that ſhe might keep no one elſe from the ſhow. Sir Sedley, ſaying it would be an excruciatingly vulgar ſight, propoſed they ſhould all return; but ſhe pleaded ſtrongly againſt breaking up the party, though, while ſhe was handed out, to go back to the coach, the Dennels and Mrs. Mittin had alighted, and it had driven off.

The chagrin of Camilla was ſo palpable, that Mrs. Arlbery herſelf agreed to reſign the ſcheme; and Sir Sedley, who drew up to them, ſaid he ſhould rejoice in being delivered from it: but Miſs Dennel, who was waiting without the booth for her aunt, was ready to cry at the thought of loſing the ſight, which Mrs. Mittin had aſſured her was extremely pretty; and, after ſome diſcuſſion, Camilla was reduced

to

to beg ſhe might do no miſchief, and conſent to make one.

A more immediate diſtreſs now occurred to her; ſhe heard Mr. Dennel call out to the man ſtationed at the entrance of the booth, "What's to pay?" and recollected ſhe had no money left.

"What your Honor pleaſes," was the anſwer, "but gentlefolks gives half-a-crown."

"I'm ſure it's well worth it," ſaid Mrs. Mittin, "for it's one of the moſt curious things you ever ſaw. You can't give leſs, ſir." And ſhe paſſed nimbly by, without paying at all: but added, "I had a ticket the firſt day, and now I come every day for nothing, if it don't rain, for one only need to pay at firſt."

Mr Dennel and his daughter followed, and Camilla was beginning a heſitating ſpeech to Mrs. Arlbery, as that lady, not attending to her, ſaid to Mr. Dennel: "Well, frank me alſo; but take care what you pay; I'm not at all ſure I ſhall ever return it.

it. All I ſave goes to my ponies." And, handed by the General, ſhe croſſed the barrier; not hearing the voice of her young friend, which was timidly beſeeching her to ſtop.

Camilla was now in extreme confuſion. She put her hand into her pocket, took it out, felt again, and again brought forth the hand empty.

The Major, who was before her, and who watched her, begged leave to ſettle with the booth-keeper; but Camilla, to whom he grew daily more irkſome, again preferred a ſhort obligation to the Baronet, and bluſhingly aſked if he would once more be her banker?

Sir Sedley, by no means ſuſpecting the neceſſity that urged this condeſcenſion, was ſurpriſed and delighted, and almoſt without knowing it himſelf, became all that was attentive, obliging, and pleaſing.

Before they were ſeated, the young Enſign, Mr. Macderſey, iſſuing from a group of gentlemen, addreſſed himſelf to Camilla, though with an air that ſpoke

him much diſcompoſed and out of ſpirits. "I hope you are well, Miſs Camilla Tyrold," he cried; "and have left all your family well? particularly the loveliest of your ſex, that angel of beauty, the divine Miſs Lynmere?"

"Except the company preſent!" ſaid Mrs. Arlbery; "always except the company preſent, when you talk of beauty to women."

"I would not except even the company abſent!" replied he, with warmth; but was interrupted from proceeding, by what the maſter of the booth called his *Conſort of Muſics:* in which not leſs than twenty monkies contributed their part; one dreadfully ſcraping a bow acroſs the ſtrings of a vile kit, another beating a drum, another with a fife, a fourth with a bagpipe, and the ſixteen remainder ſtriking together tongs, ſhovels, and pokers, by way of marrowbones and cleavers. Every body ſtopt their ears, though no one could forbear laughing at their various contortions, and horrible grimaces, till the maſter of the booth,

booth, to keep them, he ſaid, in tune, dealt about ſuch fierce blows with a ſtick, that they ſet up a general howling, which he called the *Vocal* part of his *Conſort*, not more ſtunning to the ear, than offenſive to all humanity. The audience applauded by loud ſhouts, but Mrs. Arlbery, diſguſted, roſe to quit the booth. Camilla eagerly ſtarted up to ſecond the motion, but her eyes ſtill more expeditiouſly turned from the door, upon encountering thoſe of Edgar; who, having met the empty coach of Mr. Dennel, had not been able to refrain from inquiring where its company had been depoſited; nor, upon hearing it was at the *accompliſhed Monkies*, from haſtening to the ſpot, to ſatisfy himſelf if or not Camilla had been ſteady to her declaration. But he witneſſed at once the propriety of his advice, and its failure.

The maſter of the booth could not endure to ſee the departure of the moſt brilliant part of his ſpectators, and made an harangue, promiſing the company, at large, if they would ſubmit to poſtponing

the *Conſort*, in order to oblige his friends the Quality, they ſhould have it, with the neweſt ſqualls in taſte, afterwards.

The people laughed and clapped, and Mrs. Arlbery ſat down.

In a few minutes, the performers were ready for a new exhibition. They were dreſſed up as ſoldiers, who, headed by a corporal, came forward to do their exercifes.

Mrs. Arlbery, laughing, told the General, as he was upon duty, he ſhould himſelf take the command: the General, a pleaſant, yet cool and ſenſible man, did not laugh leſs; but the Enſign, more warm tempered, and wrong headed, ſeeing a feather in a monkey's cap, of the ſame colour, by chance, as in his own, fired with haſty indignation, and riſing, called out to the maſter of the booth: "What do you mean by this, ſir? do you mean to put an affront upon our corps?"

The man, ſtartled, was going moſt humbly to proteſt his innocence of any ſuch deſign;

deſign; but the laugh raiſed againſt the Enſign amongſt the audience gave him more courage, and he only ſimpered without ſpeaking.

"What do you mean by grinning at me, ſir?" ſaid Macderſey; "do you want me to cane you?"

"Cane me!" cried the man enraged, "by what rights?"

Macderſey, eaſily put off all guard, was ſtepping over the benches, with his cane uplifted, when his next neighbour, tightly holding him, ſaid, in a half whiſper, "If you'll take my advice, you'd a deal better provoke him to ſtrike the firſt blow."

Macderſey, far more irritated by this counſel than by the original offence, fiercely looked back, calling out "The firſt blow! What do you mean by that, ſir?"

"No offence, ſir," anſwered the perſon, who was no other than the ſlow and ſolemn Mr. Dubſter; "but only to give you a hint for your own good; for if you ſtrike

firſt, being in his own houſe, as one may ſay, he may take the law of you."

"The law!" repeated the fiery Enſign; "the law was made for poltroons: a man of honour does not know what it means."

"If you talk at that rate, ſir," ſaid Dubſter, in a low voice, "it may bring you into trouble."

"And who are you, ſir, that take upon you the preſumption to give me your opinion?"

"Who am I, ſir? I am a gentleman, if you muſt needs know."

"A gentleman! who made you ſo?"

"Who made me ſo? why leaving off buſineſs! what would you have make me ſo? you may tell me if you are any better, if you come to that."

Macderſey, of an ancient and reſpectable family, incenſed paſt meaſure, was turning back upon Mr. Dubſter; when the General, taking him gently by the hand, begged he would recollect himſelf.

"That's

"That's very true, ſir, very true, General!" cried he, profoundly bowing; "what you ſay is very true. I have no right to put myſelf into a paſſion before my ſuperior officer, unleſs he puts me into it himſelf; in which caſe 'tis his own fault. So I beg your pardon, General, with all my heart. And I'll go out of the booth without another half ſyllable. But if ever I detect any of thoſe monkies mocking us, and wearing our feathers, when you a'n't by, I ſha'n't put up with it ſo mildly. I hope you'll excuſe me, General."

He then bowed to him again, and begged pardon of all the ladies; but, in quitting the booth, contemptuouſly ſaid to Mr. Dubſter: "As to you, you little dirty fellow, you a'n't worth my notice."

"Little dirty fellow!" repeated Mr. Dubſter, when he was gone; "How come you to think of that? why I'm as clean as hands can make me!"

"Come, ſir, come," ſaid Mrs. Mittin, reaching over to him, and ſtroking his arm, "don't be angry; theſe things will

happen, ſometimes, in public companies; but gentlemen ſhould be above minding them. He meant no harm, I dare ſay."

"O, as to that, ma'am," anſwered Mr. Dubſter proudly, "I don't much care if he did or not: it's no odds to me. Only I don't know much what right he has to defame me. I wonder who he thinks he is that he may break the peace for nothing. I can't ſay I'm much a friend to ſuch behaviour. Treating people with ſo little ceremony."

"I proteſt," cried Sir Sedley to Camilla, "'tis your favourite ſwain from the Northwick aſſembly! wafted on ſome zephyr of Hope, he has purſued you to Tunbridge. I flatter myſelf he has brought his laſt bran new cloaths to claim your fair hand at the maſter of the ceremonies' ball."

"Huſh! huſh!" cried Camilla, in a low voice; "he will take you literally ſhould he hear you!"

Mr. Dubſter, now perceiving her, bowed low from the place where he ſtood, and called

called out, "How do you do, ma'am? I aſk pardon for not ſpeaking to you before; but I can't ſay as I ſee you."

Camilla was forced to bow, though ſhe made no anſwer. But he continued with his uſual ſteadineſs; "Why, that was but a unked morning we was together ſo long, ma'am, in my new ſummer-houſe. We was in fine jeopardy, that's the truth of it. Pray, how does the young gentleman do as took away our ladder?"

"What a delectable acquaintance!" cried Sir Sedley; "would you have the cruelty to keep ſuch a treaſure to yourſelf? preſent me, I ſupplicate!"

"O, I know you well enough, ſir," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, who overheard him; "I ſee you at the hop at the White Hart; and I believe you know me pretty well too, ſir, if I may take account by your ſtaring. Not that I mind it in the leaſt."

"Come, come, don't be touchy," ſaid Mrs. Mittin; "can't you be good-natured, and hold your tongue? what ſignifies

taking things amiſs? It only breeds ill words."

"That's very ſenſibly obſerved upon!" ſaid Mr. Dennel; "I don't know when I've heard any thing more ſenſibly ſaid."

"O, as to that, I don't take it amiſs in the leaſt," cried Mr. Dubſter; "if the gentleman's a mind to ſtare, let him ſtare. Only I ſhould like to know what it's for. It's no better than child's play, as one may ſay, making one look fooliſh for nothing."

The ourang outang was now announced, and Mrs. Arlbery immediately left the booth, accompanied by her party, and ſpeedily followed by Edgar.

Neither of the carriages were in waiting, but they would not return to the booth. Sir Sedley, to whom ſtanding was ſtill rather inconvenient, begged a caſt in the carriage of a friend, who was accidentally paſſing by.

Macderſey, who joined them, ſaid he had been conſidering what that fellow had propoſed to him, of taking the firſt blow, and found he could not put up with it: and

and upon the appearance of Mr. Dubſter, who in quitting the booth was preparing, with his uſual leiſurely ſolemnity, to approach Camilla, darted forward and ſeizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "Retract, ſir! Retract!"

Mr. Dubſter ſtared, at firſt, without ſpeech or oppoſition; but being releaſed by the Major, whom the General begged to interfere, he angrily ſaid: "Pray, ſir, what buſineſs have you to take hold of a body in ſuch a manner as that? It's an aſſault, ſir, and ſo I can prove. And I'm glad of it; for now I can ſerve you as I did another gentleman once before, that I ſmarted out of a good ten pound out of his pocket, for a knock he gave me, for a mere nothing, juſt like this here pulling one by the collar, nobody knows why."

The Major, endeavouring to quiet Macderſey, adviſed him to deſpiſe ſo low a perſon.

"So I will, my dear friend," he returned, "as ſoon as ever I have given him the proper chaſtiſement for his ignorance.

But I muſt do that firſt. You won't take it ill, Major."

"I believe," cried Mr. Dubſter, holding up both his hands, "the like of this was never heard of! Here's a gentleman, as he calls himſelf, ready to take away my life, with his own good will, for nothing but giving him a little bit of advice! However, it's all one to me. The law is open to all. And if any one plays their tricks upon me, they ſhall pay for their fun. I'm none of your tame ones to put up with ſuch a thing for nothing. I'm above that, I promiſe you."

"Don't talk, ſir, don't talk!" cried Macderſey; "it's a thing I can't bear from a mean perſon, to be talked to. I had a hundred thouſand times rather ſtand to be ſhot at."

"Not talk, ſir? I ſhould be glad to know what right you has to hinder me, provided I ſay nothing againſt the law? And as to b ing a mean perſon, it's more than you can prove, for I'm ſure you don't know who I am, nor nothing about me. I may

I may be a lord, for any thing you know, though I don't pretend to ſay I am. But as to what people take me for, that behave ſo out of character, it's what I ſha'n't trouble my head about. They may take me for a chimney-ſweeper, or they may take me for a duke; which they like. I ſha'n't tell them whether I'm one or t'other, or whether I'm neither. And as to not talking, I ſhall hold my tongue when I think proper."

"Aſk my pardon this inſtant, fellow!" cried the Enſign, whom the Major, at the motion of the General, now caught by the arm, and hurried from the ſpot: Mrs. Mittin, at the ſame moment pulling away Mr. Dubſter, and notably expounding to him the advantages of patience and good humour.

Mrs. Arlbery, wearied both of this ſquabble and of waiting, took the arm of the General, and ſaid ſhe would walk home; Miſs Dennel lovingly held by Mrs. Mittin, with whom her father alſo

assorted, and by whom Mr. Dubster was drawn on.

Camilla alone had no immediate companion, as the Major was occupied by the Ensign. Edgar saw her disengaged. He trembled, he wavered; he wished the Major back; he wished him still more at a distance too remote ever to return; he thought he would instantly mount his horse, and gallop towards Beech Park; but the horse was not ready, and Camilla was in sight;—and, in less than a minute, he found himself, scarce knowing how, at her side.

Camilla felt a pleasure that bounded to her heart, though the late assertions of Mrs. Arlbery prepared her to expect him. He knew not, however, what to say; he felt mortified and disappointed, and when he had uttered something scarce intelligible about the weather, he walked on in silence.

Camilla, whose present train of thoughts had no discordant tendency, broke through this strangeness herself, and said: "How

frivolous I muſt appear to you! but indeed I was at the very door of the booth, before I knew whither the party was going."

"You did not, I hope, at leaſt," he cried, "when you had entered it, deem me too rigid, too auſtere, that I thought the ſpecies, both of company and of entertainment, ill calculated for a young lady?"

"Rigid! auſtere!" repeated ſhe; "I never thought you either! never—and if once again—" ſhe ſtopt; embarraſſed, aſhamed.

"If once again what?" cried he in a tremulous voice; "what would Miſs Camilla ſay?—would ſhe again—Is there yet —What would Miſs Camilla ſay?—"

Camilla felt confounded, both with ideas of what he meant to allude to, and what conſtruction he had put upon her half finiſhed ſentence. Impatient, however, to clear that, "If once more," ſhe cried, "you could prevail with yourſelf—now and then—from time to time—

time—to give me an hint, an idea—of what you think right—I will promiſe, if not a conſtant obſervance, at leaſt a never-failing ſenſe of your kindneſs."

The revulſion in the heart, in the whole frame of Edgar, was almoſt too powerful for reſtraint: he panted for an immediate explanation of every paſt and every preſent difficulty, and a final avowal that ſhe was either ſelf-deſtined to the Major, or that he had no rival to fear: But before he could make any anſwer, a ſudden and violent ſhower broke up the conference, and grouped the whole party under a large tree.

This interruption, however, had no power upon their thoughts; neither of them heard a word that was ſaying; each ruminated intently, though confuſedly, upon what already was paſſed. Yet where the wind precipitated the rain, Edgar ſtationed himſelf, and held his hat to intercept its paſſage to Camilla; and as her eye involuntarily was caught by the ſhower that pattered upon his head and ſhoulders, ſhe inſenſibly

inſenſibly preſſed nearer to the trunk of the tree, to afford more ſhelter to him from its branches.

The reſt of the party partook not of this taciturnity: Mr. Dubſter, ſtaring Mrs. Mittin full in the face, exclaimed: "I think I ought to know you, ma'am, aſking your pardon?"

"No matter for that!" cried ſhe, turning with quickneſs to Camilla; "Lord, miſs—I don't know your name,—how your poor hat is all I don't know how! as limp, and as flimzy, as if it had been in a waſh-tub!"

"I've juſt bethought me," continued he, "where it was we uſed to ſee one another, and all the whole manner of it. I've got it as clear in my head as if it was but yeſterday. Don't you remember—"

"Can't you ſtand a little out, there?" interrupted ſhe; "what ſignifies a man's old coat? don't you ſee how you let all the rain come upon this young lady? you ſhould never think of yourſelf, but only of what you can do to be obliging."

"A very

"A very good rule, that! a very good one indeed!" ſaid Mr. Dennel; "I wiſh every body would mind it."

"I'm as willing to mind it, I believe," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "as my neighbours; but as to being wet through, for mere complaiſance, I don't think it fair to expect ſuch a thing of nobody. Beſides, this is not ſuch an old coat as you may think for. If you was to ſee what I wear at home, I promiſe you would not think ſo bad of it. I don't ſay it's my beſt; who'd be fool then, to wear it every day? However, I believe it's pretty nigh as good as that I had on that night I ſaw you at Mrs. Purdle's, when, you know, one of your pattens—"

"Come, come, what's the man talking about? one perſon ſhould not take all the converſation up ſo. Dear miſs----do tell me your name?----I am ſo ſorry for your hat, I can't but think of it; it looks as dingy!---"

"Why, now, you won't make me believe," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, "you've forgot how

how your patten broke; and how I ſqueez-ed my finger under the iron? And how I'd like to have loſt the uſe of it? There would have been a fine job! And how Mrs. Purdle---"

"I'm ſure the ſhower's over," cried Mrs. Mittin, "and if we ſtay here, we ſhall have all the droppings of the leaves upon us. Poor miſs thing-o-me's hat is ſpoilt already. There's no need to make it worſe."

"And how Mrs. Purdle," he continued, "was obliged to lend you a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings, becauſe you was wet through your feet? And how they would not fit you, and kept tumbling off? And how, when ſomebody come to fetch you in their own coach, you made us ſay you was taken ill, becauſe you was ſo daubed with mud and mire, you was aſhamed to ſhew yourſelf? And how---"

"I can't think what you are talking of," ſaid Mrs. Mittin; "but come, let's you and I go a little way on, to ſee if the rain's over." She then went ſome paces from

from the tree, and said: "What signifies running on so, Mr. Dubster, about things nobody knows any thing of? It's tiring all the company to death. You should never talk about your own fingers, and hap-hazards, to genteel people. You should only talk about agreeable subjects as I do. See how they all like me! That gentleman brought me to the monkies in his own coach."

"As to that," answered he, gravely, "I did not mean, in the least, to say any thing disagreeable; only I thought it odd you should not seem to know me again, considering Mrs. Purdle used——"

"Why you've no nous, Mr. Dubster; Mrs. Purdle's a very good sort of woman and the best friend I have in the world, perhaps, at the bottom; but she i'n't a sort of person to talk of before gentlefolks. You should talk to great people about their own affairs, and what you can do to please them, and find out how you can serve them, if you'd be treated genteelly by them, as I am. Why, I go every where,

where, and ſee every thing, and it coſts me nothing. A friend, a lady of great faſhion, took me one day to the monkies, and paid for me; and I've gone ſince, whenever I will, for nothing."

"Nobody treats me to nothing," anſwered he, in a melancholy voice, "whatever's the reaſon: except when I make friends with ſomebody that can let me in free, ſometimes. And I get a peep, now and then, at what goes forward, that way."

"But you are rich enough to pay for yourſelf now, Mr. Dubſter; good lack! if I had ſuch a fortune as yours, I'd go all the world over, and thanks to nobody."

"And how long would you be rich then, Mrs. Mittin? Who'd give you your money again when you'd ſpent it? I got mine hard enough. I ſha'n't fool it away in a hurry, I promiſe you!"

"I can't ſay I ſee that, Mr. Dubſter, when two of your wives died ſo ſoon, and left you ſo handſome."

"Why,

" Why, yes, I don't ſay to the contrary of that; but then, think of the time before, when I was 'prentice!—"

The ſhower was now over, and the party proceeded as before.

Edgar, uncertain, irreſolute, walked on in ſilence: yet attentive, aſſiduous, even tenderly watchful to guide, guard, and aſſiſt his fair companion in her way. The name of the Major trembled perpetually upon his lips; but fear what might be the reſult of his inquiries ſtopt his ſpeech till they approached the houſe; when he commanded voice to ſay: " You permit, then, the renewal of my old privilege?—"

" Permit! I wiſh for it!"

They were now at the door. Edgar, not daring to ſpeak again to Camilla, and not able to addreſs any one elſe, took his leave; enchanted that he was authorized, once more, to inform himſelf with openneſs of the ſtate of her affairs, and of her conduct. And Camilla, dwelling with delight

light upon the diſcernment of Mrs. Arlbery, bleſt the happy penetration that had endowed her with courage to ſpeak again to Edgar in terms of friendſhip and confidence.

Mrs. Mittin, declaring ſhe could not eat till ſhe had ſeen what could be done for the hat of Miſs Tyrold, accompanied her up ſtairs, took it off herſelf, wiped it, ſmoothed, and tried to new arrange it; and, at laſt, failing to ſucceed, inſiſted upon taking it home, to put it in order, and promiſed to return it in the morning time enough for the Pantiles. Camilla was much aſhamed; but ſhe had no means to buy another, and ſhe had now loſt her indifference to going abroad. She thought, therefore, this new acquaintance at leaſt as uſeful at ſhe was officious, and accepted her civility with thanks.

CHAP. VII.

The Rooms.

THE evening, as uſual, was deſtined to the Rooms. The firſt object Camilla perceived upon her entrance was Edgar, and the ſmile with which ſhe met his eye brought him inſtantly to her ſide. That ſmile was not leſs radiant for his nearer approach; nor was his pleaſure in it leſs animated for obſerving that Major Cerwood was not of her party, nor as yet in the room. The opportunity ſeemed inviting to engage her himſelf; to ſuggeſt and to find it irreſiſtible was the ſame thing, and he inquired if her whole evening were arranged, or ſhe would go down two dances with an old friend.

The ſoftneſs of her aſſent was even exquiſite delight to him; and, as they all walked up and down the apartment, though he addreſſed her but little, and though ſhe ſpoke

ſpoke but in anſwer, every word he uttered ſhe received as couching ſome gentle meaning, and every ſyllable ſhe replied, he thought conveyed ſomething of flattering intereſt: and although all was upon open and unavoidable ſubjects, he had no eyes but for her, ſhe had no attention but for him.

This quiet, yet heart-felt intercourſe, was ſoon a little interrupted by the appearance of a large and ſtriking party, led on by Lady Alithea Selmore; for which every body made way, to which every body turned, and which, paſſing by all the company without ſeeming conſcious there was any to paſs, formed a maſs at the upper end of the room, with an air and manner of ſuch excluſive attention to their chief, or to one another, that common obſervation would have concluded ſome film before their eyes obſtructed their diſcerning that they were not the ſole engroſſers of the apartment.

But ſuch was not the judgment formed of them by Mrs. Arlbery, who, forced by

the ſtream to give them paſſage, paid herſelf for the condeſcenſion by a commentary upon the paſſengers. "Thoſe good people," ſaid ſhe, "ſtrive to make us believe we are nothing to them. They ſtrive even to believe it themſelves. But this is the mere ſemblance worn by pride and affectation, to veil internal fatigue. They come hither to recruit their exhauſted powers, not, indeed, by joining in our ſociety, but by a view of new objects for their ſenſes, and the flattering idea, for their minds, of the envy or admiration they excite. They are all people of ſome conſequence, and many of them are people of title: but theſe are far the moſt ſupportable of the group; their privileged ſuperiority over the reſt is ſo marked and indiſputable, that they are ſaved the trouble either of claiming or aſcertaining it: but thoſe who approach their rank without reaching it, live in a conſtant ſtruggle to make known their importance. Indeed, I have often ſeen that people of title are leſs gratified with the ſound of their own honours, than

than people of no title in pronouncing them."

Sir Sedley Clarendel was of this ſet. Like the reſt he paſſed Mrs. Arlbery without ſeeming to notice her, and was paſſing Camilla in the ſame manner; but not aware this was only to be fine, like the party to which he belonged, ſhe very innocently ſpoke to him herſelf, to hope he got ſafe to his lodgings, without feeling any further ill effect from his accident.

Sir Sedley, though internally much gratified by this intereſt in his ſafety, which in Camilla was the reſult of having herſelf endangered it, looked as if he ſcarce recollected her, and making haſtily a kind of half bow, walked on with his company.

Camilla, who had no view, nor one ſerious thought concerning him, was rather amuſed than diſpleaſed by his capricqs; and was preparing to relate the hiſtory of his lameneſs to Edgar, who ſeemed ſurpriſed and even hurt by her addreſſing him, and by his ſo ſlightly paſſing her, when

the entrance of another ſplendid party interrupted all diſcourſe.

And here, to her utter amaze, ſhe beheld, as chief of the group, her romantic new friend; not leading, indeed, like Lady Alithea Selmore, a train, but ſurrounded by admirers, who, ſeeking no eye but hers, ſeemed dim and humble planets, moving round a radiant ſun.

Camilla now, forgetting Sir Sedley, would have taken this moment to narrate her adventure with Mrs. Berlinton, had not her deſign been defeated by the approach of the Major. He belonged to this laſt group, but was the only one that ſeparated from it. He ſpoke to Camilla with his uſual air of devotion, told her he had dined with Mrs. Berlinton, to whoſe huſband, whom he had taken for her grandfather, he had been juſt introduced; and begged to know of Mrs. Arlbery if he might have the pleaſure of bringing them all acquainted; an offer which Camilla, unauthoriſed by Mrs. Berlinton, had not

not ventured to make. Mrs. Arlbery declined the propoſal; not anxious to mix where ſhe had ſmall chance of preſiding.

The party, after traverſing the room, took full and excluſive poſſeſſion of a conſiderable ſpot juſt below that occupied by Lady Alithea.

Theſe two companies completely engroſſed all attention, amply ſupplying the reſt of the aſſembly with topics for diſcourſe. The ſet with Lady Alithea Selmore was, in general, haughty, ſupercilious, and taciturn; looking around with eyes determined to ſee neither any perſon nor any thing before them, and rarely ſpeaking, except to applaud what fell from her ladyſhip; who far leſs proud, becauſe a lover of popularity, deigned herſelf, from time to time, a ſlight glance at the company, to ſee if ſhe was obſerved, and to enjoy its reverence.

The party to which Mrs. Berlinton was the loadſtone, was far more attractive to the diſciples of nature, though leſs ſeduloufly ſought by thoſe whom the manners

and maxims of the common world had ſophiſticated. They were gay, elegant, deſirous to pleaſe, becauſe pleaſed themſelves; and though ſome of them harboured deſigns deeper and more dangerous than any formed by the votaries of rank, they appeared to have nothing more in view than to decorate with flowers the preſent moment. The magnetic influence of beauty was, however, more powerful than that of the *ton;* for though Mrs. Berlinton, from time to time, allured a beau from Lady Alithea Selmore, her ladyſhip, during the whole ſeaſon, had not one retaliation to boaſt. But, on the other hand, the females, in general, ſtrove to cluſter about Lady Alithea; Mrs. Berlinton leaving them no greater chance of rivalſhip in converſation than in charms.

Edgar had made way upon the approach of the Major, who wore an air of ſuperior claim extremely unpleaſant to him; but, ſince already engaged to Camilla, he meant to return to her when the dancing began.

She

She concluded he left her but to ſpeak to ſome acquaintance, and was, herſelf, amply occupied in obſerving her new friend. The light in which ſhe now beheld her, admired, purſued, and adulated, elegantly adorned in her perſon, and evidently with but one rival for fame and faſhion in Tunbridge, filled her with aſtoniſhment. Nothing could leſs aſſort with her paſſion for ſolitude, her fondneſs for literary and ſentimental diſcuſſions, and her enthuſiaſm in friendſhip. But her ſurpriſe was mixed with praiſe and admiration, when ſhe reflected upon the ſoft humility and careſſing ſweetneſs of her manners, yet found her, by general conſent, holding this elevated rank in ſociety.

The Major earneſtly preſſed to conduct Camilla to this coterie, aſſuring her Mrs. Berlinton would not have paſſed, had ſhe ſeen her, for, during dinner, and at coffee, ſhe had talked of nobody elſe. Camilla heard this with pleaſure, but ſhrunk from all advances, and ſtrove rather to hide than ſhew herſelf, that Mrs. Berlinton might

have full liberty either to ſeek or avoid her. She wiſhed to conſult Edgar upon this acquaintance; though the preſent ſplendour of her appearance, and the number of her followers, made her fear ſhe could never induce him to do juſtice to the ſweetneſs and endearment of her ſocial powers.

When the Major found he pleaded in vain, he ſaid he would at leaſt let Mrs. Berlinton know where to look for her; and went himſelf to that lady.

Edgar, who had felt ſenſibly mortified to obſerve, when he retreated, that the eyes and attention of Camilla had been wholly beſtowed upon what he conſidered merely as a new ſcene, was now coming forward; when he ſaw Mrs. Berlinton haſtily riſe, ſuddenly break from all her adulators, and, with quick ſteps and animated geſtures, traverſe the apartment, to addreſs Camilla, whom, taking by both her hands, which ſhe preſſed to her heart, ſhe conjured, in the moſt flattering terms, to accompany her back.

Camilla

Camilla was much gratified; yet, from delicacy to Mrs. Arlbery, ſtimulated by the fear of miſſing her expected partner in the country dances, declined the invitation: Mrs. Berlinton looked diſappointed; but ſaid ſhe would not be importunate, and returned alone.

Camilla, a little diſturbed, beſought the Major to follow, with an offer of ſpending with her, if ſhe pleaſed, the whole of the enſuing day.

"Charming!" cried the Major, "for I am engaged to her myſelf already."

To Camilla this hearing was diſtreſſing; to Edgar it was ſcarcely endurable. But ſhe could not retract, and Edgar was ſtopt in the inquiries he meant to make concerning this ſtriking new acquaintance, by an abrupt declaration from Mrs. Arlbery, that the Rooms were inſufferable, and ſhe would immediately go home. She then gave her hand to the General, and Miſs Dennel took the arm of Camilla, murmuring, that ſhe would never leave the

Rooms at ſuch an early hour again, when once ſhe was married.

To quit Edgar thus, at the very moment of renewed intercourſe and amity, ſeemed too cruel; and Camilla, though with bluſhes, and ſtammering, whiſpered Mrs. Arlbery, "What can I do, ma'am? moſt unfortunately I have engaged myſelf to dance?"

"With whom?"

"With—Mr.—Mandlebert."

"O, vaſtly well! Stay, then by all means: but, as he has not engaged me too, allow me, I beſeech you, to eſcape. Mrs. Berlinton will, I am ſure, be happy to take care of you."

This ſcheme was, to Camilla, the moſt pleaſant that could be propoſed; and, at the ſame inſtant, the Major returned to her, with theſe words written with a pencil upon the back of a letter.

"To-morrow, and next day, and next day, come to me, my lovely friend; every thing,

thing, and every body fatigues me but yourſelf."

Camilla, obliged again to have recourſe to the Major, wrote, upon the ſame paper, "Can you have the goodneſs to convey me to Mount Pleaſant to-night, if I ſtay?" and begged him to bring her an anſwer. She entreated, alſo, Mrs. Arlbery to ſtop till it arrived, which was almoſt in the ſame minute; for the eye of Mrs. Berlinton had but glanced upon the words, ere her ſoft and lovely form was again with their fair writer, with whom, ſmiling and delighted, ſhe walked back, arm in arm, to her place.

Mrs. Arlbery and the General, and Mr. and Miſs Dennel, now left the room.

Edgar viewed all this with amazement. He found that the young lady ſhe joined was ſiſter-in-law to a peer, and as faſhionable as ſhe was beautiful; but could not fathom how ſo great an intimacy had ſo ſuddenly been formed.

Camilla, thus diſtinguiſhed, became now herſelf an object of peculiar notice; her

own perſonal claim to particular attention, her dejection had forfeited, for it had robbed her eyes of their animation, and her countenance of its play; but no contagion ſpreads with greater certainty nor greater ſpeed than that of faſhion; ſlander itſelf is not more ſure of promulgation. She was now looked at by all preſent as if ſeen for the firſt time; every one diſcovered in her ſome charm, ſome grace, ſome excellence; thoſe who, the minute before, had paſſed her with perfect indifference, ſaid it was impoſſible to ſee and not be ſtruck with her; and all agreed ſhe could appear upon no ſpot under the ſun, and not inſtinctively be ſingled out, as formed to ſhine in the higheſt ſphere.

But he by whom this tranſaction was obſerved with moſt pleaſure, was Sir Sedley Clarendel. The extraordinary ſervice he had performed for Camilla, and the grateful intereſt ſhe had ſhewn him in return, had led him to conſider her with an attention ſo favourable, that, without half her merit, or half her beauty, ſhe could not

not have failed rising in his eſtimation, and exciting his regard: and ſhe had now a ſuperior charm that diſtanced every other; ſhe had been aſked to dance, yet refuſed it, by a man of celebrity in the *ton;* and ſhe was publicly ſought and careſſed by the only rival at Tunbridge, in that ſpecies of renoun, to Lady Alithea Selmore.

He felt an increaſed deſire to be preſented to Mrs. Berlinton himſelf; and, gliding from his own circle as quietly as he could contrive, not to offend Lady Alithea, who, though ſhe laughed at *the little Welſh ruſtic*, was watchful of her votaries, and jealous of her riſing power, came gently behind Lord O'Lerney and whiſpered his requeſt.

He was received by the young beauty with that grace, and that ſweetneſs which rendered her ſo generally bewitching, yet with an air that proved her already accuſtomed to admiration, and untouched by its intoxicating qualities. All that was voluntary of her attention was beſtowed excluſively upon Camilla, though, when addreſſed

addreſſed and called upon by others, ſhe anſwered without impatience, and looked without diſpleaſure.

This conduct, at the ſame time that it ſhewed her in a point of view the moſt amiable, raiſed Camilla higher and higher in the eyes of the bye-ſtanders: and, in a few minutes more, the general cry throughout the aſſembly was, to inquire who was the young lady thus brought forward by Mrs. Berlinton.

Edgar heard this with increaſed anxiety. Has ſhe diſcretion, has ſhe fortitude, thought he, to withſtand public diſtinction? Will it not ſpoil her for private life; eſtrange her from family concerns? render taſteleſs and inſipid the conjugal and maternal characters, meant by Nature to form not only the moſt ſacred of duties, but the moſt delicious of enjoyments?

Very ſoon after, this anxiety was tinctured with a feeling more ſevere; he ſaw her ſpoken to negligently by Sir Sedley; he required, after what he had already himſelf deemed impertinence from the Baronet, that

that ſhe ſhould have aſſumed to him a diſtant dignity; but he perceived, on the contrary, that ſhe anſwered him with pleaſant alacrity, and, when not engaged by Mrs. Berlinton, attended to him, even with diſtinction.

Alas! thought he, the degradation from the true female character is already begun! already the lure of faſhion draws her from what ſhe owes to delicacy and propriety, to give a willing reception to inſolence and foppery!

Camilla, meanwhile, unſuſpicious of his remarks, and perſuaded every civility in her power was due to Sir Sedley, was gay, pleaſed, and pleaſing; happy to conſider herſelf under the guidance, and reſtored to the amity of Edgar, and determined to acquaint him with all her affairs, and conſult him upon all her proceedings.

The dancing, for which mutually they languiſhed, as the mutual means of reunion, ſeemed not to be the humour of the evening, and thoſe who were ready for it, were not of ſufficient conſequence

to

to bring it forward. But when Mrs. Berlinton mentioned, that she had been taking some lessons in a cotillon, a universal cry was raised by all her party, to try one immediately. She pleaded in vain her inexperience in such dances; they insisted there was nobody present that could criticise, that her form alone would compensate for every mistake of rule, and that the best lesson was easy practice.

She was soon gained, for she was not addicted to denials; but the application which ensued to Camilla was acceded to less promptly. As there were but two other ladies in the circle of Mrs. Berlinton, her assistance was declared to be indispensable. She pleaded inability of every sort, though to dance without Edgar was her only real objection; for she had no false shame in being ignorant of what she never had learnt. But Mrs. Berlinton protested she would not rise if she were the only novice to be exhibited; and the Major then prepared to prostrate himself at the feet of Camilla; who, hastily, and ashamed,

stood

ſtood up, to prevent an action that Edgar might miſinterpret.

Hoping, however, now, to at leaſt draw him into their ſet, ſhe ventured to acknowledge to Mrs. Berlinton, that ſhe was already engaged, in caſe ſhe danced.

The Major, who heard her, and who knew it was not to himſelf, ſtrenuouſly declared this could only be for country dances, and therefore would not interfere with a cotillon.

"Will country dances, then," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, "follow?"

"Certainly, if any one has ſpirit to begin them."

The cotillon was now played, and the preceding bow from the oppoſite Major forced her courtſie in return.

The little ſkill in this dance of one of the performers, and the total want of it in another, made it a mere pleaſantry to all, though the youth and beauty of the two who did the worſt, rendered them objects

jects of admiration, that left nearly unnoticed those who did best.

To Camilla what belonged to pleasantry in this business was of short duration. When the cotillon was over, she saw nothing of Edgar. She looked around, mortified, disappointed. No one called for a country dance; and the few who had wished for it, concluding all chance over when a cotillon was begun, had now retired, or given it up.

What was this disappointment, compared with the sufferings of Edgar? Something of a contest, and of entreaties, had reached his ears, while he had hovered near the party, or strolled up and down the room. He had gathered the subject was dancing, and he saw the Major most earnest with Camilla. He was sure it was for her hand, and concluded it was for a country dance; but could she forfeit her engagement? were matters so far advanced, as to make her so openly shew him all prevailing, all powerful, not only over all rivals, but,

but, according to the world's eſtabliſhed cuſtoms upon theſe occaſions, over all decorum?

Preſently, he ſaw the Major half kneel; he ſaw her riſe to prevent the proſtration; and he heard the dance called.

He could bear no more; pain intolerable ſeized, diſtracted him, and he abruptly quitted the ball-room, leſt the Major ſhould approach him with ſome happy apology, which he was unfitted to receive.

He could only ſettle his ideas by ſuppoſing ſhe really loved Major Cerwood, and had ſuffered her character to be infected by the indelicacy that made a part of his own. Yet why had ſhe ſo ſtrove to deny all regard, all connection? what an unaccountable want of frankneſs! what a miſerable dereliction of truth!

His firſt impulſe was to ſet off inſtantly from Tunbridge; but his ſecond thoughts repreſented the confeſſion this would make. He was too proud to leave the Major, whom

whom he deſpiſed, ſuch a triumph, and too much hurt to permit Camilla herſelf to know him ſo poignantly wounded. She could not, indeed, but be ſtruck by his retreat; he reſolved, however, to try to meet with her the next day, and to ſpeak to her with the amity they had ſo lately arranged, yet in a way that ſhould manifeſt him wholly free from all other intereſt or view.

CHAP. VIII.

Ways to the Heart.

All pleaſure to Camilla was completely over from the moment that Edgar diſappeared.

When ſhe returned to Mount Pleaſant, Mrs. Arlbery, whom ſhe found alone, ſaid, "Did I not underſtand that you were going to dance with Mr. Mandlebert? How chanced he to leave you? We were kept ages waiting for the coach; and I ſaw him paſs by, and walk off."

Camilla, colouring, related the hiſtory of the cotillon; and ſaid, ſhe feared, not knowing how ſhe had been circumſtanced, he was diſpleaſed.

"Diſpleaſed!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "and do you, at ſeventeen, ſuffer a man to be diſpleaſed? How can you do worſe when you are fifty? Know

your own power more truly, and uſe it better. Men, my dear, are all ſpoilt by humility, and all conquered by gaiety. Amuſe and defy them!—attend to that maxim, and you will have the world at your feet."

"I have no ſuch ambition:—but I ſhould be ſenſibly hurt to make an old friend think ill of me."

"When an old friend," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, archly, "happens to be a young man, you muſt conduct yourſelf with him a little like what you are; that is, a young woman. And a young woman is never in her proper place, if ſuch ſort of old friends are not taught to know their own. From the inſtant you permit them to think of being offended, they become your maſters; and you will find it vaſtly more convenient to make them your ſlaves."

Camilla pretended to underſtand this in a mere general ſenſe, and wiſhed her good night.

* * *

The

The next morning, at an early hour, her chamber door was opened with great ſuddenneſs, and no preparation, and Mrs. Mittin tript nimbly into the room, with a hat in her hand.

"Look here! my dear Miſs Tyrold," cried ſhe, "for now that other young lady has told me your name, and I writ it down upon paper, that I might not forget it again: look at your hat now! Did you ever ſee any thing ſo much improved for the better? I declare nobody would know it! Miſs Dennel ſays it's as pretty again as it was at firſt. I'll go and ſhew it to the other lady."

Away ſhe went, triumphant, with the trophy of her notability; but preſently returned, ſaying, "Do, pray, Miſs Tyrold, write me down that other lady's name upon a ſcrap of paper. It always goes out of my head. And one looks as if one knew nobody, when one forgets people's names."

Camilla complied, and expreſſed her

ſhame to have cauſed her ſo much trouble.

"O, my dear, it's none at all. I got all the things at Mrs. Tillden's."

"Who is Mrs. Tillden?" cried Camilla, ſtaring.

"Why the milliner. Don't you know that?"

"What things?" aſked Camilla, alarmed.

"Why theſe, my dear; don't you ſee? Why it's all new, except juſt the hat itſelf, and the feathers."

Camilla was now in extreme embarraſſment. She had concluded Mrs. Mittin had only newly arranged the ornaments, and had not the ſmalleſt idea of incurring a debt which ſhe had no means to diſcharge.

"It all comes to quite a trifle," continued Mrs. Mitten, "for all it's ſo pretty Mrs. Tillden's things are all monſtrous cheap.

cheap. I get things for next to nothing from her, ſometimes, when they are a little paſt the mode. But then I recommend her a heap of cuſtomers. I get all my friends, by hook or by crook, to go to her ſhop."

"And what," ſtammered out Camilla, "beſides my thanks, do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing. She would not be paid; ſhe ſaid, as you was her cuſtomer, and had all your things of her at firſt, ſhe'd put it down in your bill for the ſeaſon."

This was, at leaſt, ſome reſpite; though Camilla felt the diſagreeable neceſſity of increaſing her intended demand upon Mrs. Arlbery.

Miſs Dennel came with a ſummons from that lady to the Pantiles, whither, as the day was fine, ſhe propoſed they ſhould walk.

"O," cried Mrs. Mittin, "if you are going upon the Pantiles, you muſt go to that ſhop where there's the curious ear-rings that are to be raffled for. You'll put in to be ſure."

Camilla ſaid no, with a ſigh attributed to the ear-rings, but due to a tender recollection of the raffle in which Edgar had procured her the trinket ſhe moſt valued. Mrs. Mittin propoſed accompanying them, and aſked Camilla to introduce her to Mrs. Arlbery. This was very diſagreeable; but ſhe knew not how, after the civility ſhe owed her, to refuſe.

Mrs. Arlbery received her with much ſurprize, but perfect unconcern; conſcious of her own importance, ſhe feared no diſgrace from being ſeen with one in a lower ſtation; and ſhe conceived it no honour to appear with one in a higher.

When they came to the Pantiles, Mrs. Mittin begged to introduce them to a view of the ear-rings, which belonged, ſhe ſaid, to one of her particular friends; and as Mrs. Arlbery caught the eye of Sir Sedley Clarendel in paſſing the window, ſhe entered the ſhop.

"Well," cried Mrs. Mittin, to its maſter, "don't ſay I bring you no company. I am ſure you ought to let me throw for nothing,

nothing, if it's only for good luck; for I am ſure theſe three ladies will all put in. Come, Miſs Dennel, do lead the way. 'Tis but half a guinea, and only look what a prize."

"Aſk papa to pay for me!" cried Miſs Dennel.

"Come, good ſir, come, put down the half guinea for the young lady. I'm ſure you can't refuſe her. Lord! what's half a guinea?"

"That's a very bad way of reaſoning," anſwered Mr. Dennel; "and what I did not expect from a woman of your ſenſe."

"Why you don't think, ſir, I meant that half a guinea's a trifle? No indeed! I know what money is better than that. I only mean half a guinea is nothing in compariſon to ten guineas, which is the price of the ear-rings; and ſo that makes me think it's pity the young lady ſhould loſe an opportunity of getting them ſo cheap. I'm ſure if they were dear, I ſhould be the laſt to recommend them, for I think extravagance the greateſt ſin under the ſun."

"Well, now you ſpeak like the ſenſible woman I took you for."

A very little more eloquence of this ſort was neceſſary, before Mr. Dennel put down half a guinea.

"Well, I declare," cried Mrs. Mittin, "there's only three more names wanted; and when theſe two ladies have put in, there will be only one! I'm ſure if I was rich enough, that one would not be far off. But come, ma'am, where's your half guinea? Come, Miſs Tyrold, don't hold back; who knows but you may win? there's only nineteen againſt you. Lord, what's that?"

Camilla turned away, and Mrs. Arlbery did not liſten to a word; but when Sir Sedley ſaid, "They are really very pretty; won't you throw?" ſhe anſwered, "I muſt rather make a raffle with my own trinkets, than raffle for other people's. Think of my ponies! However, I'll put in, if Mr. Dennel will be my paymaſter."

Mr. Dennel, turning ſhort off, walked out of the ſhop.

"This

"This is a bad omen!" cried she, laughing; and then desired to look at the list of rafflers; when seeing amongst the names those of Lady Alithea Selmore and the Hon. Mrs. Berlinton, she exclaimed: "'Tis a coalition of all fashion and reputation! We shall be absolutely scouted, my dear Miss Tyrold, if we shrink. My poor ponies must wait half a guinea longer! Let us put in together."

Camilla answered, she had no intention to try for them.

"Well, then, lend me half a guinea; for I never trust myself, now, with my purse."

"I have not a half guinea----I have---- I have no----gold----in my purse," answered Camilla, with a face deeply tinged with red.

Major Cerwood, who joined the party during this discussion, intreated to be banker for both the ladies. Camilla positively refused any share; but Mrs. Mittin said it would be a shame for such a young

lady to go without her chance, and wrote down her name next to that of Mrs. Arlbery; while the Major, without further queſtion, put down a guinea upon the counter.

Camilla could not endure this; yet from a youthful ſhame of confeſſing poverty, forced herſelf to the ear of Mrs. Arlbery, and whiſpered an intreaty that ſhe would pay the guinea herſelf.

Mrs. Arlbery, ſurprized, anſwered ſhe had really come out without her purſe; but ſeeing her ſeriouſly vexed, added, "If you do not approve of the Major for a banker till we go home, what ſay you to Sir Sedley?"

"I ſhall prefer him a thouſand times!"

Mrs. Arlbery, in a low voice, repeated this to the young Baronet, and receiving his guinea, threw it down; making the Major, without the ſmalleſt excuſe or ceremony, take back his own.

This was by no means loſt upon Sir Sedley; he felt flattered---he felt ſoftened; he

he thought Camilla looked unuſually lovely; he began to wonder at the coldneſs of Mandlebert, and to lament that the firſt affections of ſo fair a creature ſhould be caſt away.

Mandlebert himſelf was an object of nothing leſs than envy. He had entered the ſhop during the conteſt about the raffle, and ſeen Major Cerwood pay for Camilla as well as for Mrs. Arlbery. Confirmed in his notions of her poſitive engagement, and ſick at heart from the confirmation, he walked further into the ſhop, upon pretence of looking at ſome other articles, before he could aſſume ſufficient compoſure to ſpeak to her.

Mrs. Mittin now began woefully to repine that ſhe could not take the laſt ſhare for the ear-rings; and, addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Dennel, who re-entered as ſoon as he ſaw the money was paid for Mrs. Arlbery, ſhe ſaid, "You ſee, ſir, if there was ſomebody ready to take the laſt chance at once, this gentleman might fix a day for the throwing immediately; but elſe, it may be

dawdled on, nobody knows how long; for one will be gone, and t'other will be gone, and there'll be no getting the people together; and all the pleasure of the thing is being here to throw for one's self: for I don't much like trusting money matters out of sight."

"If I'd thought of all that," said Mr. Dennel, "I should not have put in."

"True, sir. But here, if it was not that I don't happen to have half a guinea to spare just now, how nicely it might all be finished in a trice! For, as I have been saying to Miss Dennel, this may turn out a real bargain; for they'll fetch their full value at any time. And I tell Miss Dennel that's the only way to lay out money, upon things that will bring it back again if it's wanted; not upon frippery froppery, that's spoilt in a minute, and then isn't worth a farthing."

"Very sensibly said," cried Mr. Dennel; "I'm sure she can't hear better advice; I'm much obliged to you for putting such sensible thoughts into her head." And then,

then, hoping ſhe would continue her good leſſons to his daughter, he drew out his purſe, and begged her to accept a chance from it for the prize.

Mrs. Mittin was in raptures; and the following week was ſettled for the raffle.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had attended to this ſcene with much amuſement, now ſaid to General Kinſale, who had taken a ſeat by her: "Did I not tell you well, General, that all men are at the diſpoſition of women? If even the ſhrewd monied man cannot reſiſt, what heart ſhall we find impenetrable? The connoiſſeur in human characters knows, that the purſuit of wealth is the petrifaction of tenderneſs: yet yonder is my good brother-in-law, who thinks caſh and exiſtence one, allured even to ſquander money, merely by the addreſs of that woman, in allowing that money ſhould be the firſt ſtudy of life! Let even Clarendel have a care of himſelf! or, when leaſt he ſuſpects any danger, ſome fair

dairy-maid will praiſe his horſemanſhip, or take a fancy to his favourite ſpaniel, or any other favourite that happens to be the foible of the day, and his invulnerability will be at her feet, and Lady Clarendel be brought forward in a fortnight."

Lord O'Lerney now entered the ſhop, accompanying a lady whoſe countenance and appearance were ſingularly pleaſing, and who, having made ſome purchaſe, was quietly retiring, when the maſter of the ſhop inquired if ſhe wiſhed to look at the ear-rings; adding, that though the number was full, he knew of one perſon, who would give up her chance, in caſe it would oblige a cuſtomer.

She anſwered ſhe had no preſent occaſion for ear-rings, and would not therefore take up either his time or her own unneceſſarily; and then walked gently away, ſtill attended by Lord O'Lerney.

"Bleſs me," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "who is that? to hear a little plain common ſenſe is ſo rare, it ſtrikes one more than wit."

"It's

"It's Lady Iſabella Irby, madam," anſwered the maſter of the ſhop.

Here Lord O'Lerney, who had only handed her to her carriage, returned.

"My lord," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "do you know what a curioſity you brought in amongſt us juſt now? A woman of rank who looks round upon other people juſt as if ſhe thought they were her fellow creatures?"

"Fie, fie!" anſwered Lord O'Lerney, laughing, "why will you ſuppoſe that ſo rare? If we have not as many women who are amiable with titles as without, it is only becauſe we have not the ſame number from which to ſelect them. They are ſpoilt or unſpoilt, but in the ſame proportion as the reſt of their ſex. Their fall, or their eſcape, is leſs local than you imagine; it does not depend upon their titles, but upon their underſtandings."

"Well, my lord, I believe you are right. I was adopting a narrow prejudice, merely from indolence of thought."

"But why, my lord," cried Sir Sedley, "does this paragon of a divinity deny her

example to the world? Is it in contempt of our incorrigibility? or in horror of our contagion?"

"My dear Sir Sedley," said Mrs. Arlbery, "don't flatter yourself with being so dangerous. Her ladyship does not fly you from fear, take my word for it. There is nothing in her air that looks as if she could only be good by being shut up. I dare believe she could meet you every day, yet be mistress of herself! Nevertheless, why, my lord, is she such a recluse? Why does one never see her at the Rooms?"

"Never see her there, my dear madam! she is there almost every night; only being unintruding, she is unnoticed."

"The satire, then, my lord," said Mrs. Arlbery, "falls upon the company. Why is she not surrounded by volunteer admirers? Why, with a person and manner so formed to charm, joined to such a character, and such rank, has she not her train?"

"The reason, my dear madam, you could define with more sagacity than myself;

ſelf; ſhe muſt be ſought! And the world is ſo lazy, that the moſt eaſy of acceſs, however valueleſs, is preferred to the moſt perfect, who muſt be purſued with any trouble."

Admirable Lord O'Lerney! thought Edgar, what a leſſon is this to youthful females againſt the glare of public homage, the falſe brilliancy of unfeminine popularity!

This converſation, however, which alone of any he had heard at Tunbridge promiſed him any pleaſure, was interrupted by Mr. Dennel, who ſaid the dinner would be ſpoilt, if they did not all go home.

Camilla felt extremely vexed to quit the ſhop, without clearing up the hiſtory of the dance; and Edgar, ſeeing the perſevering Major at her ſide as ſhe departed, in urgency to put any ſpecies of period to his own ſufferings, followed the party, and precipitately began a diſcourſe with Lord O'Lerney upon making the tour of Europe. Camilla, for whom it was deſigned, intent upon planning her own defence, heard

heard nothing that was ſaid, till Lord O'Lerney aſked him if his route would be through Switzerland, and he anſwered: "My route is not quite fixed, my lord."

Startled, ſhe now liſtened, and Mrs. Arlbery, whom ſhe held by the arm, was equally ſurpriſed, and looked to ſee how ſhe bore this intimation.

"If you will walk with me to my lodgings," replied Lord O'Lerney, "I will ſhew you my own route, which may perhaps ſave you ſome difficulties. Shall you ſet out ſoon?"

"I fancy within a month," anſwered Edgar; and, arm in arm, they walked away together, as Camilla and her party quitted the Pantiles for Mount Pleaſant.

CHAP. IX.

Counſels for Conqueſt.

FORTUNATELY for Camilla, no eye was upon her at this period but that of Mrs. Arlbery; her changed countenance, elſe, muſt have betrayed ſtill more widely her emotion. Mrs. Arlbery ſaw it with real concern, and ſaying ſhe had ſomething to conſult her about, hurried on with her alone.

Camilla ſcarce knew what ſhe did, or what ſhe ſuffered; the ſuddenneſs of ſurpriſe, which involved ſo ſevere a diſappointment, almoſt ſtupified her faculties. Mrs. Arlbery did not utter one word by the way, and, when they arrived at home, ſaw her to her chamber, preſſed her hand, and left her.

She now, from a ſenſe of ſhame, came to her full recollection. She was convinced all

all her feelings were underſtood by Mrs. Arlbery; ſhe thought over what her father had ſaid upon ſuch expoſures, and, hopeleſs of any honorable end to her ſuſpences, earneſtly wiſhed herſelf back at Etherington, to hide in his revered breaſt her confuſion and grief.

Even Mrs. Arlbery ſhe now believed had been miſtaken; Edgar appeared never to have loved her; his attentions, his kindneſs, had all flowed from friendſhip; his ſolicitude, his counſel had been the reſult of family regard.

When called to dinner, ſhe deſcended with downcaſt eyes. She found no company invited; ſhe felt thankful, yet abaſhed; and Mrs. Arlbery let her retire when the meal was over, but ſoon followed to beg ſhe would prepare for the play.

She ſaw her haſtily putting away her handkerchief, and diſperſing her tears. "Ah! my dear," cried ſhe, taking her hand, "I am afraid this old friend of yours does not much contribute to make Tunbridge Wells ſalubrious to you!"

Camilla, affecting not to underſtand her, ſaid ſhe had never been in better health.

"Of mind, do you mean, or body?" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; but ſeeing ſhe only redoubled her diſtreſs, more ſeriouſly added, "Will you ſuffer me, my dear Miſs Tyrold, to play the old friend, alſo, and ſpeak to you with openneſs?"

Camilla durſt not ſay no, though ſhe feared to ſay yes.

"I muſt content myſelf with a tacit compliance, if I can obtain no other. I am really uneaſy to talk with you; not, believe me, from officiouſneſs nor impertinence, but from a perſuaſion I may be able to promote your happineſs. You won't ſpeak, I ſee? And you judge perfectly right; for the leſs you diſclaim, the leſs I ſhall torment you. Permit me, therefore, to take for granted that you are already aware I am acquainted with the ſtate of your heart."

Camilla, trembling, had now no wiſh but to fly; ſhe faſtened her eyes upon the door,

door, and every thought was devoted to find the means of escape.

"Nay, nay, if you look frightened in sober sadness, I am gone. But shall I think less, or know less, for saying nothing? It is not speech, my dear Miss Tyrold, that makes detections: It only proclaims them."

A sigh was all the answer of Camilla: though, assured, thus, she had nothing to gain by flight, she forced herself to stay.

"We understand one another, I see, perfectly. Let me now, then, as unaffectedly go on, as if the grand explanation had been verbally made. That your fancy, my fair young friend, has hit upon a tormentor, I will not deny; yet not upon an ingrate; for this person, little as you seem conscious of your power, certainly loves you."

Surprised off all sort of guard, Camilla exclaimed, "O no!—O no!"

Mrs. Arlbery smiled, but went on. "Yes, my dear, he undoubtedly does you that

that little juſtice; yet, if you are not well adviſed, his paſſion will be unavailing; and your artleſſneſs, your facility, and your innocence, with his knowledge, nay, his very admiration of them, will operate but to ſeparate you."

Glowing with oppoſing yet ſtrong emotions at theſe words, the countenance of Camilla aſked an explanation, in defiance of her earneſt deſire to look indifferent or angry.

"You will wonder, and very naturally, how ſuch attractions ſhould work as repulſes; but I will be plain and clear, and you muſt be candid and rational, and forgive me. Theſe attractions, my dear, will be the ſource of this miſchief, becauſe he ſees, by their means, that you are undoubtedly at his command."

"No, madam! no, Mrs. Arlbery!" cried Camilla, in whoſe pride now every other feeling was concentrated, "he does not, cannot ſee it!—"

"I would

"I would not hurt you for the world, my very amiable young friend; but pardon me if I ſay, that not to ſee it—he muſt be blinder than I imagine him!—blinder than---to tell you the truth, I am much inclined to think any of his race."

Confounded, irritated, and wounded, Camilla remained a moment ſilent, and then, though ſcarce articulately, anſwered: "If ſuch is you opinion---at leaſt he ſhall ſee it---fancy it, I mean---no more!---"

"Keep to that reſolution, and you will behold him----where he ought to be----at your feet."

Irreſiſtibly, though moſt unwillingly, appeaſed by this unexpected concluſion, ſhe turned away to hide a bluſh in which anger had not ſolely a place, and ſuffered Mrs. Arlbery to go on.

"There is but one ſingle method to make a man of his ruminating claſs know his own mind: give him cauſe to fear he will loſe you. Animate, inſpirit, inſpire him with doubt."

"But

"But why, ma'am," cried Camilla, in a faultering voice; "why ſhall you ſuppoſe I will take any method at all?"

"The apprehenſion you will take none is the very motive that urges me to ſpeak to you. You are young enough in the world to think men come of themſelves. But you are miſtaken, my dear. That happens rarely; except with inflamed and hot-headed boys, whoſe paſſions are in their firſt innocence as well as violence. Mandlebert has already given the dominion of his to other rulers, who will take more care of his pride, though not of his happineſs. Attend to one who has travelled further into life than yourſelf, and believe me when I aſſert, that his bane, and yours alike, is his ſecurity."

With a colour yet deeper than ever, Camilla reſentfully repeated, "Security!"

"Nay, how can he doubt? with a ſituation in life ſuch as his---"

"Situation in life! Do you think he can ever ſuppoſe that would have the leaſt, the moſt minute weight with me?"

"Why,

"Why, it would be a very ſhocking ſuppoſition, I allow! but yet, ſome how or other, that ſame ſordid thing called money, does manage to produce ſuch abundance of little comforts and pretty amuſements, that one is apt---to half ſuſpect---it may really not much add to any matrimonial averſion."

The very idea of ſuch a ſuſpicion offended Camilla beyond all elſe that had paſſed; Mrs. Arlbery appeared to her indelicate, unkind, and ungenerous, and regretting ſhe had ever ſeen, and repenting ſhe had ever known her, ſhe ſunk upon a chair in a paſſionate burſt of tears.

Mrs. Arlbery embraced her, begged her pardon a thouſand times; aſſured her all ſhe had uttered was the effect of eſteem as well as of affection, ſince ſhe ſaw her too delicate, and too inexperienced, to be aware either of the dangers or the advantages ſurrounding her; and that very far from meaning to hurt her, ſhe had few things more at heart than the deſire of proving the ſincerity of

her regard, and endeavouring to contribute to her happineſs.

Camilla thanked her, dried her eyes, and ſtrove to appear compoſed; but ſhe was too deeply affected for internal conſolation: ſhe felt herſelf degraded in being openly addreſſed as a love-ſick girl; and injured in being ſuppoſed, for a moment, capable of any mercenary view. She deſired to be excuſed going out, and to have the evening to herſelf; not on account of the expence of the play; ſhe had again wholly forgotten her poverty; but to breathe a little alone, and indulge the ſadneſs of her mind.

Mrs. Arlbery, unfeignedly ſorry to have cauſed her any pain, would not oppoſe her inclination; ſhe repeated her apologies, dragged from her an aſſurance of forgiveneſs, and went down ſtairs alone to a ſummons from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

The firſt moments of her departure were ſpent by Camilla in the deepeſt dejection; from which, however, the recollection of her

her father, and her ſolemn engagement to him, ſoon after awakened her. She read again his injunctions, and reſolving not to add to her unhappineſs by any failure in her duty, determined to make her appearance with ſome ſpirit before Mrs. Arlbery ſet out.

* * * *

"My dear Clarendel," cried that lady, as ſhe entered the parlour, "this poor little girl is in a more ſerious plight than I had conjectured. I have been giving her a few hints, from the ſtores of my worldly knowledge, and they appear to her ſo deteſtably mean and vulgar, that they have almoſt broken her heart. The arrival of this odious Mandlebert has overthown all our ſchemes. We are cut up, Sir Sedley! completely cut up!"

"O, indubitably to a degree!" cried the Baronet, with an air of mingled pique and conceit; "how could it be otherwiſe? Exiſts the wight who could dream of competition with Mandlebert!"

"Nay,

"Nay, now, my dear Clarendel, you enchant me. If you view his power with reſentment, you are the man in the world to crumble it to the duſt. To work, therefore, dear creature, without delay."

"But how muſt I go about it? a little inſtruction, for pity!"

"Charming innocent! So you don't know how to try to make yourſelf agreeable?"

"Not in the leaſt! I am ignorant to a redundance."

"And were you never more adroit?"

"Never. A goth in grain! Witleſs from the firſt *muling in my nurſe's arms!*"

"Come, come, a truce for a moment, with foppery, and anſwer me ſeriouſly; Were you ever in love, Clarendel? ſpeak the truth. I am juſt ſeized with a paſſionate deſire to know."

"Why---yes---" anſwered he, pulling his lips with his fingers, "I think,—I rather think---I was once."

"O tell! tell! tell!"

"Nay, I am not very poſitive. One hears it is to happen; and one is put upon thinking of it, while ſo very young, that one ſoon takes it for granted. Define it a little, and I can anſwer you more accurately. Pray, is it any thing beyond being very fond, and very ſilly, with a little touch of melancholy?"

"Preciſe! preciſe! Tell me, therefore, what it was that caught you. Beauty? Fortune? Flattery? or Wit? Speak! ſpeak! I die to know!"

"O, I have forgotten all that theſe hundred years! I have not the ſmalleſt trace left!"

"You are a terrible coxcomb, my dear Clarendel! and I am a worſe myſelf for giving you ſo much encouragement. But, however, we muſt abſolutely do ſomething for this fair and drooping violet. She won't go even to the play to-night."

"Lovely lily! how ſhall we rear it? Tell her I beg her to be of our party."

"You beg her? My dear Sir Sedley! what do you talk of?"

"Tell

"Tell her 'tis my intreaty, my ſupplication!"

"And you think that will make her comply?"

"You will ſee."

"Bravo, my dear Clarendel, bravo! However, if you have the courage to ſend ſuch a meſſage, I have not to deliver it: but I will write it for you."

She then wrote,

"Sir Sedley Clarendel aſſerts, that if "you are not as inexorable as you are "fair, you will not refuſe to join our little "party to night at the theatre."

Camilla, after a ſevere conflict from this note, which ſhe concluded to be the mere work of Mrs. Arlbery to draw her from retirement, ſent word ſhe would wait upon her.

Sir Sedley heard the anſwer with exultation, and Mrs. Arlbery with ſurpriſe. She declared, however, that ſince he poſſeſſed this power, ſhe ſhould not ſuffer it to lie dormant, but make it work upon her

fair friend, till it either excited jealousy in Mandlebert, or brought indifference to herself. "My resolution," cried she, "is fixt; either to see him at her feet, or drive him from her heart."

Camilla, presently descending, looked away from Mrs. Arlbery; but, unsuspicious as she was undesigning, thanked the Baronet for his message, and told him she had already repented her solitary plan. The Baronet felt but the more flattered, from supposing this was said from the fear of flattering him.

In the way to the theatre, Camilla, with much confusion, recollected her empty purse; but could not, before Mr. and Miss Dennel and Sir Sedley, prevail with herself to make it known; she could only determine to ask Mrs. Arlbery to pay for her at present, and defer the explanation till night.

But, just as she alighted from the coach, Mrs. Arlbery, in her usual manner, said: "Do pay for me, good Dennel; you know how I hate money."

Camilla,

Camilla, hurrying after her, whiſpered, "May I beg you to lend me ſome ſilver?"

"Silver! I have not carried any about with me ſince I loſt my dear ponies and my pet phaeton. I am as poor as Job; and therefore bent upon avoiding all temptation. Somebody or other always truſts me. If they get paid, they bleſs their ſtars. If not,—do you hear me, Mr. Dennel?—'twill be all the ſame an hundred years hence; ſo what man of any ſpirit will think of it? hey, Mr. Dennel?"

"But—dear madam!—pray—"

"O, they'll change for you, here, my dear, without difficulty."

"But---but---pray ſtop!---I---I have no gold neither!"

"Have you done like me, then, come out without your purſe?"

"No!---"

This ſingle negative, and the fluttered manner, and low voice in which it was pronounced, gave Mrs. Arlbery the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. She ſaid nothing, however,

but called aloud to Mr. Dennel to ſettle for the whole party.

Mr. Dennel, during the dialogue, had paid for himſelf and his daughter, and walked on into the box.

"What a Hottentot!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery. "Come, then, Clarendel, take pity on two poor diſtreſſed objects, and let us paſs."

Sir Sedley, little ſuſpicious of the truth, yet flattered to be always called upon to be the banker of Camilla, obeyed with alacrity.

Mrs. Arlbery placed Camilla upon a ſeat before her, and motioned to the Baronet to remain in a row above; and then, in a low voice, ſaid: "My dear Clarendel, do you know they have let that poor girl come to Tunbridge without a ſixpence in her pocket!"

"Is it poſſible?"

"'Tis a fact. I never ſuſpected it till ſuſpicion was followed by confirmation. She had a guinea or two, I fancy, at firſt, juſt

juſt to equip her with one ſet of things to appear in; which, probably, the good Parſon imagined would laſt as clean and as long at a public place as at his parſonage-houſe, where my beſt ſuit is worn about twice in a ſummer. But how that rich old uncle of hers could ſuffer her to come without a penny, I can neither account for nor forgive. I have ſeen her ſhyneſs about money-matters for ſome days paſt; but I ſo little conjectured the poſſibility of her diſtreſs, that I have always rather increaſed than ſpared it."

"Sweet little angel!" exclaimed the Baronet, in a tone of tenderneſs; "I had indeed no idea of her ſituation. Heavens! I could lay half my fortune at her feet to ſet her at eaſe!"

"Half, my dear Clarendel!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "nay, why not the whole? where will you find a more lovely companion?"

"Pho, pho!—but why ſhould it be ſo vaſtly horrid an incongruity that a man who, by chance, is rich, ſhould do ſome-

thing for a woman who, by chance, is poor? How immenſely impertinent is the prejudice that forbids ſo natural a uſe of money! why ſhould the better half of a man's actions be always under the dominion of ſome preſcriptive ſlavery? 'Tis hideous to think of. And how could he more delectably ſpend, or more extatically enjoy his fortune, than by ſo equitable a participation?"

"True, Sir Sedley. And you men are all ſo diſintereſted, ſo pure in your benevolence, ſo free from any ſpirit of encroachment, that no poſſible ill conſequence could enſue from ſuch an arrangement. When once a fair lady had made you a civil courteſy, you would wholly forget you had ever obliged her. And you would let her walk her ways, and forget it alſo: eſpecially if, by chance, ſhe happened to be young and pretty."

This raillery was interrupted by the appearance of Edgar in an oppoſite box. "Ah!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "look but at that piece of congelation that nothing ſeems

ſeems to thaw! Enter the liſts againſt him, dear Clarendel! He has ſtationed himſelf there merely to watch and diſcountenance her. I hate him heartily; yet he rolls in wealth, and ſhe has nothing. I muſt bring them, therefore, together, poſitively: for though a huſband----ſuch a faſtidious one eſpecially----is not what I would recommend to her for happineſs, 'tis better than poverty. And, after his cold and ſelfiſh manner, I am convinced he loves her. He is evidently in purſuit of her, though he wants generoſity to act openly. Work him but with a little jealouſy, and you will find me right."

"Me, my dear madam? me, my divine Mrs. Arlbery? Alas! with what chance? No! ſee where enters the gallant Major. Thence muſt iſſue thoſe poignant darts that newly vivify the expiring embers of languiſhing love."

"Now don't talk ſuch nonſenſe when I am really ſerious. You are the very man for the purpoſe: becauſe, though you have no feeling, Mandlebert does not

know you are without it. But thoſe Officers are too notoriouſly unmeaning to excite a moment's real apprehenſion. They have a new dulcinea wherever they newly quarter, and carry about the few ideas they poſſeſs from damſel to damſel, as regularly as from town to town."

The Major was now in the box, and the converſation ended.

He endeavoured, as uſual, to monopolize Camilla; but while her thoughts were all upon Edgar, the whole ſhe could command of her attention was beſtowed upon Sir Sedley.

This was not unobſerved by Edgar, who now again wavered in believing ſhe loved the Major: but the doubt brought with it no pleaſure; it led him only the more to contemn her. Does ſhe turn, thought he, thus, from one to the other, with no preference but of accident or caprice? Is her favour thus light of circulation? Is it now the mawkiſh Major, and now the coxcomb Clarendel? Already is ſhe thus verſed in the common diſſipation of

of coquetry?----O, if ſo, how bleſt has been my eſcape! A coquette wife!---.

His heart ſwelled, and his eye no longer ſought her.

* * * *

At night, as ſoon as ſhe went to her own room, Mrs. Arlbery followed her, and ſaid: "My dear Miſs Tyrold, I know much better than you how many ſix-pences and three-pences are perpetually wanted at places ſuch as theſe. Do ſuffer me to be your banker. What ſhall we begin our account with?"

Camilla felt really thankful for being ſpared an opening upon this ſubject. She conſented to borrow two guineas; but Mrs. Arlbery would not leave her with leſs than five, adding, "I inſiſt upon doubling it in a day or two. Never mind what I ſay about my diſtreſs, and my phaeton, and my ponies; 'tis only to torment Dennel, who trembles at parting with half-a-crown for half an hour; or elſe, now and then, to ſet other people a ſtaring; which

is not unamuſing, when nothing elſe is going forward. But believe me, my dear young friend, were I really in diſtreſs, or were I really not to diſcharge theſe petty debts I incur, you would ſoon diſcover it by the thinneſs of our parties! Theſe men that now ſo flock around us, would find ſome other loadſtone. I know them pretty well, dear creatures!----"

Though ſhocked to appear thus deſtitute, Camilla was ſomewhat relieved to have no debt but with Mrs. Arlbery; for ſhe reſolved to pay Sir Sedley and the milliner the next day, and to ſettle with Mrs. Arlbery upon her return to Etherington.

CHAP. X.

Strictures upon the Ton.

THE next day was appointed for the maſter of the ceremonies' ball; which proved a general rendezvous of all parties, and almoſt all claſſes of company.

Mrs. Mittin, in a morning viſit to Camilla, found out that ſhe had only the ſame cap for this occaſion that ſhe had worn upon every other; and, aſſuring her it was grown ſo old-faſhioned, that not a lady's maid in Tunbridge would now be ſeen in it, ſhe offered to pin her up a turban, which ſhould come to next to nothing, yet ſhould be the prettieſt, and ſimpleſt, and cheapeſt thing that ever was ſeen.

Camilla, though a ſtranger to vanity, and without any natural turn to extravagance, was neither of an age, nor a philoſophy, to be unmoved by the apprehenſion of being expoſed to ridicule from her

her dreſs: ſhe thankfully, therefore, accepted the propoſal; and Mrs. Mittin, taking a guinea, ſaid, ſhe would pay Mrs. Tillden for the hat, at the ſame time that ſhe bought a new handkerchief for the turban.

When ſhe came back, however, ſhe had only laid out a few ſhillings at another ſhop, for ſome articles, ſo cheap, ſhe ſaid it would have been a ſhame not to buy them; but without paying the bill, Mrs. Tillden having deſired it might not be diſcharged till the young lady was leaving the Wells.

As the turban was made up from a pattern of one prepared for Mrs. Berlinſon, Camilla had every reaſon to be ſatisfied of its elegance. Nor did Mrs. Mittin involve her in much diſtreſs how her own trouble might be recompenſed; the cap ſhe found unfit for Camilla, ſhe could contrive, ſhe ſaid, to alter for herſelf; and as a friend had given her a ticket for the ball, it would be mighty convenient to her, as ſhe had nothing of the kind ready.

* * * *

Far different were the ſenſations with which Edgar and Camilla ſaw each other this night, from thoſe with which, ſo lately they had met in the ſame apartment. Edgar thought her degenerating into the character of a coquette, and Camilla, in his intended tour, anticipated a period to all their intercourſe.

She was received, meanwhile, in general, with peculiar and flattering attention. Sir Sedley Clarendel made up to her, with public ſmiles and courteſy; even Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus Jarard, though they paſſed by Mrs. Arlbery without ſpeaking to her, ſingled out Camilla for their devoirs. The diſtinction paid her by the admired Mrs. Berlinton had now not only marked her as an object whom it would not be derogatory to treat with civility, but as one who might, henceforward, be regarded herſelf as admitted into *certain circles*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arlbery, though every way a woman of fashion, they conceived to be somewhat wanting in *ton*, since she presided in no party, was unnoticed by Lady Alithea Selmore, and unknown to Mrs. Berlinton.

Ton, in the scale of connoisseurs in the *certain circles*, is as much above fashion, as fashion is above fortune: for though the latter is an ingredient that all alike covet to possess, it is courted without being respected, and desired without being honoured, except only by those who, from earliest life, have been taught to earn it as a business. *Ton*, meanwhile, is as attainable without birth as without understanding, though in all the *certain circles* it takes place of either. To define what it is, would be as difficult to the most renowned of its votaries, as to an utter stranger to its attributes. That those who call themselves of the *ton* either lead, or hold cheap all others, is obtrusively evident: but how and by what art they attain such pre-eminence, they would be perplexed

plexed to explain. That ſome whim has happily called forth imitators; that ſome ſtrange phraſe has been adopted; that ſomething odd in dreſs has become popular; that ſome beauty, or ſome deformity, no matter which, has found annotators; may commonly be traced as the origin of their firſt public notice. But to whichever of theſe accidents their early fame may be attributed, its eſtabliſhment and its glory is built upon vanity that knows no deficiency, or inſolence that knows no bluſh.

Notwithſtanding her high ſuperiority both in capacity and knowledge, Mrs. Arlbery felt piqued by this behaviour, though ſhe laughed at herſelf for heeding it. "Nevertheleſs," cried ſhe, "thoſe who ſhew contempt, even though themſelves are the moſt contemptible, always ſeem on the higher ground. Yet 'tis only, with regard to theſe animals of the *ton*, that nobody combats them. Their preſumption is ſo notorious, that, either by diſguſt or alarm, it keeps off reprehenſion.

Let

Let any one boldly, and face to face, venture to be more uncivil than themſelves, and they would be overpowered at once. Their valour is no better than that of a barking cur, who affrights all that go on without looking at him, but who, the moment he is turned upon with a ſtamp and a fierce look, retreats himſelf, amazed, afraid, and aſhamed."

"If you, Mrs. Arlbery," ſaid the General, "would undertake to tutor them, what good you might do!"

"O, Heavens, General, ſuſpect me not of ſuch reforming Quixotiſm! I have not the ſmalleſt deſire to do them any good, believe me! If nature has given them no ſenſe of propriety, why ſhould I be more liberal? I only want to puniſh them; and that not, alas! from virtue, but from ſpite!"

The converſation of the two men of the *ton* with Camilla was ſoon over. It was made up of a few disjointed ſentences, abuſing Tunbridge, and praiſing the German Spa, in cant words, emphatically and conceitedly

conceitedly pronounced, and brought round upon every occaſion, and in every ſpeech, with ſo preciſe an excluſion of all other terms, that their vocabulary ſcarce conſiſted of forty words in totality.

Edgar occupied the ſpace they vacated the moment of their departure; but not alone; Mrs. Mittin came into it with him, eager to tell Camilla how every body had admired her turban; how ſweetly ſhe looked in it; how every body ſaid, they ſhould not have known her again, it became her ſo; and how they all agreed her head had never been ſo well dreſſed before.

Edgar, when he could be heard, began ſpeaking of Sir Sedley Clarendel; he felt miſerable in what he thought her inconſiderate encouragement of ſuch impertinence; and the delicacy which reſtrained him from expreſſing his opinion of the Major, had no weight with him here, as jealouſy had no ſhare in his diſlike to the acquaintance: he believed the young Baronet incapable of all love but for himſelf,

ſelf, and a decidedly deſtined bachelor: without, therefore, the ſmalleſt heſitation, he plainly avowed that he had never met with a more thoroughly conceited fop, a more elaborate and ſelf-ſufficient coxcomb.

"You ſee him only," ſaid Camilla, "with the impreſſion made by his general appearance; and that is all againſt him: I always look for his better qualities and rejoice in finding them. His very ſight fills me with grateful pleaſure, by reminding me of the deliverance I owe to him."

Edgar, amazed, intreated an explanation; and, when ſhe had given it, ſtruck and affected, claſped his hands, and exclaimed: "How providential ſuch a reſcue! and how differently ſhall I henceforth behold him!" And, almoſt involuntarily turning to Mrs. Arlbery, he intreated to be preſented to the young Baronet.

Sir Sedley received his overtures with ſome ſurpriſe, but great civility; and then

went on with a ludicrous account he was giving to Lord Newford and Sir Theophilus, of the quarrel of Macderſey with Mr. Dubſter.

"How awake thou art grown, Clary?" cried Sir Theophilus; "A little while ago thou waſt all hip and vapour; and now thou doſt nothing but patronife fun."

"Why, yes," anſwered the Baronet, "I begin to tire of *ennui*. 'Tis grown ſo common. I ſaw my footman beginning it but laſt week."

"O, hang it! O, curſe it!" cried Lord Newford, "your footman!"

"Yes, the rogue is not without parts. I don't know if I ſhan't give him ſome leſſons, upon leaving it off myſelf. The only difficulty is to find out what, in this nether world, to do without it. How can one fill up one's time? Stretching, yawning, and all that, are ſuch delicious ingredients for coaxing on the lazy hours!"

"O, hang it, O, curſe it," cried Lord Newford; "who can exiſt without them? I would

I would not be bound to paſs half an hour without yawning and ſtretching for the Mogul's empire. I'd rather ſnap ſhort at once."

"No, no, don't ſnap ſhort yet, little Newy," cried Sir Sedley. "As to me, I am never at a loſs for an expedient. I am not without ſome thoughts of falling in love."

He looked at Edgar; who, not aware this was deſigned to catch his attention, naturally exclaimed: "Thoughts! can you chooſe, or avoid at pleaſure?"

"Moſt certainly. After four-and-twenty a man is ſeldom taken by ſurpriſe; at leaſt, not till he is paſt forty: and then, the fear of being too late, ſometimes renovates the eagerneſs of the firſt youth. But, in general, your willing ſlaves are boys."

Edgar, laughing, begged a little information, how he meant to put his thoughts in execution.

"Nothing ſo facile! 'Tis but to look at ſome fair object attentively, to follow her with your eyes when ſhe quits the room;

room; never to let them reſt without watching for her return; filling up the interval with a few ſighs; to which, in a ſhort time, you grow ſo habituated, that they become natural; and then, before you are aware, a certain ſolicitude and reſtleſſneſs ariſe, which the connoiſſeurs in natural hiſtory dub falling in love."

"Theſe would be good hints," ſaid Edgar, "to urge on waverers, who wiſh to perſuade themſelves to marry."

"O no, my dear ſir! no! that's a miſtake of the firſt magnitude; no man is in love when he marries. He may have loved before; I have even heard he has ſometimes loved after: but at the time never. There is ſomething in the formalities of the matrimonial preparations that drive away all the little cupidons. They rarely ſtand even a demand of conſent—unleſs they doubt obtaining it; but a ſettlement! Parchments! Lawyers!—No! there is not a little Love in the Iſland of Cyprus, that is not ready to lend a wing to ſet paſſion, inſpiration,

ſpiration, and tenderneſs to ſlight, from ſuch excruciating legalities."

"Don't proſe, Clary; don't proſe," cried Sir Theophilus, gaping till his mouth was almoſt diſtorted.

"O, killing! O, murder!" cried Lord Newford; "what doſt talk of marriage for?"

"It ſeems, then," ſaid Edgar, "to be much the ſame thing what ſort of wife falls to a man's lot; whether the woman of his choice, or a perſon he ſhould bluſh to own?"

"Bluſh!" repeated Sir Sedley, ſmiling; "no! no! A man of any faſhion never bluſhes for his wife, whatever ſhe may be. For his miſtreſs, indeed, he may bluſh: for if there are any ſmall failings there, his taſte may be called in queſtion."

"Bluſh about a wife!" exclaimed Lord Newford; "O, hang it! O, curſe it! that's too bad!"

"Too bad, indeed," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't poſſibly patroniſe bluſhing for a wife."

"'Tis

"'Tis the ſame, then, alſo," ſaid Edgar, "how ſhe turns out when the knot is tied, whether well or ill?"

"To exactitude! If he marry her for beauty, let her prove what ſhe may, her face offers his apology. If for money, he needs none. But if, indeed, by ſome queer chance, he marries with a view of living with her, then, indeed, if his particularity gets wind, he may grow a little anxious for the acquittal of his oddity, in ſeeing her approved."

"Approved! Ha! ha!" cried Lord Newford; "a wife approved! That's too bad, Clary; that's too bad!"

"Poor Clary, what art proſing about?" cried Sir Theophilus. "I can't poſſibly patroniſe this proſing."

The entrance of the beautiful Mrs. Berlinton and her train now interrupted this converſation; the young Baronet immediately joined her: though not till he had given his hand to Edgar, in token of his willingneſs to cultivate his acquaintance.

Edgar, returning to Camilla, confeſſed he had too haſtily judged Sir Sedley, when he concluded him a fool, as well as a fop; "For," added he, with a ſmile, "I ſee, now, one of thoſe epithets is all he merits. He is certainly far from deficient in parts, though he abuſes the good gifts of nature with ſuch pedantry of affectation and conceit."

Camilla was now intent to clear the hiſtory of the cotillon; when Mrs. Berlinton approaching, and, with graceful fondneſs, taking her hand, entreated to be indulged with her ſociety: and, ſince ſhe meant not to dance, for Edgar had not aſked her, and the Major ſhe had refuſed, ſhe could not reſiſt her invitation. She had loſt her fear of diſpleaſing Mrs. Arlbery by quitting her, from conceiving a ſtill greater, of wearying by remaining with her.

Edgar, anxious both to underſtand and to diſcuſs this new connexion, hovered about the party with unremitting vigilance. But, though he could not either

look at or liſten to Mrs. Berlinton, without admiring her, his admiration was neither free from cenſure of herſelf, nor terrour for her companion: he ſaw her far more beautiful than prudent, more amiable than dignified. The females in her group were few, and little worthy notice; the males appeared, to a man, without diſguiſe, though not without reſtraint, her lovers. And though no one ſeemed ſelected, no one ſeemed deſpiſed; ſhe appeared to admit their devoirs with little conſideration; neither modeſtly retiring from power, nor vainly diſplaying it.

Camilla quitted not this enchantreſs till ſummoned by Mrs. Arlbery; who, ſeeing herſelf again, from the arrival of Lady Alithea Selmore, without any diſtinguiſhed party, that lady drawing into her circle all people of any conſequence not already attracted by Mrs. Berlinton, grew ſick of the ball and the rooms, and impatient to return home. Camilla, in retiring, preſented, folded in a paper, the guinea, half-guinea, and ſilver, ſhe had

borrowed of Sir Sedley; who received it without presuming at any contest; though not, after what he had heard from Mrs. Arlbery, without reluctance.

Edgar watched the instant when Camilla moved from the gay group; but Mrs. Mittin watched it also; and, approaching her more speedily, because with less embarrassment, seized her arm before he could reach her: and before he could, with any discretion, glide to her other side, Miss Dennel was there.

"Well now, young ladies," said Mrs. Mittin, "I'm going to tell you a secret. Do you know, for all I call myself Mrs. I'm single?"

"Dear, la!" exclaimed Miss Dennel; "and for all you're so old!"

"So old, Miss! Who told you I was so old? I'm not so very old as you may think me. I'm no particular age, I assure you. Why, what made you think of that?"

"La, I don't know; only you don't look very young."

"I can't

"I can't help that, Miſs Dennel. Perhaps you mayn't look young yourſelf one of theſe days. People can't always ſtand ſtill juſt at a particular minute. Why, how old, now, do you take me to be? Come, be ſincere."

"La! I'm ſure I can't tell; only I thought you was an old woman."

"An old woman! Lord, my dear, people would laugh to hear you. You don't know what an old woman is. Why it's being a cripple, and blind, and deaf, and dumb, and ſlavering, and without a tooth. Pray, how am I like all that?"

"Nay, I'm ſure I don't know; only I thought, by the look of your face, you muſt be monſtrous old."

"Lord, I can't think what you've got in your head, Miſs Dennel! I never heard as much before, ſince I was born. Why the reaſon I'm called Mrs. is not becauſe of that, I aſſure you; but becauſe I'd a mind to be taken for a young widow, on account that every body likes a young

widow; and if one is called Miſs, people begin ſo ſoon to think one an old maid, that it's quite diſagreeable."

This diſcourſe brought them to the carriage.

CHAP. XI.

Traits of Character.

THE following morning, Mrs. Mittin came with eager intelligence, that the raffle was fixed for one o'clock; and, without any ſcruple, accompanied the party to the ſhop, addreſſing herſelf to every one of the ſet as to a confirmed and intimate friend. But her chief ſupporter was Mr. Dennel, whoſe praiſe of her was the vehicle to his cenſure of his ſiſter-in-law. That lady was the perſon in the world whom he moſt feared and diſliked. He had neither ſpirit for the ſplendid manner in which ſhe lived, nor parts for the vivacity of her converſation. The firſt, his love of money made him condemn as extravagant, and the latter his ſelf-love made him hate, becauſe he could not underſtand. He perſuaded himſelf, therefore, that ſhe had more words than

meaning; and extolled all the obvious truths uttered by Mrs. Mittin, to ſhew his ſuperior admiration of what, being plain and incontrovertible, he dignified with the panegyric of being ſenſible.

When they came upon the Pantiles, they were accoſted by Mr. Dubſter; who having ſolemnly aſked them, one by one, how they all did, joined Mrs. Mittin, ſaying: "Well, I can't pretend as I'm over ſorry you've got neither of thoſe two comical gentlemen with you, that behaved ſo free to me for nothing. I don't think it's particular agreeable being treated ſo; though it's a thing I don't much mind. It's not worth fretting about."

"Well, don't ſay any more about it," cried Mrs. Mittin, endeavouring to ſhake him off; "I dare ſay you did ſomething to provoke 'em, or they're too genteel to have taken notice of you."

"Me provoke them! why what did I do? I was juſt like a mere lamb, as one may ſay, at the very time that young Captain fell abuſing me ſo, calling of me a little

little dirty fellow, without no provocation. If I'm little, or big, I don't ſee that it's any buſineſs of his. And as to dirty, I'd put on all clean linen but the very day before, as the people can tell you at the inn; ſo the whole was a mere piece of falſehood from one end to t'other."

"Well, well, what do you talk about it for any more? You ſhould never take any thing ill of a young gentleman. It's only aggravating him ſo much the worſe."

"Aggravating him, Mrs. Mittin! why what need I mind that? Do you think I'm to put up with his talking of caning me, and ſuch like, becauſe of his being a young gentleman? Not I, I aſſure you! I'm no ſuch perſon. And if once I feel his ſwitch acroſs theſe here ſhoulders, it won't be ſo well for him!"

The party now entered the ſhop where the raffle was to be held.

Edgar was already there; he had no power to keep away from any place where he was ſure to behold Camilla; and a

raffle brought to his mind the moſt tender recollections. He was now with Lord O'Lerney, in whoſe candour and benevolence of character he took great delight, and with whom he had joined Lady Iſabella Irby, who had been drawn, as a quiet ſpectatreſs, to the fight, by a friend, who, having never ſeen the humours of a raffle, had entreated, through her means, to look on. He languiſhed to ſee Camilla preſented to this lady, in whoſe manners and converſation, dignity and ſimplicity were equally blended.

While he was yet, though abſently, converſing with them, Lord O'Lerney pointed out Camilla to Lady Iſabella.

"I have taken notice of her already at the rooms;" anſwered her Ladyſhip; and I have ſeldom, I think, ſeen a more intereſting young creature."

"The character of her countenance," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, "ſtrikes me very peculiarly. 'Tis ſo intelligent, yet ſo unhackneyed, ſo full of meaning, yet ſo artleſs, that, while I look at her, I feel myſelf

myſelf involuntarily anxious for her welfare."

"I don't think ſhe ſeems happy," ſaid Lady Iſabella; "Do you know who ſhe is, my Lord?"

Edgar, here, with difficulty ſuppreſſed a ſigh. Not happy! thought he; ah! wherefore? what can make Camilla unhappy?

"I underſtand ſhe is a niece of Sir Hugh Tyrold," anſwered his Lordſhip; "a Yorkſhire Baronet. She is here with an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Arlbery, who is one of the firſt women I have ever known, for wit and capacity. She has an excellent heart, too; though her extraordinary talents, and her careleſſneſs of opinion make it ſometimes, but very unjuſtly, doubted."

Edgar heard this with much pleaſure. A good word from Lord O'Lerney quieted many fears; he hoped he had been unneceſſarily alarmed; he determined, in future, to judge her more favourably.

"I ſhould be glad," continued his Lordſhip, "to hear this young lady were either well eſtabliſhed, or returned to her friends without becoming an object of public notice. A young woman is no where ſo rarely reſpectable, or reſpected, as at theſe water-drinking places, if ſeen at them either long or often. The ſearch of pleaſure and diſſipation, at a ſpot conſecrated for reſtoring health to the ſick, the infirm, and the ſuffering, carries with it an air of egotiſm, that does not give the moſt pleaſant idea of the feeling and diſpoſition."

"Yet, may not the ſick, my Lord, be rather amended than hurt by the ſight of gaiety around them?"

"Yes, my dear Lady Iſabella; and the effect, therefore, I believe to be beneficial. But as this is not the motive why the young and the gay ſeek theſe ſpots, it is not here they will find themſelves moſt honoured. And the mixture of pain and illneſs with ſplendor and feſtivity, is ſo unnatural, that probably it is to that we

muſt attribute that a young woman is no where ſo hardly judged. If ſhe is without fortune, ſhe is thought a female adventurer, ſeeking to ſell herſelf for its attainment; if ſhe is rich, ſhe is ſuppoſed a willing dupe, ready for a ſnare, and only looking about for an enſnarer."

"And yet, young women ſeldom, I believe, my Lord, merit this ſeverity of judgment. They come but hither in the ſummer, as they go to London in the winter, ſimply in ſearch of amuſement, without any particular purpoſe."

"True; but they do not weigh what their obſervers weigh for them, that the ſearch of public recreation in the winter is, from long habit, permitted without cenſure; but that the ſummer has not, as yet, preſcription ſo poſitively in its favour; and thoſe who, after meeting them all the winter at the opera, and all the ſpring at Ranelagh, hear of them all the ſummer at Cheltenham, Tunbridge, &c. and all the autumn at Bath, are apt to inquire, when is the ſeaſon for home."

"Ah,

"Ah, my Lord! how wide are the poor inconſiderate little flutterers from being aware of ſuch a queſtion! How neceſſary to youth and thoughtleſſneſs is the wiſdom of experience!"

Why does ſhe not come this way? thought Edgar; why does ſhe not gather from theſe mild, yet underſtanding moraliſts, inſtruction that might benefit all her future life?

"There is nothing," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, "I more ſincerely pity than the deluſions ſurrounding young females. The ſtrongeſt admirers of their eyes are frequently the moſt auſtere ſatiriſts of their conduct."

The entrance of Lord Newford, Sir Theophilus Jarard, and Sir Sedley Clarendel, all noiſily talking and laughing together, interrupted any further converſation. The two former no ſooner ſaw Camilla, and perceived neither Lady Alithea Selmore, nor Mrs. Berlinton, than they made up to her; and Sir Sedley, who now found ſhe was completely eſtabliſhed

bliſhed in the *bon ton*, felt ſomething of pride mix with pleaſure in publicly availing himſelf of his intimacy with her; and ſomething like intereſt mix with curioſity, in examining if Edgar were ſtruck with her ready attention to him.

Upon Edgar, however, it made not the ſlighteſt impreſſion. While Sir Sedley had appeared to him a mere fop, he had thought it degraded her; but now he regarded him as her preſerver, it ſeemed both natural and merited.

Sir Sedley, not aware of this reaſoning, was ſomewhat piqued; and taking him to another part of the ſhop, whiſpered: "I am horribly vapoured! Do you know I have ſome thoughts of trying that little girl? Do you think one could make any thing of her?"

"How? what do you mean?" cried Edgar, with ſudden alarm.

Sir Sedley, a little flattered, affectedly anſwered: "O, if you have any ſerious deſigns that way, inconteſtably I won't interfere."

"Me!"

"Me!" cried Edgar, ſurpriſed and offended; "believe me, no! I have all my life conſidered her—as my ſiſter."

Sir Sedley ſaw this was ſpoken with effort; and negligently replied: "Nay you are juſt at the firſt epocha for marrying from inclination; but you are in the right not to perform ſo ſoon the funeral honours of liberty. 'Tis what you may do at any time. So many girls want eſtabliſhments, that a man of ſixty can juſt as eaſily get a wife of eighteen, as a man of one-and-twenty. The only inconvenience in that ſort of alliance is, that though ſhe begins with ſubmitting to her venerated huſband as prettily as to her papa, ſhe is terribly apt to have a knack of running away from him, afterwards, with equal facility."

"That is rather a diſcouraging article, I confeſs," cried Edgar, "for the tardy votaries of Hymen!"

"O, no! 'tis no great matter!" anſwered he, patting his ſnuff-box; "we are impenetrable in the extreme to thoſe

ſort

ſort of grievances now-a-days. We are at ſuch prodigious expence of ſenſibility in public, for tales of ſorrow told about pathetically, at a full board, that if we ſuffered much for our private concerns to boot, we muſt always meet one another with tears in our eyes. We never weep now, but at dinner, or at ſome diverſion."

Lord Newford, pulling him by the arm, called out: "Come, Clary, what art about, man? we want thee."

"Come, Clary! don't ſhirk, Clary," cried Sir Theophilus; "I can't poſſibly patroniſe this ſhirking." And they hauled him to a corner of the ſhop, where all three reſumed their cuſtomary laughing whiſpers.

"You will not, perhaps, ſuſpect, Lady Iſabella," ſaid Lord O'Lerney, ſmiling, "that one of that triumvirate is by no means deficient in parts, and can even, when he deſires it, be extremely pleaſing?"

"Your

" Your Lordſhip judges right, I confeſs! I had not, indeed, done him ſuch juſtice!"

" See then," ſaid his Lordſhip, " how futile an animal is man, without ſome decided character and principle!

" He's every thing by turns, and nothing long *."

Wiſe, fooliſh; virtuous, vicious; active, indolent; prodigal and avaricious! No contraſt is too ſtrong for him while guided but by accident or impulſe. This gentleman alſo, in common with the reſt of his *tonniſh* brethren, is now daily, though unconſciouſly, hoarding up a world of unprepared-for mortification, by not foreſeeing that the more he is celebrated in his youth, for being the leader of the *ton*, and the man of the day, the earlier he will be regarded as a creature out of date, an old beau, and a fine gentleman of former times. But 'tis by reverſes, ſuch as theſe, that folly and impropriety pay

* Dryden's Abſalom and Achytophel.

their

their penalties. We might ſpare all our anger againſt the vanity of the beauty, or the conceit of the coxcomb. Are not wrinkles always in waiting to puniſh the one, and age, without honour, to chaſtiſe and degrade the other?"

All the rafflers were now arrived, except Mrs. Berlinton, who was impatiently expected. Lady Alithea Selmore had already ſent a proxy to throw for her in her own woman; much to the diſſatisfaction of moſt part of the company. A general riſing and inequietude to look out for Mrs. Berlinton, gave Edgar, at length, an opportunity to ſtand next to Camilla. "How I grieve," he cried, "you ſhould not know Lady Iſabella Irby! ſhe ſeems to me a model for a woman of rank in her manners, and a model for a woman of every ſtation in her mind. The world, I believe, could ſcarce have tempted her to ſo offenſive a mark of ſuperiority as has juſt been exhibited by Lady Alithea Selmore, who has ingeniouſly diſcovered a method of being ſignaliſed as the moſt important

portant perſon out of twenty, by making herſelf nineteen enemies."

"I wonder," ſaid Camilla, "ſhe can think the chance of the ear-rings worth ſo high a price!"

A footman, in a ſplendid livery, now entering, inquired for Miſs Tyrold. She was pointed out to him by Major Cerwood, and he delivered her a letter from Mrs. Berlinton.

The contents were to entreat ſhe would throw for that lady, who was in the midſt of Akenſide's Pleaſures of the Imagination, and could not tear herſelf away from them.

Camilla bluſhed exceſſively in proclaiming ſhe was choſen Mrs. Berlinton's proxy. Edgar ſaw with tenderneſs her modeſt confuſion, and, with a pleaſure the moſt touching, read the favourable impreſſion it made upon Lord O'Lerney and Lady Iſabella.

This ſeemed an opportunity irreſiſtible for venting his fears and cautions about Mr. Berlinton; and, taking the buſtling period

period in which the rafflers were arranging the order and manner of throwing, he ſaid, in a low, and diffident tone of voice, "You have committed to me an important and, I fear, an importunate office; yet, while I hold, I cannot perſuade myſelf not to fulfil it; though I know that to give advice which oppoſes ſentiment and feeling, is repugnant to independence and to delicacy. Such, therefore, I do not mean to enforce; but merely to offer hints—intimations—and obſervations—that without controlling, may put you upon your guard."

Camilla, affected by this unexpected addreſs, could only look her deſire for an explanation.

"The lady," he continued, "whom you are preſently to repreſent, appears to be uncommonly engaging?—"

"Indeed ſhe is! She is attractive, gentle, amiable."

"She ſeems, alſo, already to have caught your affection?"

"Who

" Who could have withheld it, that had ſeen her as I have ſeen her? She is as unhappy as ſhe is lovely.----"

" I have heard of your firſt meeting, with as much pleaſure in the preſence of mind it called forth on one ſide, as with doubt and perplexity, upon every circumſtance I can gather, of the other.—"

" If you knew her, you would find it impoſſible to hold any doubts; impoſſible to reſiſt admiring, compaſſionating, and loving her!"

" If my knowledge of her bribed an intereſt in her favour, without convincing me ſhe deſerved it, I ought, rather, to regret that you have not eſcaped falling into ſuch a ſnare, than that I could have eſcaped it myſelf."

" I believe her free, nay incapable of all ill!" cried Camilla warmly; " though I dare not aſſert ſhe is always coolly upon her guard."

" Do not let me hurt you," ſaid Edgar, gently; " I have ſeen how lovely ſhe is

is in perſon, and how pleaſing in manners. And ſhe is ſo young that, were ſhe in a ſituation leſs expoſed, want of ſteadineſs or judgment might, by a little time, be ſet right. But here, there is ſurely much to fear from her early poſſeſſion of power. ---O, that ſome happier chance had brought about ſuch a peculiar intercourſe for you with Lady Iſabella Irby! There, to the pleaſure of friendſhip, might be added the modeſty of retired elegance, and the ſecurity of eſtabliſhed reſpectability."

"And may not this yet happen, with Mrs. Berlinton? Lady Iſabella, though ſtill young, is not in the extreme youth of Mrs. Berlinton: a few more years, therefore, may bring equal diſcretion; and as ſhe has already every other good quality, you may hereafter equally approve her."

"Do you think, then," ſaid Edgar, half ſmiling, "that the few years of difference in their age were ſpent by Lady Iſabella in the manner they are now ſpent by Mrs. Berlinton? do you think ſhe paved

paved the way for her preſent dignified, though unaſſuming character, by permitting herſelf to be ſurrounded by profeſſed admirers? by letting their ſighs reach her ears? by ſuffering their eyes to faſten with open rapture on her face? and by holding it ſufficient not to ſuppreſs ſuch liberties, ſo long as ſhe does not avowedly encourage them?"

Camilla was ſtartled. She had not ſeen her conduct in this light: yet her underſtanding refuſed to deny it might bear this interpretation.

Charmed with the candour of her ſilence, Edgar continued, "How wide from all that is open to ſimilar comment, is the carriage and behaviour of Lady Iſabella! how clear! how tranſparent, how free from all conjecture of blemiſh! They may each, indeed, eſſentially be equally innocent; and your opinion of Mrs. Berlinton corroborates the impreſſion made by her beautiful countenance: yet how far more highly is the true feminine character preſerved, where ſurmiſe is not raiſed, than where it

can be parried! Think but of thoſe two ladies, and mark the difference. Lady Iſabella, addreſſed only where known, followed only becauſe loved, ſees no adulators encircling her, for adulation would alarm her; no admirers paying her homage, for ſuch homage would offend her. She knows ſhe has not only her own innocence to guard, but the honour of her huſband. Whether ſhe is happy with him or not, this depoſit is equally ſacred.—"

He ſtopt; for Camilla again ſtarted. The irrepreſſible frankneſs of her nature revolted againſt denying how much this laſt ſentence ſtruck her, and ſhe ingenuouſly exclaimed: "O that this moſt amiable young creature were but more aware of this duty!"

"Ah, my dear Miſs Camilla," cried Edgar, with energy, "ſince you feel and own----and with you, that is always one---- this baneful deficiency, drop, or at leaſt ſuſpend an intercourſe too hazardous to be indulged with propriety! See what ſhe may be ſometime hence, ere you contract

further intimacy. At preſent, unexperienced and unſuſpicious, her dangers may be yours. You are too young for ſuch a riſk. Fly, fly from it, my dear Miſs Camilla!-----as if the voice of your mother were calling out to caution you!"

Camilla was deeply touched. An intereſt ſo warm in her welfare was ſoothing, and the name of her mother rendered it awful; yet, thus united, it appeared to her more ſtrongly than ever to announce itſelf as merely fraternal. She could not ſuppreſs a ſigh; but he attributed it to the requeſt he had urged, and, with much concern, added: "What I have aſked of you, then, is too ſevere?"

Again irreſiſtibly ſighing, yet collecting all her force to conceal the ſecret cauſe, ſhe anſwered, "If ſhe is thus expoſed to danger----if her ſituation is ſo perilous, ought I not rather to ſtay by, and help to ſupport her, than by abandoning, perhaps contribute to the evil you think awaiting her?"

"Generous

"Generous Camilla!" cried he, melted into tender admiration, "who can oppoſe ſo kind a deſign? So noble a nature!----"

No more could be ſaid, for all preliminaries had been ſettled, and the throwing being arranged to take place alphabetically, ſhe was ſoon ſummoned to repreſent Mrs. Berlinton.

From this time, Edgar could ſpeak to her no more: even the Major could ſcarcely make way to her: the two men of the *ton* would not quit her, and Sir Sedley Clarendel appeared openly devoted to her.

Edgar looked on with the keeneſt emotion. The proof he had juſt received that her intrinſic worth was in its firſt ſtate of excellence, had come home to his heart, and the fear of ſeeing her altered and ſpoilt, by the flatteries and dangers which environed her, with his wavering belief in her engagement with Major Cerwood, made him more wretched than ever. But when, ſome time after, ſhe was called upon to

throw for herſelf, the recollection that, from the former raffle, her half-guinea, even when the prize was in her hand, had been voluntarily withdrawn to be beſtowed upon a poor family, ſo powerfully affected him, that he could not reſt in the ſhop; he was obliged to breathe a freer air, and to hide his diſturbance by a retreat.

Her throw was the higheſt the dice had yet afforded. A Miſs Williams alone came after her, whoſe throw was the loweſt; Miſs Camilla Tyrold, therefore, was proclaimed to be the winner.

This ſecond teſtimony of the favour of fortune was a moſt pleaſant ſurpriſe to Camilla, and made the room reſound with felicitations, till they were interrupted by a violent quarrel upon the Pantiles, whence the voice of Macderſey was heard, hollooing out: "Don't talk, I tay ſir! don't preſume to ſay a word!" and that of Mr. Dubſter angrily anſwering, he would talk as long as he thought proper, whether it was agreeable or not.

Sir

Sir Sedley advanced to the combatants, in order to help on the diſpute; but Edgar, returning at the ſound of high words, took the Enſign by the arm, and prevailed with him to accompany him up and down the Pantiles; while Mrs. Mittin ran to Mr. Dubſter, and pulling him into the ſhop, ſaid: "Mr. Dubſter, if I'm not aſhamed of you! how can you forget yourſelf ſo? talking to gentlemen at ſuch a rate!"

"Why what ſhould hinder me?" cried he; "do you think I ſhall put up with every thing as I uſed to do when you firſt knew me, and we uſed to meet at Mr. Typton's, the tallow chandler's, in Shug-lane? no, Mrs. Mittin, nor no ſuch a thing; I'm turned gentleman myſelf, now, as much as the beſt of 'em; for I've nothing to do, but juſt what I chooſe."

"I proteſt, Mr. Dubſter," cried Mrs. Mittin, taking him into a corner, "you're enough to put a ſaint into a pet! how come you to think of talking of Mr. Typton here? before ſuch gentlefolks? and where's the uſe of telling every body he's a tallow

chandler? and as to my meeting with you there once or so, in a way, I desire you'll mention it no more; for it's so long ago, I have no recollection of it."

"No! why don't you remember—"

"Fiddle, faddle, what's the good of ripping up old stories about nothing? when you're with genteel people, you must do as I do; never talk about business at all."

Macdersey now entered the shop, appeased by Edgar from shewing any further wrath, but wantonly inflamed by Sir Sedley, in a dispute upon the passion of love.

"Do you always, my dear friend," said the Baronet, "fall in love at first sight?"

"To be sure I do! If a man makes a scruple of that, it's ten to one but he's disappointed of doing it at all; because, after two or three second sights, the danger is you may spy out some little flaw in the dear angel, that takes off the zest, and hinders you to the longest day you have to live."

"Profoundly cogitated that! you think then, my vast dear sir, the passion had more conve-

conveniently be kindled firſt, that the flaws may appear after, to cure it?"

"No, ſir! no! when a man's once in love, thoſe flaws don't ſignify, becauſe he can't ſee them; or, if he could, at leaſt he'd ſcorn to own them."

"Live for ever brave Ireland!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlbery; "what cold, phlegmatic Engliſhman would have made a ſpeech of ſo much gallantry?"

"As to an Engliſhman," ſaid Macderſey, "you muſt never mind what he ſays about the ladies, becauſe he's too ſheepiſh to ſpeak out. He's juſt as often in love as his neighbours, only he's ſo ſhy he wont't own it, till he ſees if the young fair one is as much in love as himſelf; but a generous Iriſhman never ſcruples to proclaim the girl of his heart, though he ſhould have twenty in a year."

"But is that perfectly delicate, my deareſt ſir, to the ſeveral Dulcineas?"

"Perfectly! your Iriſhman is the delicateſt man upon earth to the fair ſex; for

he always talks of their cruelty, if they are never ſo kind. He knows every honeſt heart will pity him, if its true; and if it i'n't, he is too much a man of honour not to complain all one; he knows how agreeable it is to the dear creatures; they always take it for a compliment."

"Whether avowedly or clandeſtinely," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "ſtill you are all in our chains. Even where you play the tyrant with us, we occupy all your thoughts; and if you have not the ſkill to make us happy, your next delight is to make us miſerable; for though, now and then, you can contrive to hate, you can never arrive at forgetting us."

"Contrive to hate you!" repeated Macderſey; "I could as ſoon contrive to turn the world into a potatoe; there is nothing upon earth, nothing under the whole firmament I value but beauty!"

"A chearful glaſs, then," ſaid Sir Sedley, "you think horridly intolerable?"

"A chearful glaſs, ſir! do you take me for a milk-ſop? do you think I don't know

know what it is to be a man? a chearful glaſs, ſir, is the firſt pleaſure in life; the moſt convivial, the moſt exhilarating, the moſt friendly joy of a true honeſt ſoul! what were exiſtence without it? I ſhould chooſe to be off in half an hour; which I ſhould only make ſo long, not to ſhock my friends."

"Well, the glaſs is not what I patroniſe," ſaid Sir Theophilus; "it hips me ſo conſumedly the next day; no, I can't patroniſe the glaſs."

"Not patroniſe wine?" cried Lord Newford; "O hang it! O curſe it! that's too bad, Offy! but hunting! what doſt think of that, little Offy?"

"Too obſtreperous! It rouſes one at ſuch aukward hours; no, I can't patroniſe hunting."

"Hunting!" cried Macderſey; "O, it leaves every thing behind it; 'tis the thing upon the earth for which I have the trueſt taſte. I know nothing elſe that is not a bauble to it. A man is no more, in

my eſtimation, than a child, or a woman, that don't enjoy it."

"Cards, then," ſaid Sir Sedley, "you reprobate?"

"And dice?"—cried Lord Newford—

"And betting?"—cried Sir Theophilus.

"Why what do you take me for, gentlemen?" replied Macderſey, hotly; "Do you think I have no ſoul? no fire? no feeling? Do you ſuppoſe me a ſtone? a block? a lump of lead? I ſcorn ſuch ſuſpicions; I don't hold them worth anſwering. I am none of that torpid, morbid, drowſy tribe. I hold nobody to have an idea of life that has not rattled in his own hand the dear little box of promiſe. What ecſtaſy not to know if, in two ſeconds, one mayn't be worth ten thouſand pounds! or elſe without a farthing! how it puts one on the rack! There's nothing to compare with it. I would not give up that moment to be ſovereign of the Eaſt Indies! no, not if the Weſt were to be put into the bargain."

"All theſe things," ſaid Mr. Dennel, "are fit for nothing but to bring a man to ruin. The main chance is all that is worth thinking of. 'Tis money makes the mare to go; and I don't know any thing that's to be done without it."

"Money!" exclaimed Macderſey, "tis the thing under heaven I hold in the moſt diſdain. It won't give me a moment's concern never to ſee its colour again. I vow ſolemnly, if it were not juſt for the pleaſures of the table, and a jolly glaſs with a friend, and a few horſes in one's ſtable, and a little ready caſh in one's purſe, for odd uſes, I ſhould not care if the mint were ſunk under ground to-morrow; money is what I moſt deſpiſe of all."

"That's talking out of reaſon," ſaid Mr. Dennel, walking out of the ſhop with great diſguſt.

"Why, if I was to ſpeak," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, encouraged to come forward, by an obſervation ſo much to his own comprehenſion and taſte as the laſt; "I can't but ſay I think the ſame; for money—"

"Keep your diſtance, ſir!" cried the fiery Enſign, "keep your diſtance, I tell you! if you don't wiſh I ſhould ſay ſomething to you pretty cutting."

This broke up the party, which elſe the lounging ſpirit of the place, and the general conſent by which all deſcriptions of characters ſeem determined to occupy any ſpot whatever, to avoid a moment's abode in their lodgings, would ſtill have detained till the dinner hour had forced to their reſpective homes. To ſuppreſs all poſſibility of further diſſention, Mrs. Arlbery put Miſs Dennel under the care of Macderſey, and bid him attend her towards Mount Pleaſant.

Mr. Dubſter, having ſtared after them ſome time in ſilence, called out: "Keep my diſtance! I can't but ſay but what I think that young Captain the rudeſt young gentleman I ever happened to light upon! however, if he don't like me, I ſhan't take it much to heart; I can't pretend to ſay I like him any better; ſo he may chooſe; it's

it's much the ſame to me; it breaks no ſquares."

Edgar, almoſt without knowing it, followed Camilla, but he could diſplace neither the Baronet nor the Major, who, one with a look of open exultation, and the other with an air of determined perſeverance, retained each his poſt at her ſide.

He ſaw that all her voluntary attention was to Sir Sedley, and that the Major had none but what was called for and inevitable. Was this indifference, or ſecurity? was ſhe ſeeking to obtain in the Baronet a new adorer, or to excite jealouſy, through his means, in an old one? Silent he walked on, perpetually exclaiming to himſelf: "Can it be Camilla, the ingenuous, the artleſs Camilla, I find it ſo difficult to fathom, to comprehend, to truſt?

He had not ſpirits to join Mrs. Arlbery, though he lamented he had not, at once, viſited her; ſince it was now awkward to take ſuch a ſtep without an invitation, which ſhe ſeemed by no means diſpoſed to

offer him. She internally resented the little desire he had ever manifested for her acquaintance; and they had both too much penetration not to perceive how wide either was from being the favourite of the other.

CHAP. XII.

Traits of Eccentricity.

THUS paſſed the firſt eight days of the Tunbridge excurſion, and another week ſucceeded without any varying event.

Mrs. Arlbery now, impelled with concern for Camilla, and reſentment againſt Edgar, renewed the ſubject of her opinion and advice upon his character and conduct. "My dear young friend," cried ſhe, "I cannot bear to ſee your days, your views, your feelings, thus fruitleſsly conſumed: I have obſerved this young man narrowly, and I am convinced he is not worth your conſideration."

Camilla, deeply colouring, was beginning to aſſure her ſhe had no need of this counſel; but Mrs. Arlbery, not liſtening, continued.

"I know

"I know what you must say; yet, once more, I cannot refrain venturing at the liberty of lending you my experience. Turn your mind from him with all the expedition in your power, or its peace may be touched for the better half of your life. You do not see, he does not, perhaps, himself know, how exactly he is calculated to make you wretched. He is a watcher; and a watcher, restless and perturbed himself, infests all he pursues with uneasiness. He is without trust, and therefore without either courage or consistency. To-day he may be persuaded you will make all his happiness; to-morrow, he may fear you will give him nothing but misery. Yet it is not that he is jealous of any other; 'tis of the object of his choice he is jealous, lest she should not prove good enough to merit it. Such a man, after long wavering, and losing probable happiness in the terror of possible disappointment, will either die an old batchelor, with endless repinings at his own lingering fastidiousness, or else marry just at the eve of confinement for

for life, from a fit of the gout. He then makes, on a ſudden, the firſt prudent choice in his way; a choice no longer difficult, but from the embarraſſment of its eaſe; for ſhe muſt have no beauty, leſt ſhe ſhould be ſought by others, no wit, leſt others ſhould be ſought by herſelf; and no fortune, leſt ſhe ſhould bring with it a taſte of independence, that might curb his own will, when the ſtrength and ſpirit are gone with which he might have curbed her's."

Camilla attempted to laugh at this portrait; but Mrs. Arlbery intreated her to conſider it as faithful and exact. "You have thought of him too much," cried ſhe, "to do juſtice to any other, or you would not, with ſuch perfect unconcern, paſs by your daily increaſing influence with Sir Sedley Clarendel."

Exceſſively, and very ſeriouſly offended, Camilla earneſtly beſought to be ſpared any hints of ſuch a nature.

"I know well," cried ſhe, "how repugnant to ſeventeen is every idea of life that

that is rational. Let us, therefore, ſet aſide, in our diſcuſſions, any thing ſo really beneficial, as a ſolid connection formed with a view to the worldly comforts of exiſtence, and ſpeak of Sir Sedley's devoirs merely as the inſtrument of teaching Mandlebert, that he is not the only rich, young, and handſome man in this lower ſphere, who has viewed Miſs Camilla Tyrold with complacency. Clarendel, it is true, would loſe every charm in my eſtimation by loſing his heart; for the earth holds nothing comparable for deadneſs of weight, with a poor ſoul really in love—except when it happens to be with oneſelf! yet, to alarm the ſelfiſh irreſolution of that impenetrable Mandlebert, I ſhould really delight to behold him completely caught."

Camilla, diſtreſſed and confuſed, ſought to parry the whole as raillery: but Mrs. Arlbery would not be turned aſide from her ſubject and purpoſe. "I languiſh, I own," cried ſhe, "to ſee that frozen youth worked up into a little ſenſibility. I have an inſtinctive averſion to thoſe cold, haughty,

haughty, drawing-back characters, who are made up of the egotiſm of looking out for ſomething that is wholly devoted to them, and that has not a breath to breathe that is not a ſigh for their perfections."

"O! this is far----" Camilla began, meaning to ſay, far from the character of Mandlebert; but aſhamed of undertaking his defence, ſhe ſtopt ſhort, and only mentally added, Even excellence ſuch as his cannot, then, withſtand prejudice!

"If there is any way," continued Mrs. Arlbery, "of animating him for a moment out of himſelf, it can only be by giving him a dread of ſome other. The poor Major does his beſt; but he is not rich enough to be feared, unleſs he were more attractive. Sir Sedley will ſeem more formidable. Countenance, therefore, his preſent propenſity to wear your chains, till Mandlebert perceives that he is putting them on; and then----mount to the riſing ground you ought to tread, and ſhew, at once, your power and your diſintereſtedneſs, by turning from the handſome Baronet

ronet and all his immenſe wealth, to mark ----ſince you are determined to indulge it ----your unbiaſſed preference for Mandlebert."

Camilla, irreſiſtibly appeaſed by a picture ſo flattering to all her beſt feelings, and deareſt wiſhes, looked down; angry with herſelf to find ſhe felt no longer angry with Mrs. Arlbery.

Mrs. Arlbery, perceiving a point gained, determined to enforce the blow, and then leave her to her reflections.

"Mandlebert is a creature whoſe whole compoſition is a pile of accumulated punctilios. He will ſpend his life in refining away his own happineſs: but do not let him refine away yours. He is juſt a man to bewitch an innocent and unguarded young woman from forming any other connexion, and yet, when her youth and expectations have been ſacrificed to his heſitation,----to conceive he does not uſe her ill in thinking of her no more, becauſe he has entered into no verbal engagement. If his honour cannot be arraigned of breaking

breaking any bond,---What matters merely breaking her heart?"

She then left the room; but Camilla dwelt upon nothing ſhe had uttered except the one dear and inviting project of proving her diſintereſtedneſs to Edgar. "O! if once," ſhe cried, "I could annihilate every mercenary ſuſpicion! If once I could ſhew Edgar that his ſituation has no charms for me---and it has none! none! then, indeed, I am his equal, though I am nothing,---equal in what is higheſt, in mind, in ſpirit, in ſentiment!

* * * *

From this time the whole of her behaviour became coloured by this faſcinating idea; and a ſcheme which, if propoſed to her under its real name of coquetry, ſhe would have fled and condemned with antipathy, when preſented to her as a means to mark her freedom from ſordid motives, ſhe adopted with inconſiderate fondneſs. The ſight, therefore, of Edgar, wherever ſhe met him, became now the ſignal

ſignal for adding ſpirit to the pleaſure with which, already, and without any deſign, ſhe had attended to the young Baronet. Exertion gave to her the gaiety of which ſolicitude had deprived her, and ſhe appeared, in the eyes of Sir Sedley, every day more charming. She indulged him with the hiſtory of her adventure at the houſe of Mr. Dubſter, and his prevalent taſte for the ridiculous made the account enchant him. He caſt off, in return, all airs of affectation, when he converſed with her ſeparately; and though ſtill, in all mixt companies, they were reſumed, the real integrity, as well as indifference of her heart, made that a circumſtance but to ſtimulate this new ſpecies of intercourſe, by repreſenting it to be equally void of future danger to them both.

All this, however, failed of its deſired end. Edgar never ſaw her engaged by Sir Sedley, but he thought her youthfully grateful, and eſteemed her the more, or beheld her as a mere coquette, and ceaſed to eſteem her at all. But never for a moment

moment was any perſonal uneaſineſs excited by their mutually increaſing intimacy. The converſations he had held, both with the Baronet and herſelf, had ſatisfied him that neither entertained one ſerious thought of the other; and he took, therefore, no intereſt in their acquaintance, beyond that which was always alive,—a vigilant concern for the manner in which it might operate upon her diſpoſition.

With reſpect to the Major, he was by no means ſo entirely at his eaſe. He ſaw him ſtill the declared and undiſguiſed purſuer of her favour; and though he perceived, at the ſame time, ſhe rather avoided than ſought him, he ſtill imagined, in general, his acceptance was arranged, from the many preceding circumſtances which had firſt given him that belief. The whole of her behaviour, nevertheleſs, perplexed as much as it grieved him, and frequently, in the ſame half hour, ſhe ſeemed to him all that was moſt amiable for inſpiring admiration, and all that was leaſt to be depended upon, for retaining attachment.

Yet

Yet however, from time to time, he felt alarmed or offended, he never ceaſed to experience the fondeſt intereſt in her happineſs, nor the moſt tender compaſſion for the dangers with which he ſaw her environed. He knew, that though her underſtanding was excellent, her temper was ſo inconſiderate, that ſhe rarely conſulted it; and that, though her mind was of the pureſt innocence, it was unguarded by caution, and unprotected by reflexion. He thought her placed where far higher diſcretion, far ſuperior experience, might riſk being ſhaken; and he did not more fervently wiſh, than internally tremble, for her ſafety. Wherever ſhe appeared, ſhe was ſure of diſtinction: "'Tis Miſs Tyrold, the friend of Mrs. Berlinton," was buzzed round the moment ſhe was ſeen; and the particular favour in which ſhe ſtood with ſome votaries of the *ton*, made even her artleſſneſs, her retired education, and her ignorance of all that pertained to the *certain circles*, paſt over and forgiven, in

conſi-

conſideration of her perſonal attractions, her youth, and newneſs.

Still, however, even this celebrity was not what moſt he dreaded: ſo ſudden and unexpected an elevation upon the heights of faſhionable fame might make her head, indeed, giddy, but her heart he thought formed of materials too pure and too good to be endangered ſo lightly; and though frequently, when he ſaw her ſo circumſtanced, he feared ſhe was undone for private life, he could not reflect upon her principles and diſpoſition, without ſoon recovering the belief that a ſhort time might reſtore her mind to its native ſimplicity and worth. But another rock was in the way, againſt which he apprehended ſhe might be daſhed, whilſt leaſt ſuſpicious of any peril.

This rock, indeed, exhibited nothing to the view that could have affrighted any ſpectator leſs anxiouſly watchful, or leſs perſonally intereſted in regarding it. But youth itſelf, in the fervour of a ſtrong attachment, is as open-eyed, as obſervant,

and as prophetic as age, with all its concomitants of practice, time, and ſuſpicion. This rock, indeed, far from giving notice of danger by any ſharp points or rough prominences, diſplayed only the ſmootheſt and moſt inviting ſurface: for it was Mrs. Berlinton, the beautiful, the accompliſhed, the attractive Mrs. Berlinton, whom he beheld as the object of the greateſt riſk ſhe had to encounter.

As he ſtill preſerved the character with which ſhe had conſented to inveſt him of her monitor, he ſeized every opportunity of communicating to her his doubts and apprehenſions. But in proportion as her connexion with that lady increaſed, uſe to her manners and ſentiments abated the wonderment they inſpired, and they ſoon began to communicate an unmixt charm, that made all other ſociety, that of Edgar alone excepted, heartleſs and unintereſting. Yet, in the converſations ſhe held with him from time to time, ſhe frankly related the extraordinary attachment of her new friend to ſome unknown correſpondent, and confeſſed

ſeſſed her own ſurpriſe when it firſt came to her knowledge.

Edgar liſtened to the account with the moſt unaffected diſmay, and repreſented the probable danger, and actual impropriety of ſuch an intercourſe, in the ſtrongeſt and moſt eloquent terms; but he could neither appal her confidence, nor ſubdue her eſteem. The openneſs with which all had originally and voluntarily been avowed, convinced her of the innocence with which it was felt, and all that his exhortations could obtain, was a remonſtrance on her own part to Mrs. Berlinton.

She found that lady, however, perſuaded ſhe indulged but on innocent friendſhip, which ſhe aſſured her was beſtowed upon a perſon of as much honour as merit, and which only with life ſhe ſhould relinquiſh, ſince it was the ſole conſolation of her fettered exiſtence.

Edgar, to whom this was communicated, ſaw with terror the aſcendance thus acquired over her judgment as well as her

affections, and became more watchful and more uneasy in observing the progress of this friendship, than all the flattering devoirs of the gay Baronet, or the more serious assiduities of the Major.

Mrs. Berlinton, indeed, was no common object, either for fear or for hope, for admiration or for censure. She possessed all that was most softly attractive, most bewitchingly beautiful, and most irresistibly captivating, in mind, person, and manners. But to all that was thus most fascinating to others, she joined unhappily all that was most dangerous for herself; an heart the most susceptible, sentiments the most romantic, and an imagination the most exalted. She had been an orphan from earliest years, and left, with an only brother, to the care of a fanatical maiden aunt, who had taught her nothing but her faith and her prayers, without one single lesson upon good works, or the smallest instruction upon the practical use of her theoretical piety. All that ever varied these studies were some common and ill selected

ſelected novels and romances, which a young lady in the neighbourhood privately lent her to read; till her brother, upon his firſt vacation from the Univerſity, brought her the works of the Poets. Theſe, alſo, it was only in ſecret ſhe could enjoy; but, to her juvenile fancy, and irregularly principled mind, that did not render them more taſteleſs. Whatever was moſt beautifully pictureſque in poetry, ſhe ſaw verified in the charming landſcapes preſented to her view in the part of Wales ſhe inhabited; whatever was moſt noble or tender in romance, ſhe felt promptly in her heart, and conceived to be general; and whatever was enthuſiaſtic in theology, formed the whole of her idea and her belief with reſpect to religion.

Brought up thus, to think all things the moſt unuſual and extraordinary, were merely common and of courſe; ſhe was romantic without conſciouſneſs, and excentric without intention. Nothing ſteady or rational had been inſtilled into her mind by others; and ſhe was too young, and too fanciful

to have formed her own principles with any depth of reflection, or ſtudy of propriety. She had entered the world, by a ſudden and moſt unequal marriage, in which her choice had no part, with only two ſelf-formed maxims for the law of her conduct. The firſt of theſe was, that, from her early notions of religion, no veſtal ſhould be more perſonally chaſte; the ſecond, that, from her more recently imbibed ones of tenderneſs, her heart, ſince ſhe was married without its concurrence, was ſtill wholly at liberty to be diſpoſed of by its own propenſities, without reproach and without ſcruple.

With ſuch a character, where virtue had ſo little guide even while innocence preſided; where the perſon was ſo alluring, and the ſituation ſo open to temptation, Edgar ſaw with almoſt every ſpecies of concern the daily increaſing friendſhip of Camilla. Yet while he feared for her firmneſs, he knew not how to blame her fondneſs; nor where ſo much was amiable

in

in its object, could he ceaſe to wiſh that more were right.

* * * *

Thus again lived and died another week; and the fourth ſucceeded with no actual occurrence, but a new change of opinion in Mrs. Arlbery, that forcibly and cruelly affected the feelings of Camilla.

Uninformed of the motive that occaſioned the indifference with which Edgar beheld the newly awakened gallantry of Sir Sedley, and the pleaſure with which Camilla received it, Mrs. Arlbery obſerved his total unconcern, firſt with ſurpriſe, next with perplexity, and finally with a belief he was ſeriouſly reſolved againſt forming any connection with her himſelf. This ſhe took an early opportunity to intimate to Camilla, warmly exhorting her to drive him faſt from her mind.

Camilla aſſured her that no taſk could be more eaſy; but the diſappointment of the project with reſpect to Sir Sedley, which

ſhe bluſhed to have adopted, hurt her in every poſſible direction. Coquetry was as foreign to the ingenuouſneſs of her nature, as to the dignity of all her early maternal precepts. She had haſtily encouraged the devoirs of the Baronet, upon the recommendation of a woman ſhe loved and admired; but now, that the failure of her aim brought her to reflexion, ſhe felt penitent and aſhamed to have heeded any advice ſo contrary to the ſingleneſs of the doctrines of her father, and ſo inferior to the elevation of every ſentiment ſhe had ever heard from her mother. If Edgar had ſeen her deſign, he had ſurely ſeen it with contempt: and though his manner was ſtill the moſt gentle, and his advice ever ready and friendly, the opinion of Mrs. Arlbery was corroborated by all her own obſervations, that he was decidedly eſtranged from her.

What repentance enſued! what ſeverity of regret! how did ſhe canvaſs her conduct, how lament ſhe had ever formed that fatal acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery, which

which he had ſo early oppoſed, and which ſeemed eternally deſtined to lead her into meaſures and conduct moſt foreign to his approbation!

The melancholy that now again took poſſeſſion of her ſpirits made her decline going abroad, from a renewed determination to avoid all meetings with Edgar. Mrs. Arlbery felt provoked to find his power thus unabated, and Sir Sedley was aſtoniſhed. He ſtill ſaw her perpetually, from his viſits at Mount Pleaſant; but his vanity, that weakeſt yet moſt predominant feature of his character, received a ſhock for which no modeſty of apprehenſion or forethought had prepared him, in finding that, when he ſaw her no more in the preſence of Mandlebert, he ſaw her no more the ſame. She was ready ſtill to converſe with him; but no peculiar attention was flattering, no deſire to oblige was pointed. He found he had been merely a paſſive inſtrument, in her eſtimation, to excite jealouſy; and even as ſuch had been powerleſs to produce that effect. The raillery which Mrs. Arlbery

ſpared not upon the occaſion added greatly to his pique, and his mortification was ſo viſible, that Camilla perceived it, and perceived it with pain, with ſhame, and with ſurpriſe. She thought now, for the firſt time, that the public homage he had paid her had private and ſerious motives, and that what ſhe imagined mere ſportive gallantry, aroſe from a growing attachment.

This idea had no gratifying power; believing Edgar without care for her, ſhe could not hope it would ſtimulate his regard; and conceiving ſhe had herſelf excited the partiality by wilful civilities, ſhe could feel only reproach from a conqueſt, unduly, unfairly, uningenuouſly obtained.

In proportion as theſe ſelf-upbraidings made her leſs deſerving in her own eyes, the merits of the young Baronet ſeemed to augment; and in conſidering herſelf as culpable for having raiſed his regard, ſhe appeared before him with a humility that gave a ſoftneſs to her look and manners, which ſoon proved as intereſting to Sir Sedley

Sedley as her marked gaiety had been flattering.

When she perceived this, she felt distressed anew. To shun him was impossible, as Mrs. Arlbery not only gave him completely the freedom of her house, but assiduously promoted their belonging always to the same group, and being seated next to each other. There was nothing she would not have done to extenuate her error, and to obviate its ill effect upon Sir Sedley; but as she always thought herself in the wrong, and regarded him as injured, every effort was accompanied with a timidity that gave to every change a new charm, rather than any repulsive quality.

In this state of total self-disapprobation, to return to Etherington was her only wish, and to pass the intermediate time with Mrs. Berlinton became her sole pleasure. But she was forced again into public to avoid an almost single intercourse with Sir Sedley.

In meeting again with Edgar she saw him openly delighted at her sight, but without the least apparent solicitude, or notice, that

the young Baronet had paſſed almoſt the whole of the interval upon Mount Pleaſant.

This was inſtantly noticed, and inſtantly commented upon by Mrs. Arlbery, who again, and ſtrongly pointed out to Camilla, that to ſave her youth from being waſted by fruitleſs expectation, ſhe muſt forget young Mandlebert, and ſtudy only her own amuſement.

Camilla diſſented not from the opinion; but the doctrine to which it was eaſy to agree, it was difficult to put in practice; and her ardent mind believed itſelf fettered for ever, and for ever unhappy.

CHAP. XIII.

Traits of Inſtruction.

THE ſixth and laſt week deſtined for the Tunbridge ſojourn was begun, when Mrs. Arlbery once more took her fair young gueſt apart, and intreated her attention for one final half hour. The time, ſhe ſaid, was faſt advancing in which they muſt return to their reſpective homes; but ſhe wiſhed to make a full and clear repreſentation of the advantages that might be reaped from this excurſion, before the period for gathering them ſhould be paſt.

She would forbear, ſhe ſaid, entering again upon the irkſome ſubject of the inſenſibility of Mandlebert, which was, at leaſt, ſufficiently glaring to prevent any deluſion. But ſhe begged leave to ſpeak of what ſhe believed had leſs obviouſly ſtruck her, the apparent promiſe of a ſerious

ſerious attchment from Sir Sedley Clarendel.

Camilla would here inſtantly have broken up the converſation, but Mrs. Arlbery inſiſted upon being heard.

" Why, ſhe aſked, ſhould ſhe wilfully deſtine her youth to a hopeleſs waſte of affection, and dearth of all permanent comfort? To ſacrifice every conſideration to the honours of conſtancy, might be ſoothing, and even glorious in this firſt ſeaſon of romance; but a very ſhort time would render it vapid; and the epoch of repentance was always at hand to ſucceed. With the leaſt addreſs, or the leaſt genuine encouragement, it was now palpable ſhe might ſee Sir Sedley, and his title and fortune at her feet.

Camilla reſentfully interrupted her, diſclaiming with Sir Sedley, as with every one elſe, all poſſibility of alliance from motives ſo degrading; and perſiſted, in declaring, that the moſt moderate ſubſiſtence with freedom, would be preferable to the moſt affluent obtained by any mercenary engagement.

Mrs.

Mrs. Arlbery desired her to recollect that Sir Sedley, though rich even to splendour, was so young, so gay, so handsome, and so pleasant, that she might safely honour him with her hand, yet run no risk of being supposed to have made a merely interested alliance. "I throw out this," she cried, "in conclusion, for your deepest consideration, but I must press it no further. Sir Sedley is evidently charmed with you at present; and his vanity is so potent, and, like all vanity, so easily assailable, that the smallest food to it, adroitly administered, would secure him your slave for life, and rescue you from the antidiluvian courtship of a man, who, if he marries at all, is so deliberate in his progress, that he must reach his grand climacteric before he can reach the altar."

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Far from meditating upon this discourse with any view to following its precepts, Camilla found it necessary to call all her

original fondneſs for Mrs. Arlbery to her aid, to forgive the plainneſs of her attack, or the worldlineſs of her notions: and all that reſted upon her mind for conſideration was, her belief in the ſerious regard of Sir Sedley, which, as ſhe apprehended it to be the work of her own deſigned exertions, ſhe could only think of with contrition.

Theſe ruminations were interrupted by a call down ſtairs to ſee a learned bullfinch. The Dennels and Sir Sedley were preſent, ſhe met the eyes of the latter with a ſenſation of ſhame that quickly deepened her whole face with crimſon. He did not behold it without emotion, and experienced a ſtrong curioſity to define its exact cauſe.

He addreſſed himſelf to her with the moſt marked diſtinction; ſhe could ſcarcely anſwer him; but her manner was even touchingly gentle. Sir Sedley could not reſtrain himſelf from following her in every motion by his eyes; he felt an intereſt concerning her that ſurpriſed him; he began

began to doubt if it had been indifference which caused her late change; her softness helped his vanity to recover its tone, and her confusion almost confirmed him that Mrs. Arlbery had been mistaken in rallying his failure of rivalry with Mandlebert.

The bird sung various little airs, upon certain words of command, and mounted his highest, and descended to his lowest perch; and made whatever evolutions were within the circumference of his limited habitation, with wonderful precision.

Camilla, however, was not more pleased by his adroitness, than pained to observe the severe aspect with which his keeper issued his orders. She inquired by what means he had obtained such authority.

The man, with a significant wag of the head, brutally answered, "By the true old way, Miss; I licks him."

"Lick him!" repeated she, with disgust; how is it possible you can beat such a poor delicate little creature?"

"O,

" O, eaſy enough, Miſs," replied the man, grinning; " every thing's the better for a little beating, as I tells my wife. There's nothing ſo fine ſet, Miſs, but what will bear it, more or leſs."

Sir Sedley aſked with what he could ſtrike it, that would not endanger its life.

" That's telling, ſir!" cried the man, with a ſneer; " howbeit, we've plenty of ill luck in the trade. No want of that. For one that I rears, I loſes ſix or ſeven. And ſometimes they be ſo plaguy ſulky, they tempt me to give 'em a knock a little matter too hard, and then they'll fall you into a fit, like, and go off in a twinkle."

" And how can you have the cruelty," cried Camilla, indignantly, " to treat in ſuch a manner a poor little inoffenſive animal who does not underſtand what you require?"

" O, yes, a does, miſs, they knows what I wants as well as I do myſelf; only they're ſo dead tireſome at being ſhy. Why now this one here, as does all his larning to ſatisfaction juſt now, mayhap won't do nothing

nothing at all by an hour or two. Why ſometimes you may pinch 'em to a mummy before you can make 'em budge."

"Pinch them!" exclaimed ſhe; "do you ever pinch them?"

"Do I? Ay, miſs. Why how do you think one larns them dumb creturs? It don't come to 'em natural. They are main dull of themſelves. This one as you ſee here would do nothing at all, if he was not afraid of a tweak."

"Poor unhappy little thing!" cried ſhe! "I hope, at leaſt, now it has learnt ſo much, its ſufferings are over!"

"Yes, yes, he's pretty well off. I always gives him his fill when he's done his day's work. But a little ſqueak now and then in the intrum does 'em no harm. They're mortal cunning. One's forced to be pretty tough with 'em."

"How ſhould I rejoice," cried Camilla, "to reſcue this one poor unoffending and oppreſſed little animal from ſuch tyranny!" Then, taking out her purſe, ſhe deſired to know what he would have for it.

The

The man, as a very great favour, ſaid he would take ten guineas; though it would be his ruin to part with it, as it was all his livelihood; but he was willing to oblige the young lady.

Camilla, with a conſtrained laugh, but a very natural bluſh, put up her purſe, and ſaid: "Thou muſt linger on, then, in captivity, thou poor little undeſerving ſufferer, for I cannot help thee!"

Every body proteſted that ten guineas was an impoſition; and the man offered to part with it for five.

Camilla, who had imagined it would have coſt half a guinea, was now more aſhamed, becauſe equally incapable to anſwer ſuch a demand; ſhe declined, therefore, the compoſition, and the man was diſmiſſed.

* * * *

At night, when ſhe returned to her own room from the play, ſhe ſaw the little bulfinch, repoſing in a ſuperb cage, upon her table.

Delighted

Delighted firſt, and next perplexed, ſhe flew to Mrs. Arlbery, and inquired whence it came.

Mrs. Arlbery was as much amazed as herſelf.

Queſtions were then aſked of the ſervants; but none knew, or none would own, how the bird became thus ſituated.

Camilla could not now doubt but Sir Sedley had given this commiſſion to his ſervant, who could eaſily place the cage in her room, from his conſtant acceſs to the houſe. She was enchanted to ſee the little animal relieved from ſo painful a life, but heſitated not a moment in reſolving to refuſe its acceptance.

When Sir Sedley came the next day, ſhe carried it down, and, with a ſmile of open pleaſure, thanked him for giving her ſo much ſhare in his generous liberality; and aſked if he could take it home with him in his carriage, or, if ſhe ſhould ſend it to his hotel.

Sir Sedley was diſappointed, yet felt the propriety of her delicacy and her ſpirit.

He did not deny the ſtep he had taken; but told her that having haſtily, from the truth of reflection her compaſſion had awakened, ordered his ſervant to follow the man, and buy the bird, he had forgotten, till it arrived, his incapability of taking care of it. His valet was as little at home as himſelf, and there was ſmall chance, at an inn, that any maid would ſo carefully watch, as to prevent its falling a prey to the many cats with which it was ſwarming. He hoped, therefore, till their return to Hampſhire, ſhe would take charge of a little animal that owed its deliverance from ſlavery to her pitying comments.

Camilla, inſtinctively, would with unfeigned joy, have accepted ſuch a truſt: but ſhe thought ſhe ſaw ſomething archly ſignificant in the eye of Mrs. Arlbery, and therefore ſtammered out, ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould herſelf be too little at home to ſecure its ſafety.

Sir Sedley, looking extremely blank, ſaid, it would be better to re-deliver it to the man, brute as he was, than to let it be unprotected;

unprotected; but, where generosity touched Camilla, reflection ever flew her; and off all guard at such an idea, she exclaimed she would rather relinquish going out again while at Tunbridge, than render his humanity abortive; and ran off precipitately with the bird to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery, soon following, praised her behaviour; and said, she had sent the Baronet away perfectly happy.

Camilla, much provoked, would now have had the bird conveyed after him; but Mrs. Arlbery assured her, inconsistency in a woman was as flattering, as in a man it was tedious and alarming; and persuaded her to let the matter rest.

Her mind, however, did not rest at the same time: in the evening, when the Baronet met them at the Rooms, he was not only unusually gay, but looked at her with an air and manner that seemed palpably to mark her as the cause of his satisfaction.

In the deepest disturbance, she considered herself now to be in a difficulty

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the moſt delicate; ſhe could not come forward to clear it up, without announcing expectations from his partiality which he had never authoriſed by any declaration; nor yet ſuffer ſuch ſymptoms of his believing it welcome to paſs unnoticed, without riſking the reproach of uſing him ill, when ſhe made known, at a later period, her indifference.

Mrs. Arlbery would not aid her, for ſhe thought the embarraſſment might lead to a termination the moſt fortunate. To conſult with Edgar was her firſt wiſh; but how open ſuch a ſubject? The very thought, however, gave her an air of ſolicitude when he ſpoke to her, that ſtruck him, and he watched for an opportunity to ſay, "You have not, I hope, forgotten my province?----May I, in my permitted office, aſk a few queſtions?"

"O, yes!" cried ſhe, with alacrity; "And, when they are aſked, and when I have anſwered them, if you ſhould not be too much tired, may I aſk ſome in my turn?"

"Of

"Of me!" cried he, with the moſt gratified ſurpriſe.

"Not concerning yourſelf!" anſwered ſhe, bluſhing; "but upon ſomething which a little diſtreſſes me."

"When, and where may it be?" cried he, while a thouſand conjectures rapidly ſucceeded to each other; "may I call upon Mrs. Arlbery to-morrow morning?"

"O, no! we ſhall be, I ſuppoſe, here again at night," ſhe anſwered; dreading arranging a viſit Mrs. Arlbery would treat, ſhe knew, with raillery the moſt unmerciful.

There was time for no more, as that lady, ſuddenly tired, led the way to the carriage. Edgar followed her to the door, hoping and fearing, at once, every thing that was moſt intereſting from a confidence ſo voluntary and ſo unexpected.

Camilla was ſtill more agitated; for though uncertain if ſhe were right or wrong in the appeal ſhe meant to make, to converſe with him openly, to be guided by

his counſel, and to convince him of her ſuperiority to all mercenary allurements were pleaſures to make her look forward to the approaching conference with almoſt trembling delight.

CHAP. XIV.

A Demander.

THE next night, as the carriage was at the door, and the party preparing for the Rooms, the name of Mr. Tyrold was announced, and Lionel entered the parlour.

His manner was hurried, though he appeared gay and friſky as uſual; Camilla felt a little alarmed; but Mrs. Arlbery aſked if he would accompany them.

With all his heart, he anſwered, only he muſt firſt have a moment's chat with his ſiſter. Then, ſaying they ſhould have a letter to write together, he called for a pen and ink, and was taking her into another apartment, when Mr. Dennel objected to letting his horſes wait.

"Send them back for us, then," cried Lionel, with his cuſtomary eaſe, "and we will follow you."

Mr. Dennel again objected to making his horſes ſo often mount the hill; but Lionel aſſuring him nothing was ſo good for them, ran on with ſo many farrier words and phraſes of the benefit they would reap from ſuch light evening exerciſe, that, perſuaded he was maſter of the ſubject, Mr. Dennel ſubmitted, and the brother and ſiſter were left *tête-à-tête*.

At any other time, Camilla would have propoſed giving up the Rooms entirely: but her deſire to ſee Edgar, and the ſpecies of engagement ſhe had made with him, counterbalanced every inconvenience.

"My dear girl," ſaid Lionel, "I am come to beg a favour. You ſee this pen and ink. Give me a ſheet of paper."

She fetched him one.

"That's a good child," cried he, patting her cheek; "ſo now ſit down, and write a ſhort letter for me. Come begin. Dear Sir."

She wrote—Dear Sir.

"An unforeſeen accident,—write on,—an unforeſeen accident has reduced me to

to immediate diſtreſs for two hundred pounds ----."

Camilla let her pen drop, and riſing ſaid, "Lionel! is this poſſible?"

"Very poſſible, my dear. You know I told you I wanted another hundred before you left Cleves. So you muſt account it only as one hundred, in fact, at preſent."

"O Lionel, Lionel!" cried Camilla, claſping her hands, with a look of more remonſtrance than any words ſhe durſt utter.

"Won't you write the letter?" ſaid he, pretending not to obſerve her emotion.

"To whom is it to be addreſſed?"

"My uncle, to be ſure, my dear! What can you be thinking of? Are you in love, Camilla?"

"My uncle again? no Lionel, no!—I have ſolemnly engaged myſelf to apply to him no more."

"That was, for me, my dear; but where can your thoughts be wandering?

Why you muſt aſk for this, as if it were for yourſelf."

"For myſelf!"

"Yes, certainly. You know he won't give it elſe."

"Impoſſible! what ſhould I want two hundred pounds for?"

"O, a thouſand things; ſay you muſt have ſome new gowns and caps, and hats and petticoats, and all thoſe kind of gear. There is not the leaſt difficulty; you can eaſily perſuade him they are all worn out at ſuch a place as this. Beſides, I'll tell you what is ſtill better; ſay you've been robbed; he'll ſoon believe it, for he thinks all public places filled with ſharpers."

"Now you relieve me," ſaid ſhe, with a ſort of fearful ſmile, "for I am ſure you cannot be ſerious. You muſt be very certain I would not deceive or delude my uncle for a million of worlds."

"You know nothing of life, child, nothing at all. However, if you won't ſay that, tell him it's for a ſecret purpoſe. At

At leaſt you can do that. And then, you can make him underſtand he muſt aſk no queſtions about the matter. The money is all we want from him."

"This is ſo idle, Lionel, that I hope you ſpeak it for mere nonſenſe. Who could demand ſuch a ſum, and refuſe to account for its purpoſe?"

"Account, my dear! Does being an uncle give a man a right to be impertinent? If it does, marry out of hand yourſelf, there's a good girl, and have a family at once, that I may ſhare the ſame privilege. I ſhall like it of all things; who will you have?"

"Pho, pho!"

"Major Cerwood?"

"No, never!"

"I once thought Edgar Mandlebert had a ſneaking kindneſs for you. But I believe it is gone off. Or elſe I was out."

This was not an obſervation to exhilarate her ſpirits. She ſighed: but Lionel, concluding himſelf the cauſe, begged her

not to be low-ſpirited, but to write the letter at once.

She aſſured him ſhe could never again conſent to interfere in his unreaſonable requeſts.

He was undone, then, he ſaid; for he could not live without the money.

"Rather ſay, not with it," cried ſhe; "for you keep nothing!"

"Nobody does, my dear; we all go on the ſame way now-a-days."

"And what do you mean to be the end of it all, Lionel? How do you purpoſe living when all theſe reſources are completely exhauſted?"

"When I am ruined, you mean? why how do other people live when they're ruined? I can but do the ſame; though I have not much conſidered the matter."

"Do conſider it, then, dear Lionel! for all our ſakes, do conſider it!"

"Well,—let us ſee.—"

"O, I don't mean ſo; I don't mean juſt now; in this mere idle manner.—"

"O, yes,

"O, yes, I'll do it at once, and then it will be over. Faith I don't well know. I have no great *guſta* for blowing out my brains. I like the little dears mighty well where they are. And I can't ſay I ſhall much reliſh to conſume my life and prime and vigour in the king's bench priſon. 'Tis horribly tireſome to reſide always on the ſame ſpot. Nor I have no great diſpoſition to whiſk off to another country. Old England's a pretty place enough. I like it very well;---with a little rhino underſtood! But it's the very deuce, with an empty purſe. So write the letter, my dear girl."

"And is this your conſideration, Lionel? And is this its concluſion?"

"Why what ſignifies dwelling upon ſuch diſmalties? If I think upon my ruin beforehand, I am no nearer to enjoyment now than then. Live while we live, my dear girl! I hate propheſying horrors. Write, I ſay, write!"

Again ſhe abſolutely refuſed, pleading her promiſe to her uncle, and declaring ſhe would keep her word.

"Keep a fiddleſtick!" cried he, impatiently; "you don't know what miſchief you may have to anſwer for! you may bring miſery upon all our heads! you may make my father baniſh me his ſight, you may make my mother execrate me!—"

"Good Heaven!" cried Camilla interrupting him, "what is it you talk of? what is it you mean?

"Juſt what I ſay; and to make you underſtand me better, I'll give you a hint of the truth; but you muſt loſe your life twenty times before you reveal it—There's—there's—do you hear me?—there's a pretty girl in the caſe!"

"A pretty girl!—And what has that to do with this rapacity for money?"

"What an innocent queſtion! why what a baby thou art, my dear Camilla!"

"I hope you are not forming any connexion unknown to my father?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Lionel laughing loud: "Why thou haſt lived in that old parſonage-houſe till thou art almoſt too young to be rocked in a cradle."

"If

"If you are entering into any engagement," said she, still more gravely, "that my father must not know, and that my mother would so bitterly condemn,—why am I to be trusted with it?"

"You understand nothing of these things, child. 'Tis the very nature of a father to be an hunks, and of a mother to be a bore."

"O Lionel! such a father!—such a mother!—"

"As to their being perfectly good, and all that, I know it very well. And I am very sorry for it. A good father is a very serious misfortune to a poor lad like me, as the world runs; it causes one such confounded gripes of the conscience for every little awkward thing one does! A bad father would be the joy of my life; 'twould be all fair play there; the more he was chousèd the better."

"But this pretty girl, Lionel!—Are you serious? Are you really engaging yourself? And is she so poor? Is she so much

diſtreſſed, that you require theſe immenſe and frequent ſums for her?"

Lionel laughed again, and rubbed his hands; but after a ſhort ſilence aſſumed a more ſteady countenance, and ſaid, "Don't aſk me any thing about her. It is not fit you ſhould be ſo curious. And don't give a hint of the matter to a ſoul. Mind that! But as to the money, I muſt have it. And directly: I ſhall be blown to the deuce elſe."

"Lionel!" cried Camilla, ſhrinking, "you make me tremble! you cannot ſurely be ſo wicked---ſo unprincipled---No! your connexions are never worſe than imprudent!—you would not elſe be ſo unkind, ſo injurious as to place in me ſuch a confidence!"

The whole face of Lionel now flaſhed with ſhame, and he walked about the room, muttering: "'Tis true, I ought not to have done it." And ſoon after, with ſtill greater concern, he exclaimed: "If this appears to you in ſuch a heinous light, what will my father think of it? And

And how can I bear to let it be known to my mother?"

"O never, never!" cried ſhe emphatically; "never let it reach the knowledge of either! If indeed you have been ſo inconſiderate, and ſo wrong—break up, at leaſt, any ſuch intercourſe before it offends their ears."

"But how, my dear, can I do that, if it gets blazed abroad?"

"Blazed abroad!"

"Yes; and for want, only, of a few pitiful guineas."

"What can you mean? How can it depend upon a few guineas?"

"Get me the guineas;—and leave the how to me."

"My dear Lionel," cried ſhe, affectionately, "I would do any thing that is not abſolutely improper to ſerve you; but my uncle has now nothing more to ſpare; he has told me ſo himſelf; and with what courage, then, in this dark, myſterious, and, I fear, worſe than myſterious buſineſs, can I apply to him?"

"My

"My dear child, he only wants to hoard up his money to ſhew off poor Eugenia at her marriage; and you know as well as I do what a ninny he is for his pains; for what a poor little dowdy thing will ſhe look, dizened out in jewels and laces?"

"Can you ſpeak ſo of Eugenia? the moſt amiable, the moſt deſerving, the moſt excellent creature breathing!"

"I ſpeak it in pure friendſhip. I would not have her expoſed. I love dear little Greek and Latin as well as you do. Only the difference is I don't talk ſo like an old woman; and really when you do it yourſelf, you can't think the ridiculous effect it has, when one looks at your young face. However, only write the requeſt as if from yourſelf, and tell him you'll acquaint him with the reaſon next letter; but that the poſt is juſt going out now, and you have time for no more. And then, juſt coax him over a little, with, how you long to be back, and how you hate Tunbridge, and how you adore Cleves, and how tired

you are for want of his bright converſation,—and you may command half his fortune.—My dear Camilla, you don't know from what deſtruction you will reſcue me! Think too of my father, and what a ſhock you will ſave him: And think of my mother, whom I can never ſee again if you won't help me!"

Camilla ſighed, but let him put the pen into her hand, whence, however, the very next moment's reflection was urging her to caſt it down, when he caught her in his arms in a tranſport of joy, called her his protectreſs from diſhonour and deſpair, and ſaid he would run to the Rooms while ſhe wrote, juſt to take the opportunity of ſeeing them, and to un-order the carriage, that ſhe might have no interruption to her compoſition, which he would come back to claim before the party returned, as he muſt ſet off for Cleves, and gallop all night, to procure the money, which the loſs of a ſingle day would render uſeleſs.

All this he uttered with a rapidity that mocked every attempt at expoſtulation or anſwer;

anſwer; and then ran out of the room and out of the houſe.

* * * *

Horrour at ſuch perpetual and increaſing ill conduct, grief at the compulſive failure of meeting Edgar, and perplexity how to extricate herſelf from her half given, but wholly ſeized upon engagement to write, took for a while nearly equally ſhares in tormenting Camilla. But all preſently concentred in one domineering ſentiment of ſharp repentance for what ſhe had apparently undertaken.

To claim two hundred pounds of her uncle, in her own name, was out of all queſtion. She could not, even a moment, dwell upon ſuch a project; but how repreſent what ſhe herſelf ſo little underſtood as the neceſſity of Lionel? or how aſk for ſo large a ſum, and poſtpone, as he deſired, all explanation? She was incapable of any ſpecies of fraud, ſhe deteſted even the moſt diſtant diſguiſe. Simple ſupplication ſeemed, therefore, her only method; but ſo difficult

difficult was even this, in an affair so dark and unconscionable, that she began twenty letters without proceeding in any one of them beyond two lines.

Thus far, however, her task was light to what it appeared to her upon a little further deliberation. That her brother had formed some unworthy engagement or attachment, he had not, indeed, avowed clearly, but he had by no means denied, and she had even omitted, in her surprise and consternation, exacting his promise that it should immediately be concluded. What, then, might she be doing by endeavouring to procure this money? Aiding perhaps vice and immorality, and assisting her misguided, if not guilty brother, to persevere in the most dangerous errors, if not crimes?

She shuddered, she pushed away her paper, she rose from the table, she determined not to write another word.

Yet, to permit parents she justly revered to suffer any evil she had the smallest chance to spare them, was dreadful to her; and

and what evil could be inflicted upon them, so deeply, so lastingly severe, as the conviction of any serious vices in any of their children?

This, for one minute, brought her again to the table; but the next, her better judgment pointed out the shallowness and fallacy of such reasoning. To save them present pain at the risk of future anguish, to consult the feelings of her brother, in preference to his morality, would be forgetting every lesson of her life, which, from its earliest dawn, had imbibed a love of virtue, that made her consider whatever was offensive to it as equally disgusting and unhappy.

To disappoint Lionel was, however, terrible. She knew well he would be deaf to remonstrance, ridicule all argument, and laugh off whatever she could urge by persuasion. She feared he would be quite outrageous to find his expectations thus thwarted; and the lateness of the hour when he would hear it, and the weight he annexed

annexed to obtaining the money expeditiously, redoubled at once her regret for her momentary compliance, and her pity for what he would undergo through its failure.

After considering in a thousand ways how to soften to him her recantation, she found herself so entirely without courage to encounter his opposition, that she resolved to write him a short letter, and then retire to her room, to avoid an interview.

In this, she besought him to forgive her errour in not sooner being sensible of her duty, which had taught her, upon her first reflexion, the impossibility of demanding two hundred pounds for herself, who wanted nothing, and the impracticability of demanding it for him, in so unintelligible a manner.

Thus far only she had proceeded, from the length of time consumed in regret and rumination, when a violent ringing at the door, without the sound of any carriage, made her start up, and fly to her chamber;

chamber; leaving her unfiniſhed letter, with the beginnings of her ſeveral eſſays to addreſs Sir Hugh, upon the table, to ſhew her various efforts, and to explain that they were relinquiſhed.

CHAP. XV.

An Accorder.

THUS, ſelf-confined and almoſt in an agony, Camilla remained for a quarter of an hour, without any ſpecies of interruption, and in the greateſt amazement that Lionel forbore purſuing her, either with letter or meſſage.

Another violent ringing at the bell, but ſtill without any carriage, then excited her attention, and preſently the voice and ſteps of Lionel reſounded upon the ſtairs, whence her name was with violence vociferated.

She did not move; and in another minute, he was rapping at her chamber door, demanding admittance, or that ſhe would inſtantly deſcend.

Alarmed for her open letter and papers, ſhe inquired who was in the parlour.

"Not

"Not a ſoul," he anſwered; "I have left them all at the Rooms."

"Have you returned, then, twice?"

"No. I ſhould have been here ſooner, but I met two or three old cronies, that would not part with me. Come, where's your letter?"

"Have you not ſeen what I have written?"

Down upon this intimation he flew, without any reply; but was preſently back, ſaying he found nothing in the parlour, except a letter to herſelf.

Affrighted, ſhe followed him; but not one of her papers remained. The table was cleared, and nothing was to be ſeen but a large packet, addreſſed to her in a hand ſhe did not know.

She rang to inquire who had been in the houſe before her brother.

The ſervant anſwered, only Sir Sedley Clarendel, who he thought had been there ſtill, as he had ſaid he ſhould wait till Mrs. Arlbery came home.

"Is

"Is it poſſible," cried ſhe, "that a gentleman ſuch as Sir Sedley Clarendel, can have permitted himſelf to touch my papers?"

Lionel agreed that it was ſhocking; but ſaid the loſs of time to himſelf was ſtill worſe; without ſuffering her, therefore, to open her packet, he inſiſted that ſhe ſhould write another letter directly; adding, he had met the Baronet in his way from the Rooms, but had little ſuſpected whence he came, or how he had been amuſing himſelf.

Camilla now hung about her brother in the greateſt tribulation, but refuſed to take the pen he would have put into her hands, and, at laſt, not without tears, ſaid: "Forgive me, Lionel! but the papers you ought to have found would have explained—that I cannot write for you to my uncle."

Lionel heard this with the indignation of an injured man. He was utterly, he ſaid, loſt; and his family would be utterly diſgraced, for ruin muſt be the lot of his father, or exile or impriſonment muſt be his

his own, if she persisted in such unkind and unnatural conduct.

Terrour now bereft her of all speech or motion, till the letter, which Lionel had been beating about in his agitation, without knowing or caring what he was doing, burst open, and some written papers fell to the floor, which she recognised for her own.

Much amazed, she seized the cover, which had only been fastened by a wafer that was still wet, and saw a letter within it to herself, which she hastily read, while a paper that was enclosed dropt down, and was caught by Lionel.

To Miss Camilla Tyrold.

Forgive, fairest Camilla, the work of the Destinies. I came hither to see if illness detained you; the papers which I enclose from other curious eyes caught mine by accident. The pathetic sisterly address has touched me. I have not the honour to know Mr. Lionel Tyrold; let

our acquaintance begin with an act of confidence on his part, that must bind to him for ever his lovely sister's

Most obedient and devoted

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

The loose paper, picked up by Lionel, was a draft, upon a banker, for two hundred pounds.

While this, with speechless emotion, was perused by Camilla, Lionel, with unbounded joy, began jumping, skipping, leaping over every chair, and capering round and round the room in an ecstasy.

"My dearest Lionel," cried she, when a little recovered, "why such joy? you cannot suppose it possible this can be accepted."

"Not accepted, child? do you think me out of my senses? Don't you see me freed from all my misfortunes at once? and neither my father grieved, nor my mother offended, nor poor numps fleeced?"

"And when can you pay it? And what do you mean to do? And to whom

will be the obligation? Weigh, weigh a little all this."

Lionel heard her not; his rapture was too buoyant for attention, and he whiſked every thing out of its place, from frantic merriment, till he put the apartment into ſo much diſorder, that it was ſcarce practicable to ſtir a ſtep in it; now and then interrupting himſelf to make her low bows, ſcraping his feet all over the room, and obſequiouſly ſaying: "My ſiſter Clarendel! How des your La'ſhip do? my dear Lady Clarendel, pray afford me your La'ſhip's countenance."

Nothing could be leſs pleaſant to Camilla than raillery which pointed out, that, even by the unreflecting Lionel, this action could be aſcribed to but one motive. The draft, however, had fallen into his hands, and neither remonſtrance nor petition, neither repreſentation of impropriety nor perſuaſion, could induce him to relinquiſh it; he would only dance, ſing, and pay her groteſque homage, till the coach ſtopt at the door; and then, ludicrouſly hoping her Ladyſhip

Ladyſhip would excuſe his leaving her, for once, to play the part of the houſe-maid, in ſetting the room to rights, he ſprang paſt them all, and bounded down the hill.

Mrs. Arlbery was much diverted by the confuſion in the parlour, and Miſs Dennel aſked a thouſand queſtions why the chairs and tables were all thrown down, the china jars removed from the chimney-piece into the middle of the room, and the ſide-board apparatus put on the chimney-piece in their ſtead.

Camilla was too much confounded either to laugh or explain, and haſtily wiſhing them good-night, retired to her chamber.

Here, in the extremeſt perturbation, ſhe ſaw the full extent of her difficulties, without perceiving any means of extrication. She had no hope of recovering the draft from Lionel, whom ſhe had every reaſon to conclude already journeying from Tunbridge. What could ſhe ſay the next day to Sir Sedley? How account for ſo ſud-

den, so gross an acceptance of pecuniary obligation? What inference might he not draw? And how could she undeceive him, while retaining so improper a mark of his dependence upon her favour? The displeasure she felt that he should venture to suppose she would owe to him such a debt, rendered but still more palpable the species of expectation it might authorise.

To destroy this illusion occupied all her attention, except what was imperiously seized upon by regret of missing Edgar, with whom to consult was more than ever her wish.

In this disturbed state, when she saw Mrs. Arlbery the next morning, her whole care was to avoid being questioned: and that lady, who quickly perceived her fears by her avoidance, took the first opportunity to say to her, with a laugh, "I see I must make no inquiries into the gambols of your brother last night: but I may put together, perhaps, certain circumstances that may give me a little light to the business: and if, as I conjecture, Clarendel spoke out to him, his

his wildeſt rioting is more rational than his ſiſter's gravity."

Camilla proteſted they had not converſed together at all.

"Nay, then, I own myſelf ſtill in the dark. But I obſerved that Clarendel left the Rooms at a very early hour, and that your brother almoſt immediately followed."

Camilla ventured not any reply; and ſoon after retreated.

Mrs. Arlbery, in a few minutes, purſuing her, laughingly, and with ſportive reproach, accuſed her of intending to ſteal a march to the altar of Hymen; as ſhe had juſt been informed, by her maid, that Sir Sedley had actually been at the houſe laſt night, during her abſence.

Camilla ſeriouſly aſſured her, that ſhe was in her chamber when he arrived, and had not ſeen him.

"For what in the world, then, could he come? He was ſure I was not at home, for he had left me at the Rooms?"

Camilla again was ſilent; but her tingling cheeks proclaimed it was not for

want of ſomething to ſay. Mrs. Arlbery forbore to preſs the matter further; but forbore with a nod that implied *I ſee how it is!* and a ſmile that publiſhed the pleaſure and approbation which accompanied her ſelf-conviction.

The vexation of Camilla would have prompted an immediate confeſſion of the whole mortifying tranſaction, had ſhe not been endued with a ſenſe of honour, where the intereſts of others was concerned, that repreſſed her natural precipitance, and was more powerful even than her imprudence.

She waited the greateſt part of the morning in ſome little faint hope of ſeeing Lionel: but he came not, and ſhe ſpent the reſt of it with Mrs. Berlinton. She anxiouſly wiſhed to meet Edgar in the way, to apologiſe for her non-appearance the preceding evening; but this did not happen; and her concern was not leſſened by reflecting upon the ſuperior intereſt in her health and welfare, marked by Sir Sedley, who had taken the trouble to walk

walk from the Rooms to Mount Pleaſant to ſee what was become of her.

She returned home but barely in time to dreſs for dinner, and was not yet ready, when ſhe ſaw the carriage of the Baronet drive up to the door.

In the moſt terrible confuſion how to meet him, what to ſay about the draft, how to mention her brother, whether to ſeem reſentful of the liberty he had ſo unceremoniouſly taken, or thankful for its kindneſs, ſhe had ſcarce the force to attire herſelf, nor, when ſummoned down ſtairs, to deſcend.

This diſtreſs was but increaſed upon her entrance, by the ſight and the behaviour of the Baronet; whoſe addreſs to her was ſo marked, that it covered her with bluſhes, and whoſe air had an aſſurance that ſpoke a ſpecies of ſecret triumph. Offended as well as frightened, ſhe looked every way to avoid him, or aſſumed a look of haughtineſs, when forced by any direct ſpeech to anſwer him. She ſoon, however, ſaw, by his continued ſelf-com-

placency, and even an increaſe of gaiety, that he only regarded this as coquetry, or baſhful embarraſſment, ſince every time ſhe attempted thus to rebuff him, an arch ſmile ſtole over his features, that diſplayed his different conception of her meaning.

She now wiſhed nothing ſo much as a prompt and poſitive declaration, that ſhe might convince him of his miſtake and her rejection. For this purpoſe, ſhe ſubdued her deſire of retreat, and ſpent the whole afternoon with Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels in his company.

Nevertheleſs, when Mrs. Arlbery, who had the ſame object in view, though with a different concluſion, contrived to draw her other gueſts out of the apartment and to leave her alone with Sir Sedley, modeſty and ſhame both interfered with her deſire of an explanation, and ſhe was haſtily retiring; but the Baronet, in a gentle voice, called after her, "Are you going?"

"Yes; I have forgotten ſomething.—"

He roſe to follow her, with a motion that ſeemed purporting to take her hand; but,

but, gliding quickly on, she prevented him, and was almost at the same moment in her own chamber.

With augmented severity, she now felt the impropriety of an apparent acceptance of so singular and unpleasant an obligation, which obviously misled Sir Sedley to believe her at his command.

Shocked in her delicacy, and stung in her best notions of laudable pride, she could not rest without destroying this humiliating idea; and resolved to apply to Edgar for the money, and to pay the Baronet the next day. Her objections to betraying the extravagance of Lionel, though great and sincere, yielded to the still more dangerous evil of letting Sir Sedley continue in an errour, that might terminate in branding her in his opinion, with a character of inconsistency or duplicity.

Edgar, too, so nearly a brother to them both, would guard the secret of Lionel better, in all probability, than he would guard it himself; and could draw no personal inferences from the trust and obliga-

tion, when he found its ſole incitement was ſooner to owe an obligation to a ward of her father, than to a new acquaintance of her own.

Pleaſed at the ſeeming neceſſity of an application that would lead ſo naturally to a demand of the counſel ſhe languiſhed to claim, ſhe determined not to ſuffer Sir Sedley to wait even another minute under his miſtake; but, ſince ſhe now could ſpeak of returning the money, to take courage for meeting what might either precede or enſue in a conference.

Down, therefore, ſhe went; but as ſhe opened the parlour door, ſhe heard Sir Sedley ſay to Mrs. Arlbery, who had juſt entered before her: "O, fie! fie! you know ſhe will be cruel to excruciation! you know me deſtined to deſpair to the laſt degree."

Camilla, whoſe ſo ſpeedy re-appearance was the laſt ſight he expected, was too far advanced to retreat; and the reſentment that tinged her whole complexion ſhewed ſhe had heard what he ſaid, and had heard it with an application the moſt offenſive.

An

An immediate ſenſibility to his own impertinence now ſucceeded in its vain diſplay; he looked not merely concerned, but contrite; and, in a voice ſoftened nearly to timidity, attempted a general converſation, but kept his eyes, with an anxious expreſſion, almoſt continually fixed upon her's.

Anger with Camilla was a quick, but ſhort-lived ſenſation; and this ſudden change in the Baronet from conceit to reſpect, produced a change equally ſudden in herſelf from diſdain to inquietude. Though mortified in the firſt moment by his vanity, it was leſs ſeriouſly painful to her than any belief that under it was couched a diſpoſition towards a really ſteady regard. With Mrs. Arlbery ſhe was but ſlightly offended, though certain ſhe had been aſſuring him of all the ſucceſs he could demand: her way of thinking upon the ſubject had been openly avowed, and ſhe did juſtice to the kindneſs of her motives.

No opportunity, however, aroſe to mention the return of the draft; Mrs. Arlbery

saw displeasure in her air, and not doubting she had heard what had dropt from Sir Sedley, thought the moment unfavorable for a *tête-à-tête*, and resolutely kept her place, till Camilla herself, weary of useless waiting, left the room.

Following her then to her chamber, "My dear Miss Tyrold," she cried, "do not let your extreme youth stand in the way of all your future life. A Baronet, rich, young, and amiable, is upon the very point of becoming your slave for ever; yet, because you discover him to be a little restive in the last agonies of his liberty, you are eager, in the high-flown disdain of juvenile susceptibility, to cast him and his fortune away; as if both were such every-day baubles, that you might command or reject them without thought of future consequence."

"Indeed no, dear madam; I am not actuated by pride or anger; I owe too much to Sir Sedley to feel either above a moment, even where I think them—pardon me!—justly excited. But I should

ill pay my debt, by accepting a lasting attachment, where certain I can return nothing but lasting, eternal, unchangeable indifference."

"You sacrifice, then, both him and yourself, to the fanciful delicacy of a first love?"

"No, indeed!" cried she blushing. "I have no thought at all but of the single life. And I sincerely hope Sir Sedley has no serious intentions towards me; for my obligations to him are so infinite, I should be cruelly hurt to appear to him ungrateful."

"You would appear to him, I confess, a little surprising," said Mrs. Arlbery, laughing; "for diffidence certainly is not his weak part. However, with all his foibles, he is a charming creature, and prepossession only can blind you to his merit."

Camilla again denied the charge, and strove to prevail with her to undeceive the Baronet from any false expectations. But she protested she would not be accessary

ary to ſo much after-repentance; and left her.

The buſineſs now wore a very ſerious aſpect to Camilla. Mrs. Arlbery avowed ſhe thought Sir Sedley in earneſt, and he knew ſhe had herſelf heard him ſpeak with ſecurity of his ſucceſs. The bulfinch had gone far, but the draft ſeemed to have riveted the perſuaſion. The bird it was now impoſſible to return till her departure from Tunbridge; but ſhe reſolved not to defer another moment putting upon her brother alone the obligation of the draft, to ſtop the further progreſs of ſuch dangerous inference.

Haſtily, therefore, ſhe wrote to him the following note:

To Sir Sedley Clarendel, *Bart.*

Sir,

Some particular buſineſs compelled my brother ſo abruptly to quit Tunbridge, that he could not have the honour to firſt wait upon you with his thanks for the loan you ſo unexpectedly put into his hands;

by mine, however, all will be reſtored to-morrow morning, except his gratitude for your kindneſs.

I am, ſir, in both our names,
your obliged humble ſervant,
CAMILLA TYROLD.

MOUNT PLEASANT,
Thurſday Evening.

She now waited till ſhe was ſummoned down ſtairs to the carriage, and then gave her little letter to a ſervant, whom ſhe deſired to deliver it to Sir Sedley's man.

Sir Sedley did not accompany them to the Rooms, but promiſed to follow.

Camilla, on her arrival, with palpitating pleaſure, looked round for Edgar. She did not, however, ſee him. She was accoſted directly by the Major; who, as uſual, never left her, and whoſe aſſiduity to ſeek her favour ſeemed increaſed.

She next joined Mrs. Berlinton; but ſtill ſhe ſaw nothing of Edgar. Her eyes inceſſantly looked towards the door, but the object they ſought never met them.

(TITLE END)

When

When Sir Sedley entered, he joined the group of Mrs. Berlinton.

Camilla tried to look at him and to ſpeak to him with her cuſtomary civility and chearfulneſs, and nearly ſucceeded; while in him ſhe obſerved only an expreſſive attention, without any marks of preſumption.

Thus began and thus ended the evening. Edgar never appeared.

Camilla was in the utmoſt amaze and deepeſt vexation. Why did he ſtay away? was his wrath ſo great at her own failure the preceding night, that he purpoſely avoided her? what, alſo, could ſhe do with Sir Sedley? how meet him the next morning without the draft ſhe had now promiſed?"

In this ſtate of extreme chagrin, when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe found the following letter upon her table:

To Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

CAN you think of ſuch a trifle? or deem wealth ſo truly contemptible, as to deny it all

all honourable employment? Ah, rather, enchanting Camilla! deign further to aid me in diſpenſing it worthily!

SEDLEY CLARENDEL.

Camilla now was touched, penetrated, and diſtreſſed beyond what ſhe had been in any former time. She looked upon this letter as a poſitive intimation of the moſt ſerious deſigns; and all his good qualities, as painted by Mrs. Arlbery, with the very ſingular obligation ſhe owed to him, roſe up formidably to ſupport the arguments and remonſtrances of that lady; though every feeling of her heart, every ſentiment of her mind, and every wiſh of her ſoul, oppoſed their ſmalleſt weight.

CHAP. XVI.

An Helper.

THE next morning, as Camilla had accompanied Mrs. Berlinton, in earneſt diſcourſe, from her chamber to the hall, ſhe heard the poſtman ſay Miſs Tyrold as he gave in a letter. She ſeized it, ſaw the hand-writing of Lionel, and ran eagerly into the parlour, which was empty, to read it, in ſome hopes it would at leaſt contain an acknowledgment of the draft, that might be ſhewn to Sir Sedley, and relieve her from the pain of continuing the principal in ſuch an affair.

The letter, however, was merely a ſportive rhapſody, beginning; *My dear Lady Clarendel;* deſiring her favour and protection, and telling her he had done what he could for her honour, by adding two trophies to the victorious car of Hymen, driven by the happy Baronet.

Wholly

Wholly at a loſs how to act, ſhe ſat ruminating over this letter, till Mrs. Arlbery opened the door. Having no time to fold it, and dreading her ſeeing the firſt words, ſhe threw her handkerchief, which was then in her hand, over it, upon the table, hoping preſently to draw it away unperceived.

"My dear friend," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "I am glad to ſee you a moment alone. Do you know any thing of Mandlebert?"

"No!" anſwered ſhe affrighted, leſt any evil had happened.

"Did he not take leave of you at the Rooms the other night?"

"Leave of me? is he gone any where?"

"He has left Tunbridge."

Camilla remained ſtupified.

"Left it," ſhe continued, "without the poor civility of a call, to aſk if you had any letters or meſſages for Hampſhire."

Camilla coloured high; ſhe felt to her heart this evident coldneſs, and ſhe knew it to be ſtill more marked than Mrs. Arl-

bery

bery could divine; for he was aware ſhe wiſhed particularly to ſpeak with him; and though ſhe had failed in her appointment, he had not inquired why.

"And this is the man for whom you would relinquiſh all mankind? this is the grateful character who is to render you inſenſible to every body?"

The diſturbed mind of Camilla needed not this ſpeech; her debt to Sir Sedley, caſt wholly upon herſelf by the thoughtleſs Lionel; her inability to pay it, the impreſſive lines the Baronet had addreſſed to her, and the cruel and pointed indifference of Edgar, all forcibly united to make her wiſh, at this moment, her heart at her own diſpoſal.

In a few minutes, the voice of Sir Sedley, gaily ſinging, caught her ear. He was entering the hall, the ſtreet door being open. She ſtarted up; Mrs. Arlbery would have detained her, but ſhe could not endure to encounter him, and without returning his ſalutation, or liſtening to his addreſs,

addreſs, croſſed him in the hall, and flew up ſtairs.

There, however, ſhe had ſcarcely taken breath, when ſhe recollected the letter which ſhe had left upon the table, and which the afflicting intelligence that Edgar had quitted Tunbridge, had made, her forget ſhe had received. In a terror immeaſurable, leſt her handkerchief ſhould be drawn aſide, and betray the firſt line, ſhe re-deſcended the ſtairs, and haſtily entered the room. Her ſhock was then inexpreſſible. The handkerchief, which her own quick motion in retiring had diſplaced, was upon the floor, the letter was in full view; the eyes of Sir Sedley were fixed upon his own name, with a look indefinable between pleaſure and impertinence, and Mrs. Arlbery was laughing with all her might.

She ſeized the letter, and was running away with it, when Mrs. Arlbery ſlipt out of the room, and Sir Sedley, ſhutting the door, half archly, half tenderly repeated,

from

from the letter, "My dear Lady Clarendel!"

In a perfect agony, she hid her face, exclaiming: "O Lionel! my fooliſh----cruel brother!"----

"Not fooliſh, not cruel, I think him," cried Sir Sedley, taking her hand, "but amiable----he has done honour to my name, and he will uſe it, I hope, henceforth, as his own."

"Forget, forget his flippancy," cried ſhe, withdrawing impatiently her hand; "and pardon his ſiſter's breach of engagement for this morning. I hope ſoon, very ſoon, to repair it, and I hope----"

She did not know what to add; ſhe ſtopt, ſtammered, and then endeavoured to make her retreat.

"Do not go," cried he, gently detaining her; "incomparable Camilla! I have a thouſand things to ſay to you. Will you not hear them?"

"No!" cried ſhe, diſengaging herſelf; "no, no, no! I can hear nothing!----"

"Do

"Do you faſcinate then," ſaid he, half reproachfully, "like the rattleſnake, only to deſtroy?"

Camilla conceived this as alluding to her recent encouragement, and ſtood trembling with expectation it would be followed by a claim upon her juſtice.

But Sir Sedley, who was far from any meaning ſo pointed, lightly added; "What thus agitates the faireſt of creatures? can ſhe fear a poor captive entangled in the witchery of her lovelineſs, and only the more enſlaved the more he ſtruggles to get free?"

"Let me go," cried ſhe, eager to ſtop him; "I beſeech you, Sir Sedley!"

"All beauteous Camilla!" ſaid he, retreating yet ſtill ſo as to intercept her paſſage; "I am bound to ſubmit; but when may I ſee you again?"

"At any time," replied ſhe haſtily; "only let me paſs now!"

"At any time! adorable Camilla! be it then to-night! be it this evening!----be it at noon----be it----"

"No,

"No, no, no, no!" cried ſhe, panting with ſhame and alarm; "I do not mean at any time! I ſpoke without thought----I mean----"

"Speak ſo ever and anon," cried he, "if thought is my enemy! This evening then----"

He ſtopt, as if irreſolute how to finiſh his phraſe, but ſoon added: "Adieu, till this evening, adieu!" and opened the door for her to paſs.

Triumph ſat in his eye; exultation ſpoke in every feature; yet his voice betrayed conſtraint, and ſeemed checked, as if from fear of entruſting it with his ſentiments. The fear, however, was palpably not of diffidence with reſpect to Camilla, but of indeciſion with regard to himſelf.

Camilla, almoſt ſinking with ſhame now hung back, from a dread of leaving him in this dangerous deluſion. She ſat down, and in a faultering voice, ſaid: "Sir Sedley! hear me, I beg!----"

"Hear you?" cried he, gallantly caſting himſelf at her feet; "yes! from the fervid rays

rays of the ſun, to the mild luſtre of the moon!----from----"

A loud knock at the ſtreet door, and a ringing at the ſame time at the bell, made him riſe, meaning to ſhut again the door of the parlour, but he was prevented, by the entrance of a man into the hall, calling out, in a voice that reached to every part of the houſe, "An expreſs for Miſs Camilla Tyrold."

Camilla ſtarted up, concluding it ſome ſtrange intelligence concerning Edgar. But a letter was put into her hand, and ſhe ſaw it was the writing of Lavinia.

It was ſhort, but moſt affectionate. It told her that news was juſt arrived from the Continent, which gave reaſon for hourly expectation of their couſin Lynmere at Cleves, in conſequence of which Sir Hugh was aſſembling all the family to receive him. She was then, with her father, going thither from Etherington, where the reſtored health of her uncle had, for a week paſt, enabled them to reſide, and ſhe was ordered

to ſend off an expreſs to Tunbridge, to beg Camilla would prepare immediately for the poſt-chaiſe of Sir Hugh, which would be ſent for her, with the Cleves houſe-keeper, and reach Mount Pleaſant within a few hours after this notice.

A hundred queſtions aſſailed Camilla when ſhe had run over this letter, the noiſe of the expreſs having brought Mrs. Arlbery and the Dennels into the parlour.

She produced the letter, and putting it in the hands of Mrs. Arlbery, relieved her painful confuſion, by quitting the room without again meeting the eyes of Sir Sedley.

She could make no preparation, however, for her journey, from mingled deſire and fear of an explanation with the Baronet before her departure.

Again, therefore, in a few minutes ſhe went down; gathering courage from the horror of a miſtake that might lead to ſo much miſchief.

She found only Mrs. Arlbery in the parlour.

Invo-

Involuntarily ſtarting, "Where," ſhe cried, "is Sir Sedley?"

"He is gone," anſwered Mrs. Arlbery, laughing at her earneſtneſs; "but no doubt you will ſoon ſee him at Cleves."

"Then I am undone!" cried ſhe, burſting into tears, and running back to her chamber.

Mrs. Arlbery inſtantly followed, and kindly inquired what diſturbed her.

"O, Mrs. Arlbery!" ſhe cried, "lend me, I beſeech you, ſome aid, and ſpare me, in pity, your raillery! Sir Sedley, I fear, greatly miſtakes me; ſet him right, I conjure you----"

"Me, my dear? and do you think if ſome happy fatality is at work at this moment to force you to your good, I will come forth, like your evil genius, to counteract its operations?"

"I muſt write, then----yet, in this haſte, this confuſion, I fear to involve rather than extricate myſelf!"

"Ay, write by all means; there is nothing ſo prettily forwards theſe affairs, as a correſpondence between the parties undertaken to put an end to them."

She went, laughing, out of the chamber, and Camilla, who had ſeized a pen, diſtreſsfully flung it from her.

What indeed could ſhe ſay? he had made no direct declaration; ſhe could give, therefore, no direct repulſe; and though, through her brother's cruel want of all conſideration, ſhe was ſo deeply in his debt, ſhe durſt no longer promiſe its diſcharge; for the ſtrange departure of Edgar robbed her of all courage to make to him her meditated application.

Yet to leave Sir Sedley in this errour was every way terrible. If, which ſtill ſeemed very poſſible, from his manner and behaviour, he ſhould check his partiality, and make the whole of what had paſſed end in mere public-place gallantry, ſhe muſt always have the mortification to know he had conſidered her as ready to accept him: If, on the

the contrary, encouraging what he felt for her, from the belief ſhe returned his beſt opinion, he ſhould ſeriouſly demand her hand----how could ſhe juſtify the apparent attention ſhe once paid him? and how aſſert, while ſo hopeleſsly his debtor, the independence to reject one who ſo many ways ſeemed to hold himſelf ſecure?

* * * *

She was broken in upon by Mrs. Mittin, who entered full of lamentation at the intelligence ſhe had juſt heard from Miſs Dennel of her ſudden departure; which ſhe ended with, "But as you are going in ſuch haſte, my dear, you muſt have fifty things to do, ſo pray now, let me help you, Come, what ſhall I pack up for you? Where's all your things?"

Camilla, incapable of doing any buſineſs for herſelf, accepted the offer.

"Well then, now where's your gowns? Bleſs me! what a one is here? why it's been in the dew, and then in the duſt, and

then in the dew again, till all the bottom muſt be cut off; why you can never ſhew it amongſt your friends; it will quite bring a diſgrace upon poor Tunbridge; come, I think you muſt give it to me; I've got a piece of muſlin juſt like it, and I can piece it ſo that it won't appear; but it will never do for you again."

Camilla was ſurpriſed; but her mind was filled with other matters, and the gown was put apart.

"What! are thoſe all your neck handkerchiefs? why, my dear Miſs Tyrold, that's a thing you want very bad indeed; why here's one you can never wear again; it wants more darning than its worth."

Camilla ſaid ſhe ſhould have very good time to mend it at home.

"But then, my dear, you don't conſider what a bad look that will have amongſt your friends; what will they think of poor Tunbridge, that you ſhould have let it go ſo far? why, may be they'll never let you come again; the beſt way will be not to let them ſee it; ſuppoſe I take it off your

hands? I dare ſay they don't know your count."

At any other time, Camilla would either have reſiſted theſe ſeizures, or have been diverted by the pretence that they were made only for her own benefit; but ſhe was now glad at any rate to get rid of the care of the package.

When this was over, and Mrs. Mittin had pretty well paid herſelf for her trouble: "Well, my dear," ſhe cried, "and what can I do for you next? Have you paid Mrs. Tilldin, and Mr. Douſt, and Mr. Tent?"

Theſe were queſtions that indeed rouſed Camilla from her reverie; ſhe had not once thought of what ſhe owed to the milliner, to her ſhoemaker, nor to her haberdaſher; from all of whom ſhe had now, through the hands of Mrs. Mittin, had various articles. She thanked her for reminding her of ſo neceſſary an attention, and ſaid ſhe would immediately ſend for the bills.

"I'll

"I'll run and pay 'em for you myſelf," ſaid Mrs. Mittin; "for they always take that kind; and as I recommended them all to you, I have a right they ſhould know how I ſtand their friend; for there's many an odd ſervice they may do me in return; ſo I'll go for you with all my heart; only give me the money."

Camilla took out her purſe, in which, from her debt to Sir Sedley, and perpetually current expences, there now remained but fifteen ſhillings of her borrowed five guineas; though latterly, ſhe had wholly denied herſelf whatever did not ſeem an expence unavoidable. What to do ſhe now knew not; for though all ſhe had ordered had been trifling, ſhe was ſure it muſt amount to four or five guineas. She had repeatedly refuſed to borrow any thing more of Mrs. Arlbery, always hoping every call for money would be the laſt; but ſhe was too inexperienced to know, That in gay circles, and public places, the demands for wealth are endleſs and countleſs; and that œconomy itſelf, which is always local, is there

laviſh and extravagant, compared with its character, in private ſcenes and retired life.

Yet was this the laſt moment to apply to Mrs. Arlbery upon ſuch a ſubject, ſince it would be endowing her with freſh arms to fight the cauſe of Sir Sedley. She ſat ſtill, and ruminating, till Mrs. Mittin, who without ſcruple had taken a full inventory of the contents of the purſe, exclaimed: "La! my dear, why ſure I hope that i'n't all you've got left?"

Camilla was fain to confeſs ſhe had nothing more at Tunbridge.

"Well, don't be uneaſy, my dear," cried ſhe, "and I'll go to 'em all, and be caution for you, till you get the money."

Camilla thanked her very ſincerely, and again reſumed her firſt opinion of her real good nature, and kindneſs of heart. She took her direction in London, whither ſhe was ſoon to return, and promiſed, in a ſhort time, to tranſmit the money for her to diſtribute, as every one of the ſhop-

keepers

keepers went to the metropolis in the winter.

Delighted both with the praiſe and the commiſſion, Mrs. Mittin took leave; and Camilla determined to employ her next quarter's allowance in paying theſe debts, and frankly to beg from her uncle the five guineas that were due to Mrs. Arlbery.

She then wrote an affectionate adieu to Mrs. Berlinton, intreating to hear from her at Etherington; and, while ſhe was ſealing it, Mrs. Arlbery came to embrace her, as the carriage was at the door.

Camilla, in making her acknowledgments for the kindneſs ſhe had received, intermingled a petition, that at leaſt, ſhe would not augment, if ſhe refuſed to clear the miſtake of Sir Sedley.

"I believe he may ſafely," ſhe anſwered, "be left to himſelf; though it is plain that, at this moment, he is in a difficulty as great as your own; for marriage he ſtill reſiſts, though he finds you reſiſtleſs. I wiſh you mutually to be parted till----pardon me, my fair friend----your underſtandings are mutually

mutually cleared, and he is divested of what is too factitious, and you of what is too artless. Your situation is, indeed, rather whimsical; for the two mortals with whom you have to deal require treatment diametrically opposite; yet, humour them a little adroitly, and you presently gain them both. He that is proud, must be distanced; he that is vain, must be flattered. This is paying them with their own coin; but they hold no other to be current. Pride, if not humbled, degenerates into contempt; vanity, if not indulged, dissolves into indifference."

Camilla disclaimed taking any measures with respect to either; but Mrs. Arlbery insisted the field would be won by Sir Sedley, "who is already," she cried, "persuaded you have for some time encouraged him, and that now you are fully propitious----"

Camilla hastily interrupted her: "O, Mrs. Arlbery!" she cried, "I cannot endure this! add not to my disturbance by making it my own work!"

She

She then embraced her; took leave of the Dennels, and with the houſekeeper of Sir Hugh ſet out from Tunbridge for Cleves.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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